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Collier's

July 28, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

THE EISENHOWERS
At Home Abroad

Rita Hayworth & Daughters
First Color Photos

Should the G.O.P. Merge
With the Dixiecrats?

Thar's Gold in Them Th
Hillbilly Tunes

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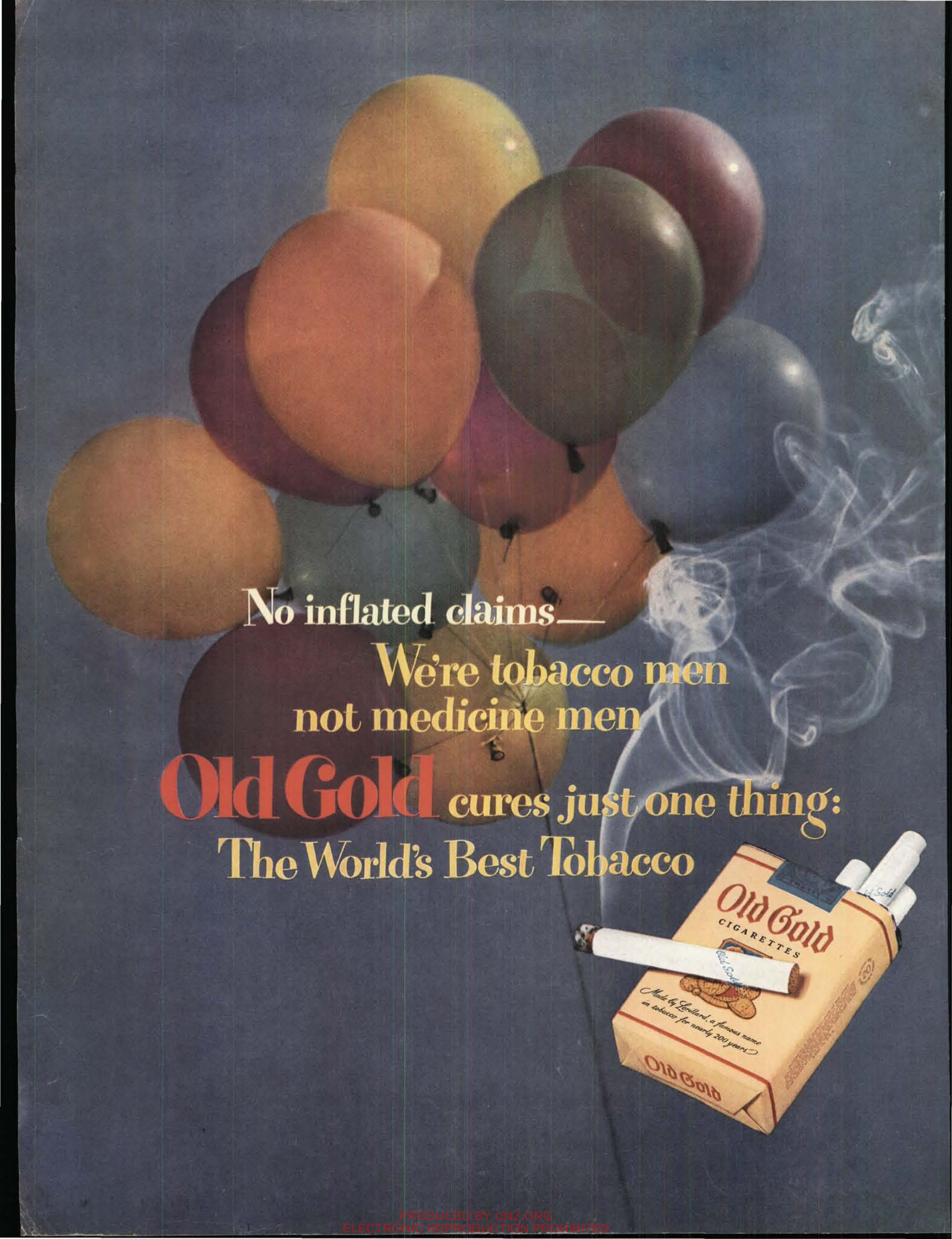
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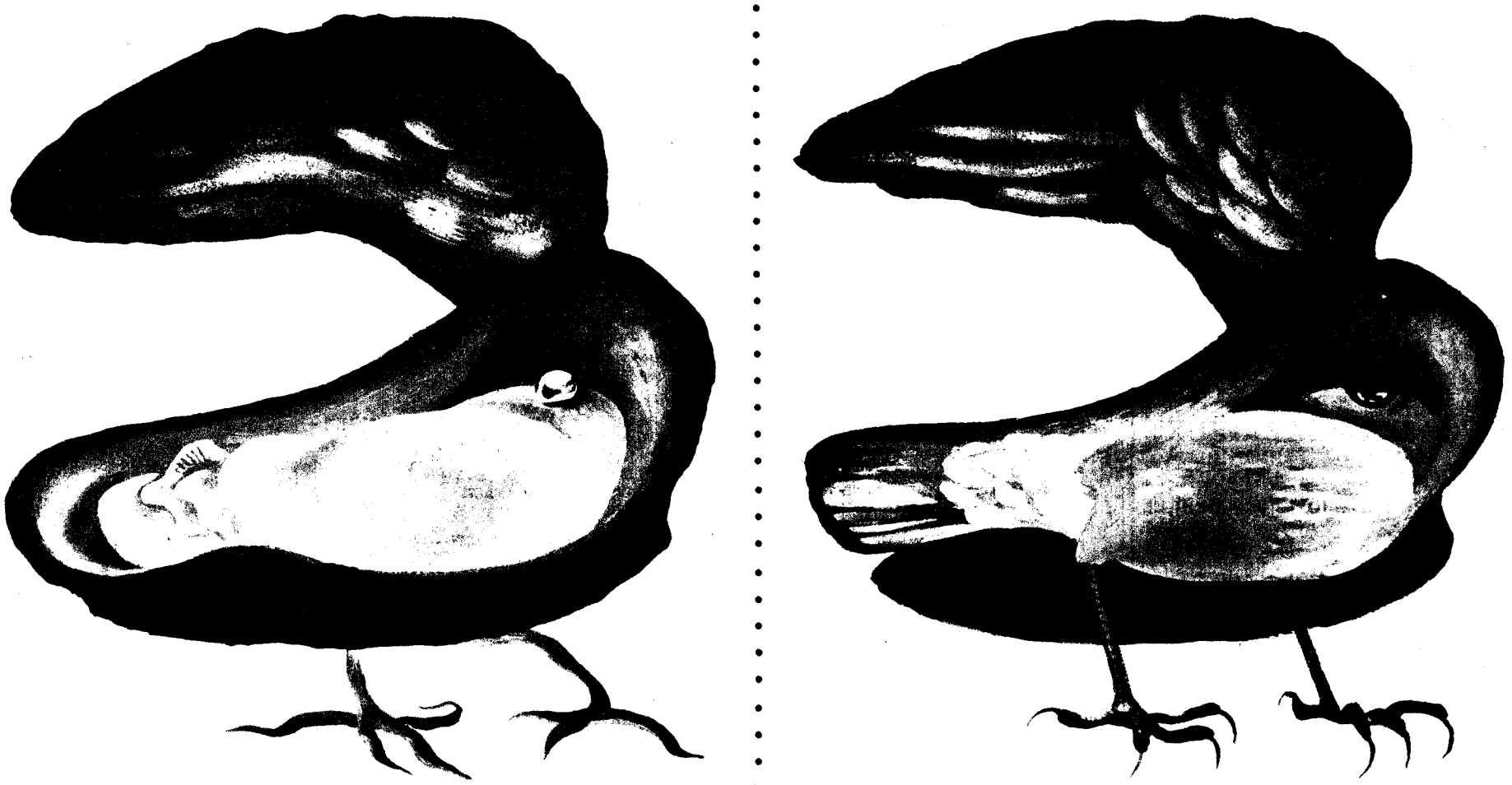

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Picture OF THE MONTH

M-G-M presents

"RICH, YOUNG AND PRETTY"

starring

JANE DANIELLE
POWELL • DARRIEUX
WENDELL FERNANDO
COREY • LAMAS

with MARCEL DALIO • UNA MERKEL
RICHARD ANDERSON • JEAN MURAT
and introducing VIC **DAMONE**

Color by TECHNICOLOR
Screen Play by DOROTHY COOPER and SIDNEY SHELDON
Story by DOROTHY COOPER
Directed by..... NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by..... JOE PASTERNAK

If we could conduct our own street-corner interview this month, here's how it would go:

Q. How do you like your musicals?
A. *Rich, Young* and *Pretty!*
Q. What's the gayest city for romance?
A. Paris!
Q. How do you like your songs?
A. Saucy as crepes suzettes and tender as a kiss.

Naturally, this quiz pertains to M-G-M's "Rich, Young and Pretty". From first to last, this effervescent new musical has the answer to what's gayest and best in Technicolor screen entertainment.

It's a dreamy setup for romance when an excited Texan, Jane Powell, holiday-bound with her millionaire father, gets to Paris.

Jane's good neighborliness promptly turns to love as popular young singer Vic Damone shows her around the picturesque city. His many fans will welcome Vic's first film appearance.

In this de luxe divertisement are eight new songs with inspired melodies and lyrics. Jane and Vic click in romantic ballads like "Wonder Why" and "I Can See You". Also, Jane introduces Vic to an old American custom when she sings "How Do You Like Your Eggs In the Morning?" (Vic's Gallic reply is, "I Like Mine With A Kiss!")

If Jane needs any convincing about what they do in France, Danielle Darrieux supplies it in the lively "L'Amour Toujours, Tonight For Sure."

Partnered with the new romantic Latin baritone, Fernando Lamas, the lovely Parisienne gives Jane her recipe for a perfect romance in "We Never Talk Much". There are three other deliciously French-flavored songs: "Pres de Toi", "Paris" and "C'est Fini". And so we ring up another success for that hit producer of musicals, Joe Pasternak who just scored so resoundingly with the "Great Caruso"!

The song hits of "Rich, Young and Pretty" are also available on M-G-M Records. And we have an idea they'll go like hotcakes.

With four wonderful stars on a musical spree in gay Paree, "Rich, Young and Pretty" delivers right up to the letter and spirit of its happy title.

P. S. This is the year of "Quo Vadis"!

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July 28, 1951

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The Cover

During his unparalleled career as a professional soldier, General Dwight D. Eisenhower has of necessity called more than a score of different addresses, all over the world, home. Now, as Supreme Allied Commander, Europe (SACEUR), the general and Mrs. Eisenhower will receive their mail at their newest residence, in the 700-year-old village of Marnes-la-Coquette, 10 miles from Paris. John Denson describes it on page 13.

Week's Mail

College Deferments

EDITOR: I got a real lift from your editorial, Even Up the Balance (June 9th). Although I am a college student, I agree with you in that our present draft laws are discriminatory.

I have got into many one-sided arguments with other students about this subject and in every case I have stood alone against an ever-increasing number of angry intellectuals in the upper economic brackets. Glad to see I've got at least one intellectual on my side. DUANE C. FISHER,
University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

. . . Even Up the Balance has said about everything that could be said, and in a most convincing way.

I hobnailed it for about two years at home and overseas in World War I as an officer in command of combat troops, and I want to add here that your colleague's remark as to the necessity of the bright boys in college beginning to master the Russian language is timely.

J. S. MULLINS, Alexander City, Ala.

. . . I wish to compliment you on the clarity and honesty with which you presented your opinion concerning the college draft deferment program.

Using your article as a basis for logic and reasoning, I am going to bring this matter up on the floor of the South Dakota Department Encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. If I can get my comrades to go along with me, we can pass a resolution requesting our national organization, at its national encampment, to make a direct appeal to the President of the United States to rescind that order, for the very reasons indicated in your editorial.

ROLLAND G. JONES, Vermillion, S. D.

. . . Thanks for your editorial.

Isn't it true that during the Civil War many rich Yankees hired others to take

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Western Electric

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

their places in the draft? And wasn't it just such an approach to patriotism on their part that nearly caused them to lose the war?

It would be best for everybody if we had universal military training.

GRANVILLE H. PEETS, Capt. USNR (Ret.), Lessley, Miss.

. . . I had expected a greater insight and sense of responsibility from Collier's than was evidenced in the editorial on college draft deferment.

First, it was not made clear that the present plan does not release high-caliber students from military service, but merely postpones induction until college work is completed. In no sense are college students dodging the draft.

Second, it was implied that higher education is the exclusive privilege of the "moneyed elite." The writer is apparently unaware of tuition-free state institutions, and the thousands of students attending them independently. Most qualified students can get a college education.

Third, Collier's seems t have missed the point of the program . . . to maintain our stockpile of technicians and leaders. Intelligent leadership is needed now as never before. America's educational level must not fall.

It is disappointing that Collier's should exploit a widespread childish distrust of "intellectuals." Now more than ever we need to utilize our scientific, social and spiritual resources.

The program, though weak and clumsy, in some measure gives the qualified a chance to finish their education, that *in or out* of the service they may better contribute to the safety and security of our American life. Postponement is a small price to pay for that.

RAY STANNARD, California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, Cal.

Delectable Fighter

EDITOR: Your recent article How to Catch the King of Fresh-Water Fish (June 9th) brought back a lot of nostalgia, and with a little search I came up with the enclosed picture.

This catch was made by three GIs at the Ikateq Army Air Base on Greenland's east coast just 35 miles south of the Arctic Circle. The annual salmon run in the creek just back of the post was really something to see with GIs lined up practically shoulder to shoulder using the most primitive of fishing equipment. The salmon always put up a good fight.

Many thanks to Raymond R. Camp for a fine article on a great and thoroughly delectable fish.

HENRY M. BARR, Berea, Ohio

Pardon Us, Maestro

EDITOR: I would like to inform you that that broad back facing the orchestra on page 27 of your June 9th issue (The Jaycees—Too Young to Take No for an Answer) is *not* the back of Dr. Louis May, as you plainly state. He is the bespectacled "admiring member" in the lower right-hand corner with the baton and bow tie. *I* am the proud possessor of that back, and my name is Eric V. Parham. I just wanted to keep the right names in the right places.

Even though the director is misnamed

it's a good picture and we are very grateful for the opportunity of appearing in your great magazine.

E. V. PARHAM, Codirector of Junior Symphony, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Re The Land of Parr

EDITOR: We in Texas have always bragged about having the biggest and best of everything and you have certainly turned up the biggest and best political scandal of them all (Something Is Rotten in the State of Texas, June 9th).

R. W. BLAKNEY, Lubbock, Texas

. . . The true cause of there being "something rotten in Texas" is our state's decrepit one-party political system, and its lack of a secret ballot.

Collier's article states: (1) President Truman pardons Parr from prison; (2) President Truman supports Senator Lyndon Johnson, and election fraud investigations are called off; (3) Governor Stevenson, after starting to fight back, quietly retires to his ranch.

All of these men belong to one political party. Why should anyone upset the apple-cart?

There is no secret ballot in Texas. Voters enter the polls, and their names are recorded together with the number of the ballot given them. They are required to sign their names on a numbered stub contained on the ballot, and deposit the stub so a check can be made if anyone desires. No booths are used. Voters sit at open tables with election judges watching them vote. Is it any wonder most people don't have enough courage to throw the rascals out? JIM STICKTER, Corpus Christi, Texas

. . . I have no use for Parr or his methods. Yet aren't the Parr machine and the Laredo machine proof that Latin Americans prefer benevolent bossism to the kind of border-country, pistol-totin', race-hating rule they get at the hands of the landowner-banker-merchant cliques that control things on up the way?

It is significant to note that the deputy sheriff who shot Bill Mason was part Mexican, so he went to prison for life. Not even Archie Parr dared convict the Anglo killers of the three Latin voters killed in San Diego in 1911. *No Anglo has ever been sent to prison for killing a Mexican in Texas.* I predict that as long as that statement holds true, Parr's power will grow. When Latins get a semblance of justice from somebody else, Parr's spell will be broken.

Something *is* rotten in the state of Texas —race hatred. ROBERT N. JONES, Corpus Christi, Texas

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48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

You may think we're suspiciously cheerful this week but we can't help it. Encouraging news rolls in like a Los Angeles fog, only cleaner. For example, New Hampshire has reduced its governmental departments, bureaus and agencies from 85 to 43, thus giving its citizens much better service, to say nothing of cutting costs by perhaps $800,000. And the sprightly town of Newnan, Georgia (population 8,000), has reduced city taxes for the second consecutive year. No magic. Just cut out a lot of unnecessary political jobs. Both New Hampshire and Newnan are inviting President Truman to send a few observers to have a look.

★ ★ ★

In addition to other unusual aspects of life in Nebraska, we're told trees growing there sneeze. The sound they make seems to be somewhere between a politely stifled cough and an after-dinner burp. Anyway, trees are sneezing so hard in Nebraska that they're busting their stays—their bark, that is. For it we have the word of Mr. F. J. Pipal, City Forester in Omaha; and Mr. Pipal is not a man given to light fancies. He says many of Omaha's finest trees have caught colds in their heads and the sneezing naturally follows. There are scoffers, of course. Our

investigations tell us the sneezing was first reported by young Nebraskans sauntering romantically through Omaha's Elmwood Park. Thought they were being followed, possibly by muggers with colds in their heads. They reported it to the police. Presumably the Department of Agriculture's tree-sneeze bureau is now working on it; and you may scoff at those who will advance the theory that the sneezing is actually done by chilled Russian spies lurking with dastardly purpose in the foliage.

★ ★ ★

We've been told no column of character is complete without a few remarks about taxes, even if the writer isn't quite sure what he's talking about. Therefore, we devote this item to the Canadian situation. Under Canada's graduated income tax, the levy on the first dollar over $400,000 is $1.08. After that, the increase is much sharper. We have this on the word of Finance Minister Douglas Abbott and mention it only to comfort those of us who struggle to earn more than 400 grand a year.

★ ★ ★

We've received a lyrical description of the glories of the new Pennsylvania Turnpike which, since its opening, has been making motoring between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh a tour of unbearable beauty. But the last sentence in the promotional presentation quits fooling around with metaphors: "All cities and towns are neatly by-passed, thus eliminating the traffic damns."

★ ★ ★

Not satisfied with a survey made by the Detroit News, our Michigan man looked a bit further. The News found that the majority of Detroit judges are

opposed to televising trials. It is of course a coincidence, but our man reports that "the minority are by all odds the handsomest."

★ ★ ★

Just heard from Goochland, Virginia, specifically from the shop of Mr. Walter Eades ("Where Both Ends Meet"). Mr. Eades runs a combined barbershop and shoe repair depot. His slogan is, I Work Both Ends Against the Middle. It's the only barbershop in Goochland County and it's the only cobblershop too. Business is wonderful. The RFC can go jump up a rope. Major T. Doolittle Wonderley, U.S.A.-Res., our informant, says Mr. Eades's only current problem is how to shoe a customer while shaving him.

★ ★ ★

In Los Angeles, a brush manufacturing company, having tried with no more success than the rest of us to figure out what's going on and why, advertised thus: "Since this was designed strictly as a postwar brush, we have stopped production on it until we can figure out just which war it is post of."

★ ★ ★

Newspaper account of a wedding in Pasadena, California, ended with the following regretful note: "There was a deception after the ceremony."

★ ★ ★

The editor of the News in Wimbledon, North Dakota, wrote this advice in his paper: "Several have asked why the editor of this paper does not answer the phone. In the last directory the phone was listed as 2121. Since the first of the year this number has ceased to exist. I do have a telephone which is a

(Continued on page 60)

JACK BETTS

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SERVEL—
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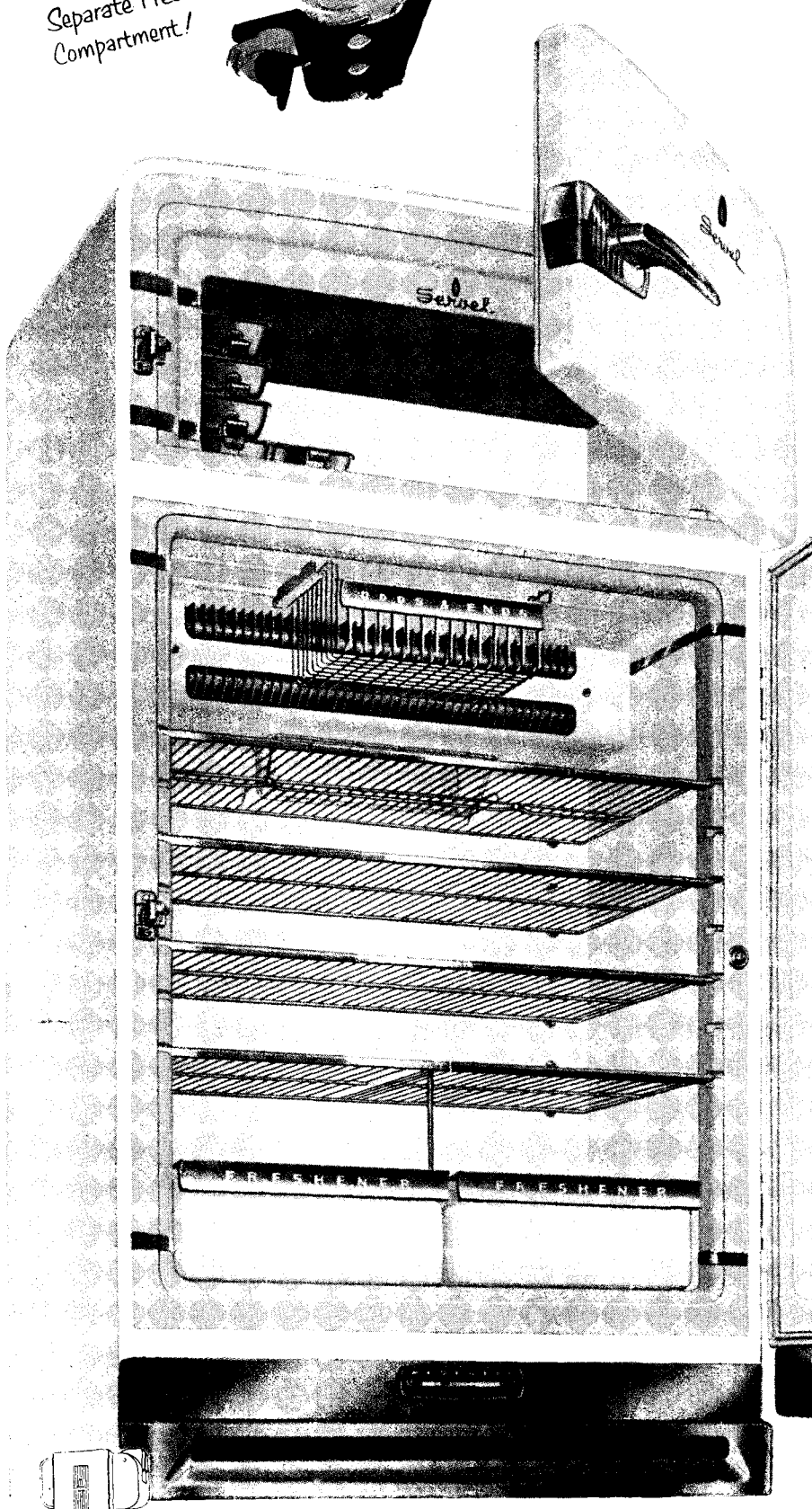

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The Bridge Problem

By W. F. MIKSCH

WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

TODAY'S deal, which developed during the second rubber at the Friendly Neighbors of Fourth Avenue Contract Bridge & Dutch Lunch Later Club, not only presents an interesting problem but also reveals how stimulating the game of bridge can be when experts sit down at the table.

South was the dealer, although she thought it was East's turn but East said, "No, I'm almost positive I think I dealt last time," and North told South to quit holding up the game, so South dealt.

THE BIDDING: After counting her honor tricks out loud three or four times, South said she guessed she'd "inkle a diamond." (Note: A K Q J 10 seems a fair run for an "inkle.") West studied his cards for what seemed hours, then said, "Boy, this is a hand like a foot; I pass." North, who was South's husband, clapped one hand on his forehead and banged on the table with his other, indicating that he passed too. In view of his singleton diamond, this was a shrewd response. East, who had had a perfectly horrible day what with her kiddies dumping sand into her automatic dishwasher that morning, suddenly opened her eyes and asked, "Oh, are you waiting for me to bid, already?"

	NORTH	
	♠ 5 4 3 2	
	♥ K J 9	
	♦ 8	
	♣ 10 9 7 6 3	
WEST		EAST
♠ K 6		♠ A J 8 7
♥ Q 10 8 7 6 5		♥ A 3
♦ 6 4 3 2		♦ 9 5
♣ J		♣ A Q 4 2
	SOUTH	
	♠ Q 10 9	
	♥ 4 2	
	♦ A K Q J 10 7	
	♣ 8 5	

West, East's husband, groaned. East then asked, "Are we vulnerable yet? How much do we need for game? Who dealt this mess, anyhow?" In response to shouted replies from all, she said, "Oh, well, I'll say a lousy club."

South said, "You gotta say two."

West said, "Or, better yet, nothing."

Then East said, "Oh, all right."

"All right, what?" was West's demand. (cf.—Demand Bids, *Culbertson's Summary—Bidding and Play.)*

"Two clubs, that's what," said East, and West shook his head. South went to two diamonds. North responded, "I hope you got 'em." East dozed again. West said, "C'mon, let's play cards."

THE PLAY: North, the dummy, threw his cards on the table. South looked at them and murmured, "H'mmmm," then passed her hand over for North to look at. North just shrugged.

West led the six of diamonds. "That's our trump, old man," North reminded him. "Board is board!" South screamed, but West quickly scooped up his six spot and slipped it back into his hand. "It just fell out," he explained.

West led again. It was his intention to lead the fourth card of his longest and strongest suit but he could never remember whether it was the fourth from the top or the bottom, so he led the eight of hearts. South tried to recall if the rules read: "Second hand high or second hand low," but she played the king and East took it with her ace. North, having nothing better to do, got up and went out to freshen their drinks. By the time he returned, East and West had taken five tricks in hearts and clubs.

"I see we're doing famously," North observed, and South told him to shut up as she hadn't got started yet. She got started the next instant, however, when East got drowsy again and led a club that South trumped.

"Now call out your trumps, stupid," North told South.

"Hey — no talking across the board," East said. South tried to finesse by sending North to the dining room to fetch the little dish of bridge candies she had forgotten to get out. North left the table, South took five trump tricks, and then North called in from the dining room that he couldn't find the candy. South sighed and got up. "Excuse me," she said to East and West, and went out to show North where the candies were.

East yawned and asked West what new trouble he thought the children might be getting into at home, and West told her to let the baby sitter worry about that and to concentrate on the game. South returned, followed by North with the candy dish. North passed but nobody took any candy. South sat down and said, "Where was I —in my hand or on the board?"

They looked up the last trick and decided she was in her hand, so South played the queen of spades which West took with his king and East topped with her ace.

"Ha, ha, the rest are mine," said South and didn't take another trick.

RESULT: Down two.

An interesting enigma developed on the next play, however, when East exclaimed, "Say, I've only got one card left!"

Everyone got very excited and recounted the trick piles, when all of a sudden North looked under the table and found the king of clubs on the floor.

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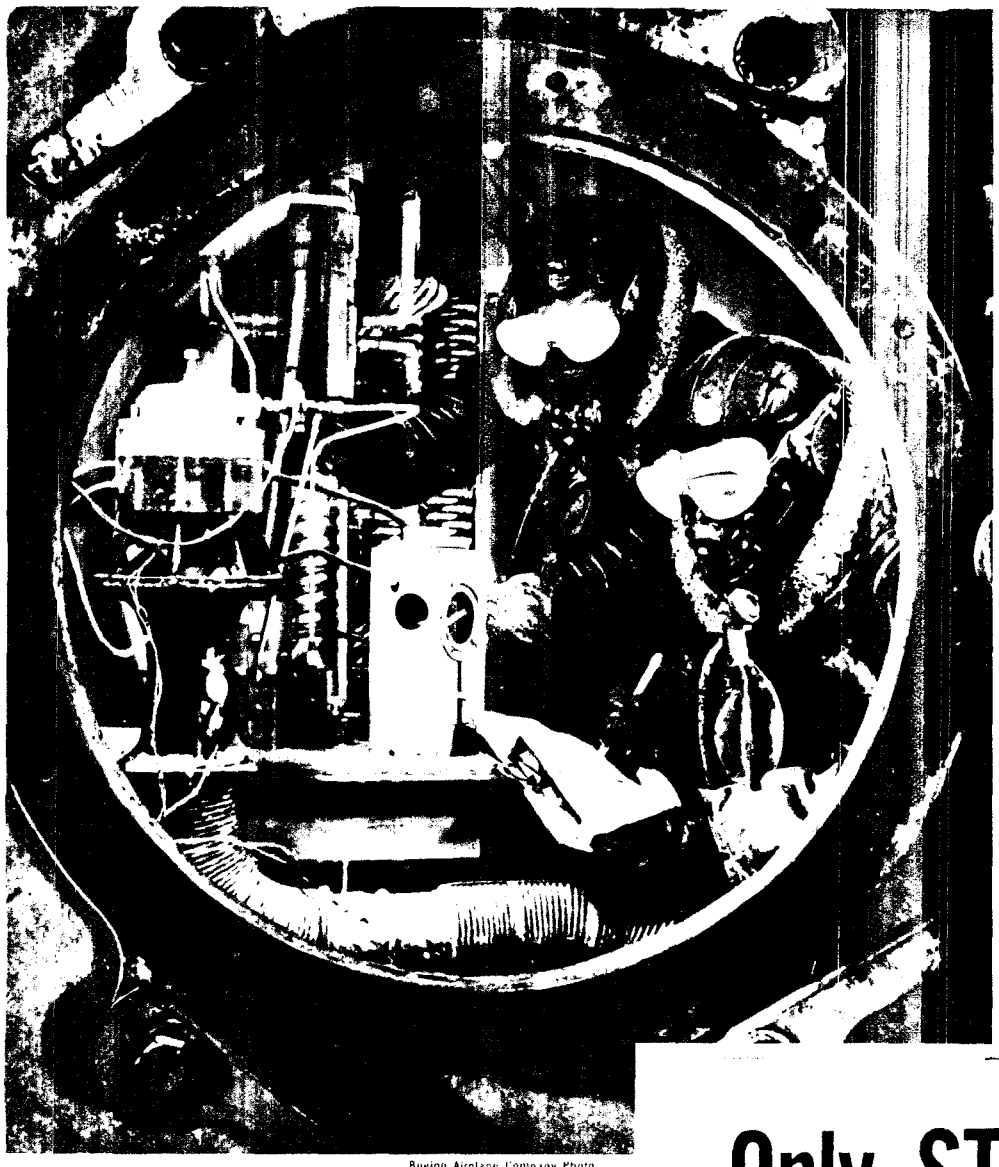

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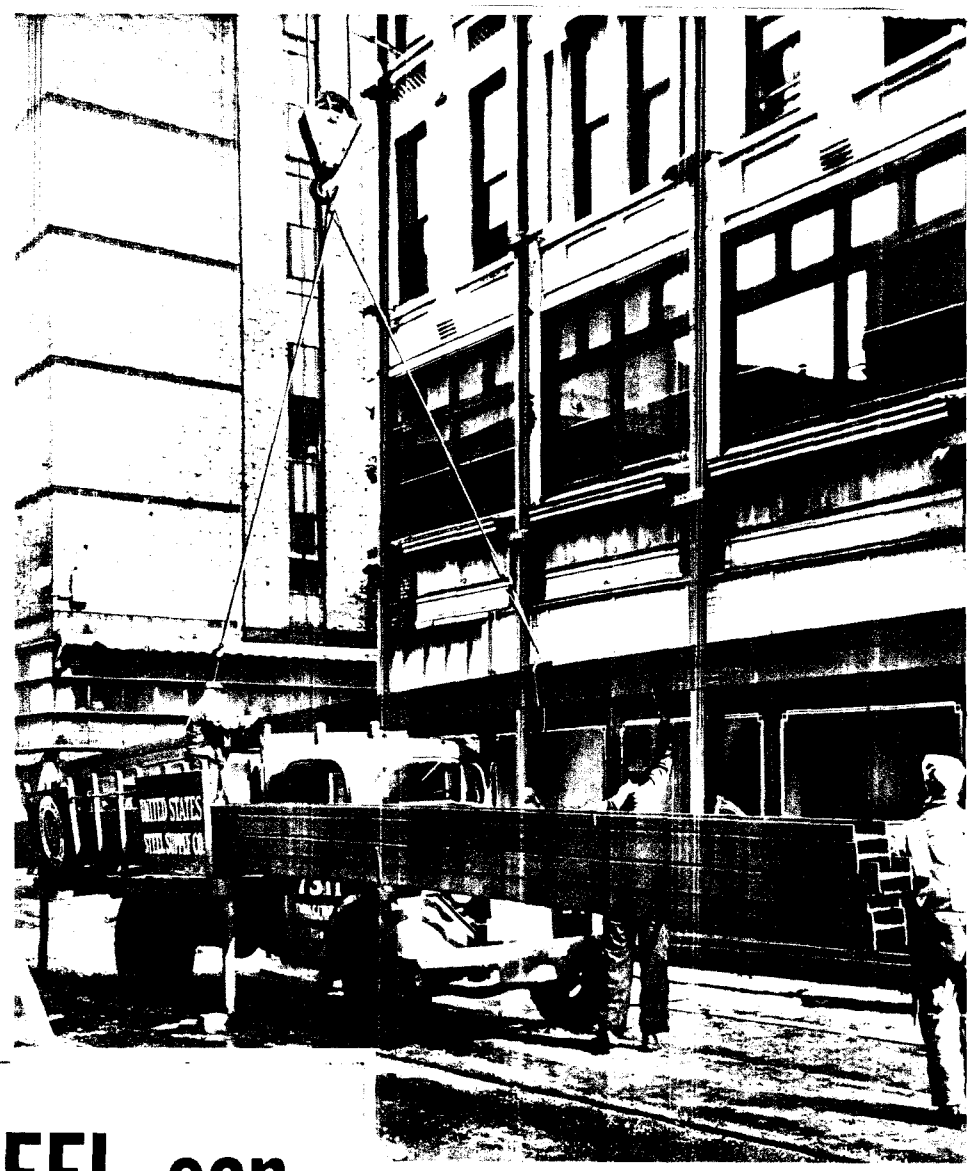

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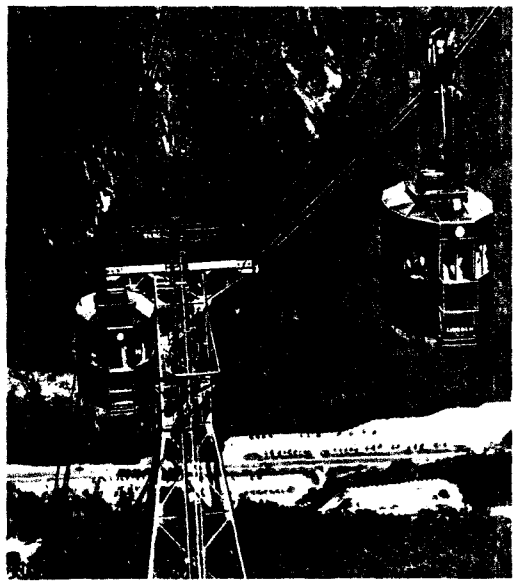

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THE EISENHOWERS At Home Abroad

Mamie and Ike were offered kingly mansions, but they chose a comfortable, more modest house at Marnes-la-Coquette, near Paris. There they can relax—and escape the glare of greatness

By JOHN DENSON

Marnes-la-Coquette, France

THIS wisteria-scented thirteenth-century village in the valley of the Seine, ten miles west of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, has moved once again into the main stream of history. It is here, where the summer stillness is rarely broken, that a group of men —often called the "most important men in Europe"—with their families, have established themselves for the duration of a big and tough job. Their task is to prepare the Western nations against aggression by Soviet Russia, and, you are reminded by the proud village mayor, His Honor Monsieur Jean Minaud, these men may yet tip the troubled world toward peace.

Marnes-la-Coquette, whose name implies enticing beauty and whose population is exactly 850, has become home to General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, and Mrs. Eisenhower—Mamie to him and to all who know her—the colonels and the field marshals of her husband's command, the obscure and the great everywhere. Nearby, across a tennis court and beyond a tall hedge, live General Eisenhower's brilliant chief of staff, Lieutenant General Alfred M. Gruenther, and his wife, Grace, Mamie's close friend. Almost within shouting distance are the homes of several more top officers of the Eisenhower staff, Major General Howard Snyder among them, and not more than 15 minutes away are others.

INTERNATIONAL

In less than half an hour, General Eisenhower can bring together those who operate every part of the 12-nation (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) military machine he directs—and that is a major reason why he and Mamie chose Marnes-la-Coquette for home. It is, too, only a short ride along roads bordered by old and weathered stone walls to the new SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers, Europe), a rough expanse of temporary buildings, much like those of wartime Washington, on the edge of historic Marly forest near Rocquencourt.

But perhaps the principal reason Mamie liked the particular house at Marnes-la-Coquette is that it is not too pretentious and still quite comfortable and large enough for the family's special needs. By French standards for people in such position, it is a modest home. It has none of the warlike crenelated walls, the forbidding moats, the gilt, and the stained chapel windows of the grand châteaux of France. There is about it a feeling of intimacy rather than massiveness. You will find houses of about the same general appearance on Long Island in New York, on the North Shore of Chicago, on the Main Line of Philadelphia, in Spring Valley of Washington and above the Pacific at Santa Barbara.

With the help of a French government grateful for General Ike's services to the West, Mamie could have had, merely for the asking, any kind of house she wanted. She could have had town houses and country seats of 50 rooms or more with crystal chandeliers that would scarcely fit into one of her bedrooms. She and the general were offered kingly surroundings and Europeans thought it only proper. The Eisenhowers didn't have much difficulty deciding against such lavishness.

For Ike, Mamie knew what she wanted: a retreat from the glare of greatness and the intense pressure of his work, a place with quick access to his headquarters. For herself, she wanted a home she could run smoothly with a minimum of servants.

The Eisenhower home, named Villa St. Pierre by some forgotten resident there, is 300 yards or more up a gentle slope from Place de la Mairie, the village square where trees shade the gray men who pass the sunny days on stone benches there. Built in the nineteenth century, Villa St. Pierre is one of 18 villas and châteaux within Parc de Marnes, a huge park which circles the eastern part of the village and is closed off to the curious by an iron gate 12 feet high. This, the outer gate, is guarded by a fretfully efficient Frenchwoman who yells angrily at all who come near the park.

"Non," she shrills. *"Allez! Allez!"* ("Go away! Go away!")

Only the most official-looking document (in French and English, and in triplicate) will get a visitor by the outer gate and through another gate leading directly onto the Eisenhower grounds at the end of a tree-lined driveway. The inner gate is closely watched by U.S. and French troops and the plainclothes men of CID (the Army's Criminal Investigation Division). The CID is held mainly responsible for the safety of the general and Mamie. The Eisenhowers, incidentally, are probably the most guarded Americans in the world with the exception of President Truman and his family.

Beyond the inner gate, set in the shadows of tremendous oaks, cedars and the spring-blooming horse-chestnut trees so familiar on the boulevards of Paris, is the house itself—freshly painted and gleaming white.

The first view of the white house at Marnes-la-Coquette is the south side which, at home, would be called the back of the house. The servants' quarters form the east wing and they are far more roomy and airy than those provided for workers in most French homes. The outbuildings are on this side of the house, one a two-story stone structure, partly rebuilt for the Eisenhowers, used as a garage with quarters for the general's driver and personal aides. There is also a darkish-colored greenhouse with a strange Oriental caste in its design. An Oriental gateway stands nearby. These seem a bit out of place and Monsieur Marius Vidal, the French engineer in charge of renovating Villa St. Pierre, offered to tear them down.

Mamie said no. She wanted the greenhouse left there. Vidal guessed that the general, if his job ever permits, might like to work with the soil. The Eisenhowers specifically requested that a vegetable garden plot be provided and this was done. The garden is near the ruined, vine-tangled columns of the first Château de Marnes, from which the park got its name but whose origin has been lost in the centuries past.

The north side of Villa St. Pierre—the front of the house—commands a view of most of the six acres of grounds. From a small terrace outside the grand *salon*, or living room, there is a long sweep of lawn, broken only by flaring flower beds and a mirrorlike pond spanned by a rustic bridge, toward a crumbling wall. This is a sort of wide avenue and the trees, under which the kings of France paused to rest after a day's hunting, form rows of towering sentinels. There is a summerhouse, many ivy-covered stone urns and a small statue of a smiling, undraped woman representing good fortune.

To the right of the great lawn, looking from the house, there is a new putting green. This was Mamie's big surprise for Ike. He has had no time for golf, a game he loves, since he assumed command of the West's armed forces six months ago.

Mamie created both astonishment and admiration by her decisiveness in the way she wanted Villa St. Pierre done over. She told Vidal and Lieutenant Colonel Carl O. Shytle, Asheville, North

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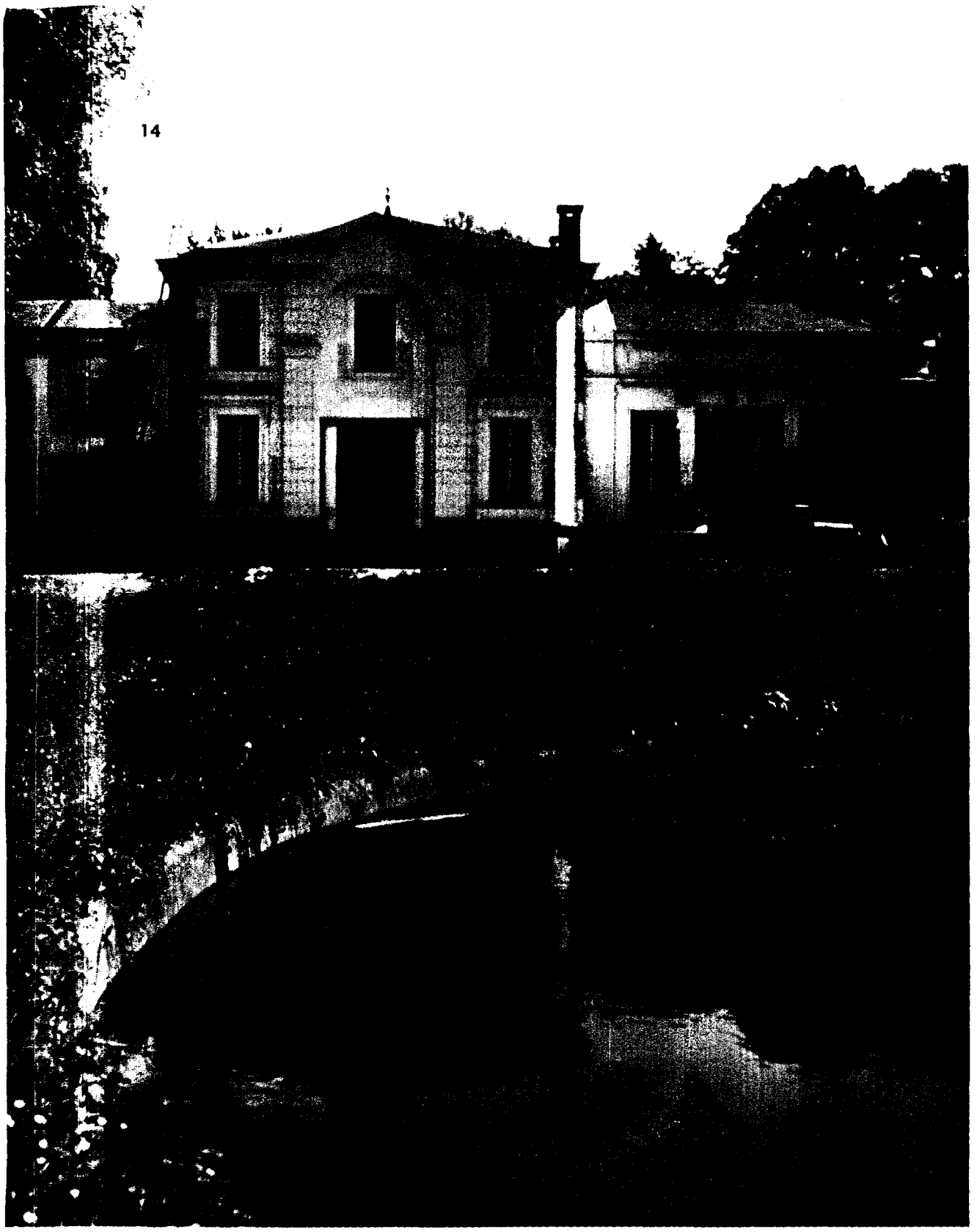


Villa St. Pierre, the Eisenhowers' nineteenth-century home, is graced by pleasant grounds, flower beds and a pool. This picture was made while the house was being done over for them

Carolina, of the U.S. Army Engineers, who is in command of most of SHAPE's construction in France, exactly what she believed necessary—and she never wavered. During the reconstruction work (the villa had been unoccupied since the war when German occupation forces used it as one of their principal headquarters in the Paris area), Mamie paid frequent visits to the house to see how things were going. Nearly all of her suggestions, Vidal said, were for the practical purpose of making the villa more livable. Few were strictly for show.

The house, two stories high, is not big inside. The great windows on the first floor give the impression of spaciousness, but a party of 80 to 100 persons would be forced to spread into most of the downstairs rooms. On the first floor are the grand *salon* where Mamie had a rather unsightly fireplace rebuilt, the dining room whose windows seem to be huge murals formed by the horse-chestnut trees outside, a large library covering one whole wing—and, near the stairs, a small kitchen. This will probably be Ike's kitchen (there is a larger ultramodern kitchen in the basement) and Vidal has a notion it was intended to be. The general has had little opportunity to cook since his arrival, and cooking, like golf, is a passion of his.

(Ike did get a chance to bake a lemon meringue pie on a recent visit to Mrs. Perle Mesta, U.S. minister to Luxembourg and a close friend of Mamie's, but such chances didn't come often until the family got Villa St. Pierre.)

Furnishings for the house were selected for comfort and warmth. There is a bright, an even gay touch that is far more American than European. Mamie chose some of the so-called period pieces but she also saw to it that there are chairs a tired man can sink into. Mamie had a wide choice of furniture. The French government, through the Administration des Beaux Arts, opened its warehouses to her. These warehouses have been in existence since King Louis XIV, and from the treasures there come the furnishings for the home of the President of France, many of the French embassies and for the government ministries and councils.

These warehouses were looted by the Germans during the occupation and an enormous number of valuable pieces sent to Berlin. Only a part of the loot has been reclaimed, but Mamie still had a selection such as women dream of.

On the second floor of the house is the master bedroom which faces north toward the big lawn. There is a dressing room and bath (Mamie had this done over in yellow tile and equipped with strictly modern—and thus workable—fixtures), a room that can be used as a study or spare bedroom and four guest bedrooms. Mamie likes pleasantly colored things around her and she shows it in tasteful cretonne and chintz. A completely practical change in the old house was in the installation of an oil heating system to replace the one that must have been in Villa St. Pierre for a generation or more. Anyone who has been in Europe can appreciate what a little heat will do for the spirit when the chill days come.

That's Mamie's—and the general's—home at Marnes-la-Coquette.

Standing on the lawn on a summer's day, I could not help but think back to another house and another year. I remembered the white frame house at Abilene, Kansas, the family home of the Eisenhowers near the railroad tracks on Southeast Fourth Street, just across Chasnut Street from Lincoln School where Ike went through the early grades. I thought of Ike's mother, Mrs. Ida Elizabeth Eisenhower, who lived to see her son come home from the great victory of World War II. I thought long of the house at Abilene and the shady front porch where you can see the grain fields ripening in the harvest sun.

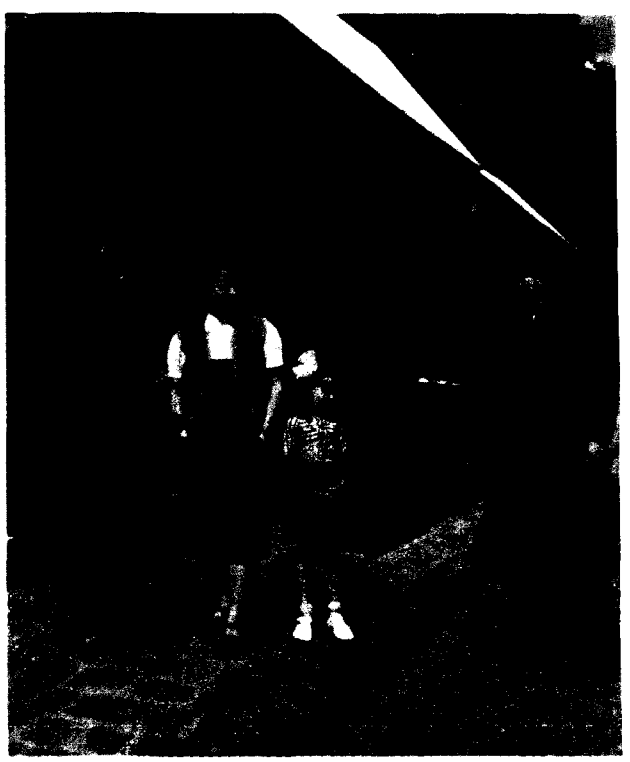
Two white houses and two women—Ike's mother and Mamie—are woven tightly into the life of General Eisenhower. In Abilene, all the crises of youth. At Marnes-la-Coquette, the crises of peace or war that free men face everywhere.

Warmly Welcomed in Cold Gray Dawn

Mamie arrived in Europe on a cold, windy day in February. She and the general came on the Queen Elizabeth and it had been a stormy passage. At 5:45 A.M. at Cherbourg, French dignitaries were waiting to greet them and, in the custom of the friendly French, they were waiting with a large bottle of champagne. It was something of a chore to go through the ceremonies and especially the champagne toast at such an early hour, but Mamie smilingly conformed. A chivalrous official at the ceremony bubbled over:

"Her smile anticipated the sunrise by almost an hour. She was radiant, monsieur, absolutely radiant."

The Eisenhowers were hurried to Paris by plane and then to the Trianon Palace Hotel at Versailles a few miles away. Once there, Mamie plunged immediately into the task of finding a home (the general had looked at several houses on a previous flying trip to Europe but he left the selection to Mamie). Mamie turned away a deluge of invita-



Groceryman Robert Lecompte hopes to land a famous customer. He is shown with family

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES STEINHEIMER AND PAUL HUFF

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tions. Everyone in France wanted to meet her but she felt house-hunting came first.

Two days after Mamie got to France, the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune burst forth with this front-page headline: "Mrs. Eisenhower Vetoes General's Choice—14-Room Villa of Late Lady Mendl—Because of Furniture." There was a story by the alert young city editor of the Herald Tribune, Robert Yoakum, to the effect that Mamie didn't like the Louis XIV and Louis XVI furniture in the Villa Trianon. (The villa is on the edge of the famed gardens of the Palace of Versailles, where French revolutionaries grabbed Marie Antoinette and hustled her off to a cell in Paris. Sometime later she was beheaded.)

Mr. Yoakum said that the sources of his information for the story were quite reliable but pointed out that his superior editors had eliminated a phrase to the effect that Mrs. Eisenhower had the complete backing of the general in selecting a house to her own taste. The word "veto," he said, was not precisely accurate. Nevertheless, the story caused Mamie great concern because of possible embarrassment to General Ike with the French. The French, of course, are most jealous of their art, whether it be the great paintings in the Louvre or Louis XIV furniture. Lady Mendl, the former Elsie de Wolfe, was one of the most famous international hostesses of her time and her objectives in furnishing a home would not necessarily be those of Mamie.

Close friends of Mamie challenge the Herald Tribune story. They say that the white house at Marnes-la-Coquette was among the first choices of Mamie and the general, and that Mamie looked at the Mendl house at the urging of several French friends of the Eisenhowers. Mamie, they say, found the Mendl house "quite charming" but not suitable to her family's needs. There was never any flat commitment to the Mendl house by the general. Rather, he preferred a place where his top officers could live nearby. This was not possible at Villa Trianon.

The incident has almost been forgotten now, but Mamie vividly recalls her anguish at the time. She thought only of the general's position, not her own. There were reports that the Herald Tribune story reduced her to tears. A press tea was being arranged at the time and this was called off. Mamie insisted on seclusion for herself. She has not talked to a reporter since, and that's why material for this article had to be gathered from friends and associates of the general's wife.

Because of house-hunting and the quest for furniture, her supervision of the renovation of Villa St. Pierre, and the pressure of the general's work, Mamie has not become well known in France. She and the general have been the dinner guests of President Auriol of France, they sometimes go to the French theater and, whenever possible, the general takes her on his trips throughout Europe. Mamie has lunched with Queen Juliana of Holland and other chiefs of state on various trips over the Continent, but she remains stubbornly unaffected by Europe's pomp.

Unrecognized on the Boulevards

Mamie and her friend, Mrs. Gruenther, can do what few other people so famous can do. They can go on shopping trips in Paris without gathering a crowd at every street corner. Mamie's picture has been printed in the newspapers but not often enough to make her an easily recognized public figure. Not many on the boulevards would identify her famous bangs, still dark brown without a trace of gray.

She is always more carefully and conservatively groomed than many who consider themselves the fashionable folk of Paris. Most striking are Mamie's lively and violet eyes and her youthful slimness, although she is now fifty-four. She and Ike were married 35 years ago this month and, like most couples of their age, they must have gasped at the swift passage of time and events since the winter's day at San Antonio, Texas, when the young lieutenant fresh from West Point first met the crisp young lady from Denver—Mamie Geneva Doud. (They have two grandchildren now, Dwight D., three years old, and Barbara Ann, two, the children of their only son, Captain John Sheldon Doud Eisenhower and Mrs. Eisenhower.)

The Eisenhowers have had neither the time nor place for much entertaining since their arrival. Before Villa St. Pierre, they lived in a six-room, second-floor suite at the Trianon Palace, a six-story luxury hotel built back in the nineteenth century. It is quiet and a favorite retreat of well-to-do people from Paris. The Trianon's bar is seldom used; it has no ballroom and practically no amusements except a tennis court and small putting green. Its guests are those who demand fine foods, fine wines, excellent service and a place to relax in complete calm. The hotel is expensive for France (a three-room suite costs between 8,000 and 9,000 francs, or about $23 to $26 a day).

General Gruenther lived across the hall from the Eisenhowers and the two families saw each other several times a day, as they probably will at Marnes-la-Coquette. Of the six rooms used by the Eisenhowers, Ike and Mamie reserved only three for themselves. Others were occupied by Mamie's loyal maid, Rose Wood; Colonel Paul Carroll, Ike's military assistant and chief aide; Lieutenant Colonel C. Craig Cannon, a military aide, and Lieutenant Colonel Robert Schulz and Mrs. Schulz. Schulz is personal aide. Kevin McCann, recently named president of Defiance College, at Defiance, Ohio, and William Burnham, civilian advisers to the general, also lived on the Trianon Palace's "Eisenhower floor."

When at the hotel, the Eisenhowers often went on picnics. They had hampers packed for them, usually consisting of cold roast chickens and cold cuts. They ordered wine for these picnics, but never have had it served at luncheon or dinner. One of the few occasions Ike has been seen out of his five-starred uniform was a recent sunny Sunday when he and General Gruenther put on sport shirts and slacks and practiced a short while on the hotel's putting green.

Everyone at the hotel treated the Eisenhowers with utmost discretion, understanding the general's burdens and the family's peculiar position. All—the management, the servants and telephone operators—agree:

"The Eisenhowers were never any trouble."

There were few guests at Ike's and Mamie's hotel suite. The Gruenthers dropped in for bridge and there was usually some pretty fast play. General Gruenther is one of the foremost bridge players of the world, and it speaks well for the Eisenhowers' game that they are able to stand the gaff. Mrs. David K. E. Bruce, beautiful wife of the U.S. ambassador to France, was also a caller but the most frequent guests there and at Villa St. Pierre are Army, the old friends who have trekked military posts with them all over the world.

Everything in the Eisenhower routine has been adjusted to the general's job, which requires late hours and many hurried trips. Mamie is reluctant to make appointments very far in advance. Often a dinner party for six or eight (not many are larger) will be arranged with only a few hours' notice. A close friend said:

"I'll sometimes hear in the afternoon that they would like to have my wife and me for dinner that night. All of us here in SHAPE understand their problems and we try to keep our own schedules flexible, too. Ike is a terrific host and Mamie is what we considered 'good company' in a girl when I was a young man." This friend described the Eisenhowers as a "formidable team."

Moving out of the hotel to Villa St. Pierre has given the Eisenhowers *(Continued on page 54)*

Coming of the Eisenhowers has made Marnes-la-Coquette a tourist attraction, and natives expect big summer influx

Gen. and Mrs. Ike meet Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard at the palace of the Dutch royal family

Mrs. Eisenhower observing Normandy D-day ceremony

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Amy looked down. "That wasn't all he wanted," she said, and Jimmie felt the smile on his lips get stiff at the edges

The Richest Vein

Here was the world's richest [illegible] But there were greedy men who would kill to keep the secret of the life-giving underground stream

· By VERNE ATHANAS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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THE horse made a scrambling rush of the last of the climb, and Jimmie pulled up on the crest of Hogback to let the animal breathe. The Ransdale holdings were a couple of bleached matchboxes with lines as fine as pencil marks outlining the pole corrals in the desolate sweep of baked earth and sage and greasewood below. A starvation spread, dying on its feet.

Tough show for a couple of kids, Jimmie thought; and he turned in the saddle to look back, north and west to where the Shoshone range sprawled, remote and unreal in the dancing heat haze of Wyoming's late summer.

Nothing back there. Probably a wild-goose chase anyway. Burro Hanks wasn't one to tell anybody where he was going or when he was coming back. But there was a suspicion in Jimmie's mind, half hunch and half logic, and he couldn't get rid of it.

He glanced at the sun now, and back at the Ransdale shacks, and frowned consideringly. Twenty miles back to Tenmile, and a long haul across the ridge to Charley Tollman's CT ranch; only about an hour's ride down here to Ransdales'. He hadn't had anything to eat since daylight.

Ought to check and see if they've heard anything, anyway, the official part of his thoughts told him.

And who cares, so long as Amy's there? inquired the Jimmie Dale part of him. He grinned faintly at his own quibbling, and moved the horse down the slope. He was a black-haired, rather square-faced man of twenty-four, who could have been just any twenty-a-month rider except for the deputy's badge on his chest.

The heat flowed around him in waves as soon as the ridge cut off the breeze behind him. Even the scrub brush smelled now, not the clean scent of growing green.

They could sure use some rain, he thought; and then he saw the buggy dusting up the road and sent his horse angling across the slope. Maybe he'd save himself a ride. Nobody but Charley Tollman drove a red-wheeled buggy like that.

Charley was keeping his two fine bays at a trot up the pull, even in this heat, and they shone wetly. That was Charley's way and none of Jimmie's business. But Charley had a way of annoying him.

Charley pulled up and said, "County business seems to drag you out this way a lot lately."

Jimmie let that pass and asked shortly, "You seen anything of Burro Hanks, the last few days?"

Charley took time to light a cigar, and flipped the match casually out over the wheel.

"No. Old codger's probably stretching his beans for one last lick at a ledge someplace."

That was reasonable enough. Almost the last of his breed, Burro. A crusty, closemouthed old character, dried and gnarled and silent from his long years of searching and grubbing in the hills. He came out to Tenmile when his salt and coffee were gone, not for company or the society of other men, and he went back as soon as he could, to peck and pry at the mountains, seeking the fortune he was so certain was there.

"All right," Jimmie said. "You might send me word if you do see him."

"And ruin your excuse for riding out here? The county must do a lot of business with the Ransdales." He leaned back in the buggy seat, a hefty man, well barbered and well clothed, not much older than Jimmie, but a rich man already. He eyed Jimmie closely, to see the effects of his baiting, and added, "Miss Amy wouldn't know anything about Burro anyway."

Jimmie inquired bluntly, "You ask her?"

Charley Tollman said consideringly, "No. But she'd have mentioned it, with no more company than she gets—not counting deputies calling on county time."

"I do what I'm paid to do," Jimmie said.

"And a little more, too," Charley Tollman said dryly. He grinned, and touched up his team impatiently and rolled out with the dust blooming high and wavering behind him. Jimmie said one short bitter word under his breath and moved on.

EVEN up close, the matchbox illusion clung to the Ransdale buildings. The unpainted boards were bleached to silver gray, dehydrated as cardboard. The dooryard was baked earth. The creek nearby, a gully-washer in the spring and a trickle in the summer, wasn't even a trickle now—just rocks and a few dampish spots where the deepest holes had been. Even the cottonwoods talked in a dry whisper.

Amy came to the door at the sound of his horse. She would have been a pretty girl, with a little less tiredness and a little better-fitting dress; but to Jimmie she was beautiful, and when she smiled at him now it was the makings of the day for him.

"Arthur's getting water," she said. "Come in. It's no cooler, but it's shade."

Her brother came a few minutes later, dragging a barrel on a pole stoneboat behind the two nags that were his work team. He greeted Jimmie with a grunt, and between them they wrestled the barrel off the skid and onto the porch and set it where a screen of burlap sacking kept the direct sun off it.

Art put his team up and came back and sagged onto a stool. He sat there a moment, and then, in a gesture of tired anger, he slapped the thigh of his patched denim pants. The dust puffed up in a little explosion.

"There's your country," he said bitterly. "A man's a fool to fight it."

"A dry year," Jimmie said.

Arthur looked up. His skin was burned brown, but the heat had put a red flush under it, and his eyebrows were bleached startlingly white against his skin. He was two years younger than Jimmie and looked ten years older.

"They're all dry here," he said. He struck his leg again. "Look at it. Richest soil in the world, and without water it's dust. Man's a fool, I tell you. Look at Charley Tollman." His arm made a short sweep toward the north wall of the house.

"Same country. Same soil—just over the ridge. But there's water on his CT, and Clear Creek runs the length of Oxbow. He raises fat cows to the acre where I try to keep 'em alive on acres to the cow. And him so rich he has to hire a man just to count his money. Man's a fool, I tell you."

"Got to be water someplace," Jimmie said.

"Sure. Just a couple-three-four thousand dollars' worth of well and windmills. There's water in the rock seep where Hogback bluffs off. But it's just a seep and six cows drink it to mud in half a day."

Sinking wells was just a wild dream, Jimmie knew. Arthur didn't have *(Continued on page 69)*

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I Remember Rita

The man who made the first famous pin-up picture of Rita Hayworth says ten years of fame and fabulous wealth have changed her very little. She's still got Glamor

By BOB LANDRY

Landry, who made pictures on these pages for Collier's, shot this famed Life pin-up in '41

IN THE summer preceding Pearl Harbor, before I switched to photographing GIs rather than pretty girls, I was asked to shoot pictures of a young actress named Rita Hayworth, who had just made a personal hit in Columbia Pictures' You'll Never Get Rich. The then twenty-three-year-old girl was timid and uncertain; she hardly spoke. Still, like any option-minded starlet, she didn't complain when we asked her to pose in a satin-and-lace negligee. Dutifully, she perched on her bed and looked provocatively toward the camera. There was never any doubt about the picture. It was there—glamor without artificiality.

Since that afternoon, I suppose more than 200,000,000 magazine and newspaper readers all over the world have seen that picture. The same shot has confronted me in wardrooms of Pacific task forces, in bombed bivouacs in France, during a poker game with Air Force noncoms in Libya and over cash registers in gas stations across the U.S.

A few weeks ago—almost exactly 10 years after that first picture was made—Collier's magazine asked me to photograph Rita Hayworth in Nevada. She was now one of the most famous women in the world, and a symbol of Hollywood sex appeal.

During the decade she had been married to three men: agent Edward Judson whom she divorced after a six-year marriage which began when she was not yet nineteen; actor Orson Welles with whom she had her first child; and the fabulously wealthy Prince Aly Khan—heir to the spiritual leadership of millions of Mohammedans—whom she was now preparing to divorce.

For two fantastic years with Aly Khan, Rita was a princess, living abroad a life richer, more glamorous and more luxurious than any she had known in Hollywood. She made headlines and gossip. Now, in Nevada, she was separating from her prince.

How much has Rita changed? According to some press reports, she had been just an adventuring young actress, who took a whirl at being a princess and now was home again, laden with loot.

The Rita Hayworth I found in the solitary, preseason quiet of Lake Tahoe, Nevada, was someone quite different from the personality described by scandalmongers. She was, simply, a woman past thirty, trying to rediscover a life which to her was normal. After the strain and hectic whirl of marriage to Prince Aly, Rita was enjoying the commonplace pleasures of walks along the lake front, an occasional evening of cards with her local neighbors, brushing up on her golf and lounging in blue jeans. She was also having a wonderful time cutting out paper-doll dresses for six-and-a-half-year-old Rebecca, child of her marriage to Orson Welles.

"I like a quieter sort of life, now," she told me. "I like to be at home and have the children around me where I can see them and hear them."

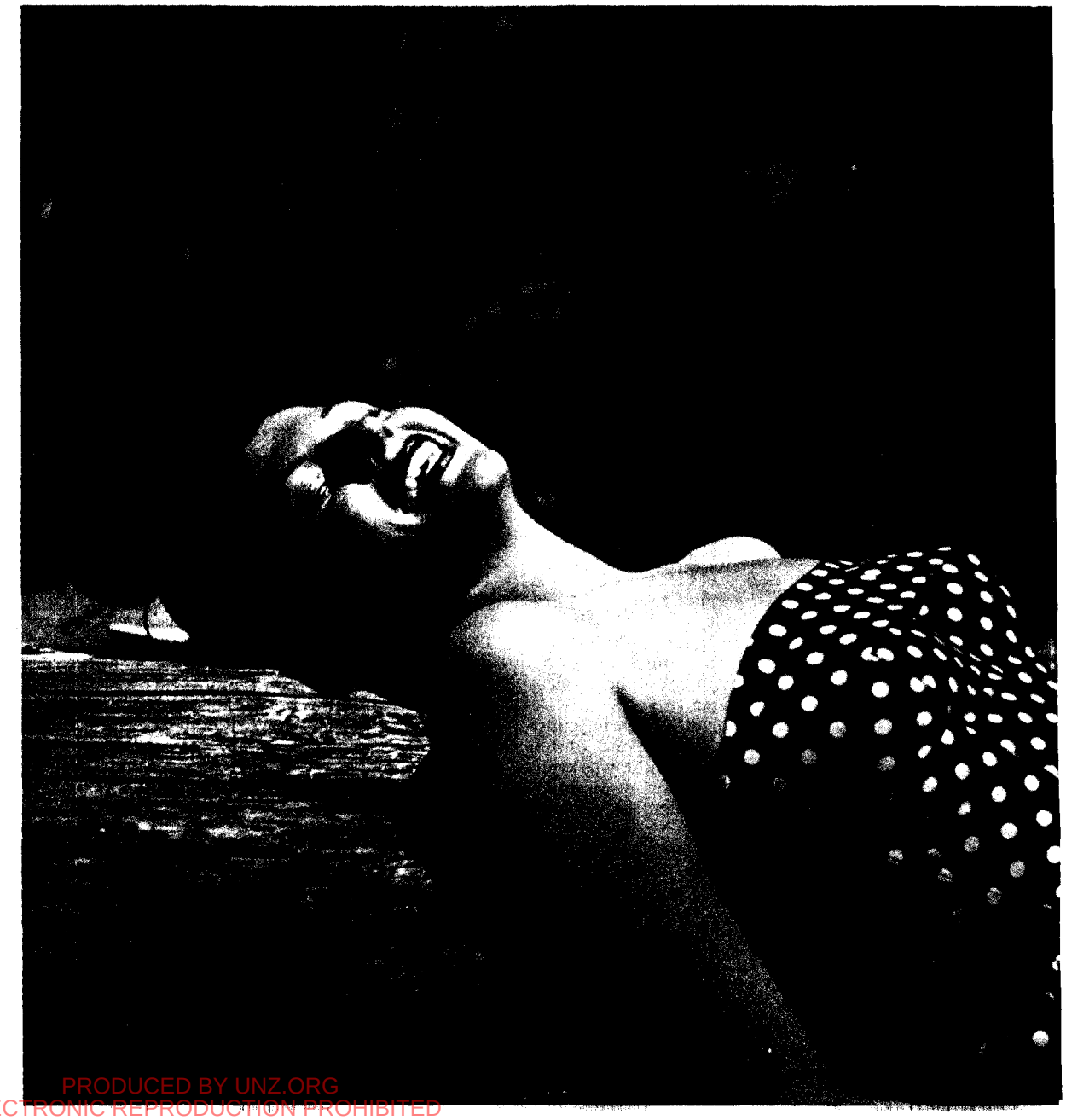
As a mother, she was clearly at ease with her children, phrasing her gentle scoldings in French for Rebecca, who was tutored in Europe and has forgotten much of her English; immensely enjoying her games with eighteen-month-old Yasmin, her world-famous Moslem daughter.

Rita spoke with new poise and directness of the job of being a parent, and of other things, like the chances of war in Iran or the prodigal gambling habits of King Farouk of Egypt. Only once did she grow angry, flaring up at mention of reports that she had brought with her a vast fortune in jewels; not only because such stories are untrue, but because they may jeopardize her children's safety.

"I did this of my own choice," she said seriously. "I'm going back to work to care for myself and my family. I haven't any overwhelming desire, really, to be an actress any more."

During my day with her, Rita posed again with all the easy willingness of a young actress trying to get a break in the movies. Through the ground glass, I saw again the magic women can neither learn nor buy. Rita has changed greatly—now she is a serious, purposeful woman, with a firm sense of responsibility and direction. But whatever glamor is, Rita still has it. THE END

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR



While waiting divorce from Aly, Rita rested, saw few people as possible in Nevada retreat

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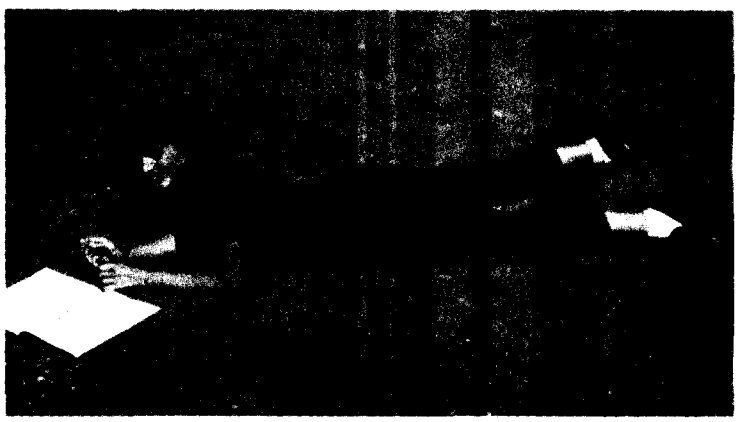
Lunching with Rebecca, 6½, child of Orson Welles marriage, Rita ignored calories, had salad, short ribs, spaghetti and succotash. She speaks French to youngster, who was tutored abroad

Now 32, Rita made last movie three years ago; feels she can still compete with young stars

At 18 months, Aly Khan's daughter, Yasmin, is an ebullient, happy and strong-willed girl. When baby was born, Rita promised the prince she would be brought up to follow Moslem faith

Rita took few clothes to Nevada, wore jeans daily; spent most of the time reading, loafing



Rita's daughters. "I want to have them near me all the time," says their famous mother

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Should the G.O.P. Merge

YES—If Republicans and Southern Democrats unite, says this legislator, they can and will halt the trend toward a powerful, socialized government. Under a new party name, he believes, they can win in '52

By KARL E. MUNDT

Republican Senator from South Dakota

THE Republican party will win next year and its philosophy remain a strong force in America for many years to come, if it forms an alliance with the South, and develops the alliance into a new party with a new name. I believe this coalition of voting strength essential not only for the Republican party and our two-party system, but also for the most effective fight possible against Communism in America. This is not a wild swing by a groggy fighter hoping to land a lucky haymaker. It is a reasoned conclusion I have come to after many years in politics. Let me explain it quickly before you decide that my long fight against Communism, as a member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and now in the Senate, has affected my balance.

Exposure and prosecution of criminal Communists in the United States is essential, but we cannot win the great fight against totalitarian techniques by defensive warfare alone, even if scores are sent to jail, as they should be, and other scores are fired from government jobs which they never should have held in the first place.

A fundamental tenet of the Communist movement is to set up an all-powerful central government, with control over religion, the press, transportation, communication, manufacturing, distribution, farming—over all activities. I have visited nearly every Communist country in the world, and found everywhere the same pattern—a strong central government run by a few men who tolerate no opposition.

Communists often use non-Communists to set the stage for a *coup d' état* by concentrating power in the hands of a selected small group. Then if—as demonstrated in Czechoslovakia—it becomes desirable to capture the country for Communism, all that is required is to change a few leading actors on the government stage.

I certainly do not say that the Democratic party is Communist at heart or in purpose. But I do say, and the record plainly supports me in this, that it has for some years, under the New Deal and the Fair Deal, moved toward a socialized nation and concentrated power in Washington. This is a move toward Socialism, and Socialism is a long step toward Communism. Purity of motive does not offset the grim fact that Socialism requires a powerful central control over human activities, and sooner or later a Socialist nation will be a pushover for the Communists, who will have to get control of only a few politicians to have control of the people.

That's a possibility in our own United States. It is a possibility I want to make highly improbable, if not entirely impossible, by maintaining a balanced two-party system, with the Republican party standing foursquare against any and all approaches to, and encroachments by, Communism, whether the approaches be deliberately and maliciously planned, or the result of political policy aimed at winning the next election by some giveaway program to appease a special interest group. The challenge of Socialism and Communism must be met by a determined party of opposition.

But if the Republican party's foursquare stand is to be effective, we Republicans must win the Presidency once in a while, along with Congressional majorities. How can we do this so long as we remain a sectional party, excluded, for practical electoral vote purposes, from 11 Southern states? That handicap is too heavy for us to carry. The Democrats have been starting off with almost half enough electoral votes to win. We have got to get support from the Solid South and we can do this only by going to the South for co-operation, not by telling the South to come to us.

I can talk about this, I hope, without having a carpetbagger label glued to me. My state, South Dakota, was not in the War between the States. It was not even a state at the time of that war, and its few settlers, including my ancestors, were busy fighting Indians, not Confederates.

It will be futile for the Republicans *(Continued on page 45)*

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with the Dixiecrats?

NO—This congressman also wants a Republican victory next year, but "not at the expense of party character." And he sees a golden opportunity to win support in the South by appealing to its progressives

By CLIFFORD P. CASE

Republican Representative from Sixth New Jersey District

I AM alarmed. A proposal is being made by some Republicans that would, in my opinion, destroy the Republican party, and bring disaster to our nation. This proposal is that we Republicans join with Southern conservatives in the hope of winning the Presidency in 1952. No Republican believes more earnestly than I that the country will be best served by a sweeping Republican victory next year, but I do not want victory at the price of party character, and I do not believe it can be won that way.

My Republican colleague, Senator Mundt of South Dakota, has spoken in many Southern states in favor of an alliance with the Dixiecrats, and his press clippings are impressive. A recent news item quoted him as saying his alliance plan has the informal endorsement of 15 Senators and a dozen or more members of the House. The item did not disclose their identities.

This movement toward a Republican alliance with conservative Southerners seems to have gained some support outside of professional political fields. Mr. W. H. Lawrence reported in the New York Times some time ago that young Republican collegians from the South favor a coalition with conservative Democrats to elect a President in 1952. They believe, he said, that such a coalition "will lead to a genuine realignment of forces within both the Democratic and Republican parties, and that in that—and that alone—lies the quickest answer to the demand for building a real two-party system south of Mason and Dixon's line."

In the light of these early evidences of a serious threat to the Republican party, and to our two-party system, I wish to sound a warning.

No one will dispute the desirability of putting Southern politics on a two-party basis. And hardly any thoughtful person now would question the desirability of replacing the present administration, so obviously tired and falling apart at the seams, by a reinvigorated Republican party. Any administration too long in power loses its grip. It is this, I think, more than any other reason that explains the inability of the present administration to unite the American people behind an effective foreign policy, its feeble handling of such enormously important problems as inflation, and its completely ineffective domestic program. It is the explanation of many of the unpleasantnesses upon which Senators Kefauver, Fulbright and others have lifted a corner of the curtain.

But desirable as these objectives are, I suggest that the proposed coalition would not be likely to accomplish either of them and that its results would be disastrous.

A real two-party system in the South is entirely possible. A golden opportunity awaits a progressive Republican party which will align itself with, and provide a rallying point for, the progressive forces in Southern labor, industry and agriculture—not with the Dixiecrats. These forces now for the most part lack political representation and they are still relatively ineffective, but they hold the key which sooner or later will open the way to a balanced and prosperous Southern economy. As the leader of such forces, the Republican party could greatly hasten the economic rehabilitation of the South and, at the same time, assure itself of a permanent role on the Southern political scene.

A parallel opportunity awaits a progressive Republican party in the field of civil rights. Every responsible person of any intelligence knows that there is no quick and easy answer to the problems of race relations in the South; and their solution requires deep understanding and patience. But, sooner or later, racial segregation and all legally sanctioned discrimination will be ended in the South; and in the South of the future there is a permanent place for a political party which really believes that the Negro is not an inferior person to be dealt with kindly but kept in his place, and which refuses to accept "separate and equal" treatment as the last *(Continued on page 54)*

DRAWINGS BY AL HIRSCHFELD

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Country Wedding

By EDWIN LANHAM

She had agreed to have the ceremony at the country house—and it was there she was to learn that, for better or for worse, a wedding soon becomes a marriage

THE flat salt marshes of the Connecticut shore line rushed past the train window, and Edith sat looking out at glistening mud flats and the brown October hues of the marsh grass, aware of Harvey sitting close beside her, and wishing he would take her hand in his again. But they both felt constrained, with Joe and Florence Brill seated facing them, and her gloved hands remained in her lap.

Edith was a gentle, reserved girl, very pale in the sparkling sunlight, with deep-set shadowy eyes and full lips that today kept becoming dry and hot so that she had to keep moistening them with the tip of her tongue. She felt unnaturally shy, and it brought little comfort to assure herself that all brides must feel ill at ease on their wedding day; must feel, as she did, that they had been caught up in some powerful centrifuge and hurled into space, into a land of strangers.

She glanced at Harvey's lean, serious profile to assure herself that she was not making the journey alone, and sighed, and thought of the apartment they had found on West Twelfth Street. The thought of the apartment was a satisfaction to which her mind returned again and again; the finding of it and the furnishing of it seemed a symbol of security. The apartment was her handiwork and would be her home, and once they were there together, as man and wife, strangers could be shut out.

She glanced at Harvey again, but he was giving his full attention to Joe Brill, who had not let the conversation lag. Joe had disappeared into the grill car soon after the train left New York and had come back only when New Haven was behind them, and by then his face had become somewhat flushed and his speech had thickened perceptibly. But when he talked, Edith tried to listen and answered with small, tight smiles, reminding herself that he was Harvey's boss, the art director of the magazine where Harvey worked, and that before this day ended she would be Mrs. Harvey Newton.

"I promise you kids," Joe Brill was saying now, "everything will go off fine. You can count on Rita Clark for that. She's a manager, that girl is, a great little manager." He grinned at Harvey. "But you two have to share the honors today with the judge. It's Greg's debut as a justice of the peace, and what I'm waiting for is to see Parson Clark up there reading the service."

Edith murmured, "It's awfully good of them to do all this, when they hardly know us."

"But they'll love it, Edith, every minute of it," Florence said, with a reassuring smile. "Especially Rita. She loves to do things for people. She's like a little red hen always on the lookout for motherless chicks. You don't mind being Rita's chick for a day, do you?"

"She's my favorite little red hen," Edith said. "I'm happy about it."

She was cheered by the thought that even though Rita Clark was inclined to manage other people's lives there was a warmth in her nature that made the interference unimportant, or even welcome, as it had been the day she had first met Rita at a publisher's cocktail party in New York. The young assistant editor who had arranged to meet Edith there had been held up in conference, but Rita, who had seemed to know everyone, had taken the unescorted girl under her wing and introduced her around. Florence's simile was apt, she thought; Rita was like a busy little red hen, forever scratching after something.

Harvey was far across the room, talking to Rita, bending his head and smiling; Edith thought it was like watching a stranger

"Rita sure knows how to throw a party," Joe Brill was saying. "They used to have some dillies in New York, and I guess that's one reason they moved out here in the country, so Greg would have time to get some work done. And," he added with a wry twist of one side of his face, "so he could keep an eye on Rita."

"Rita doesn't need an eye kept on her," Florence said. "That's no way to put it."

"Greg thinks she does, though. He's a pretty jealous guy."

"That's no way to put it, either," Florence said, but the rebuke was milder.

"Okay, then, let's say watchful," Joe said. "He's a pretty watchful guy. Who wouldn't be, married to a girl like Rita? She's worth watching. But Greg carries it pretty far. I wouldn't be surprised if he opened her mail."

"If he did," Florence said, "—and he doesn't—he wouldn't find anything."

Edith had not yet met Gregory Clark, although she had heard a good deal about him and was familiar with his work, since hardly a month went by without a Clark cover on some magazine. But he was a stranger, and apparently a difficult man; and listening to Joe and Florence Brill discuss him made her feel she was not at ease among sophisticated, older people.

But it was too late now to wish she had insisted that they be married at the Municipal Building in New York as they had first intended. The decision had been made the day Harvey telephoned her to say, "Edie, how would you like to be married in the country?"

"Country or city, darling, on land or at sea," she had told him. "It's all the same to me."

"Well, look, Rita Clark came into the office today to deliver a picture of Gregory's, and Joe Brill told her we were getting married. It seems that Greg Clark was elected a justice of the peace up where he lives in Connecticut, and Rita says he wants to perform one official act before his term is over. Edie, she insists that we go up there and let Greg marry us. And you know how Rita is. It's hard to say no, so I said I'd leave it up to you."

EDITH had hesitated, thinking of the dismal chapel in the Municipal Building, and how far they both were from home, with no family and few friends. And Harvey had said, "Rita is all excited about it. She wants to do it up brown. And the point is, she *wants* to do it. Joe and Florence Brill will go up with us, and Joe will be best man. And there'll be just a few people in—no crowd. Just people I've met up there week ends—"

"All right," Edith had said quickly, thinking that if Harvey was pleased by the offer, she was, too. "All right," she had said. "Whatever you say."

Then, unexpectedly, he had put Rita on the telephone; warm, impulsive Rita, who must have been standing by, listening to Harvey's side of the conversation. And Rita had cried, "Baby, I'm so glad you said yes. After all, I introduced you two, and it's fitting or prophetic or something to have Greg marry you. I've already called him about it and he's delighted. Just set the day, and I'll take care of everything."

It had been a mistake, Edith knew now; it made her feel like a guest at her own wedding. But here she was on the train, on her wedding day, and a voice was booming on the loud-speaker, "Old Saybrook." The train slowed and Joe Brill said, "Well, this is us," and as they crowded into the aisle Florence gently patted Edith's shoulder, as if she had read her thoughts.

There was a glimpse of headstones in a churchyard, then rows of parked cars, and a platform shed. As the train came to a stop Edith saw a man standing on the platform, leaning against a wooden pillar. He was bareheaded, and his black hair was wind-blown; he looked chilled and disagreeable, but when Joe Brill jumped down from the steps ahead of Edith and the man came forward he was smiling, and the smile changed his face.

AS SHE was introduced to Gregory Clark, Edith thought that his was the ready, insinuating smile of a man who presupposed a friendly disposition in another person as a matter of tactics, and definitely, she thought, it made a quick footing possible. He had a firm handclasp for Harvey and a pecking kiss for Florence, and then he led the way to his car, carrying Edith's suitcase.

"We'll have to hurry," he told her. "The town hall closes at four sharp."

The town where Gregory Clark lived was not far from the Connecticut River, but several miles back from Long Island Sound. They reached it over a winding blacktop road that flowed through woods glorious with October leaf, and the beauty of the day helped Edith to relax. Gregory Clark carried on a friendly conversation all the way from the station, and said as he stopped the car before a Victorian brick building, "The judge of probate is waiving the five-day waiting law. Rita arranged that."

"Is there anything Rita can't arrange?" Joe Brill asked. "Did she arrange to get you elected, too, Greg?"

Gregory Clark said—rather stiffly, Edith thought—"It's no great feat to get elected. They nominate eight justices, four from each party, and elect them all. There are hardly enough Democrats in town to fill out a slate, so they go begging for candidates." His laugh was soft and self-deprecatory. "Actually, a Democratic justice in a small Connecticut town has about as much power as a tadpole in a frog pond. But at least I can perform a marriage service, which a tadpole can't, so far as I know."

He put a hand on Edith's elbow and conducted her up the steps of the town hall, where the judge of probate signed a waiver of the five-day law, a document that contained imposing phrases such as *since the public policy requires it*, and Edith felt nervous and embarrassed and not in the least involved with public policy.

This marriage of hers, she thought as they supplied names and ages and places of birth to the clerk, was a pretty private matter. When she had said yes to a blond young man with a hauntingly anxious face she had hardly expected that she was to become a matter of public policy in a neighboring state. This was a matter between Harvey and herself, and she wished fervently for the time when the public could be excluded from it. Undoubtedly, she told herself, all brides must feel the same.

As they returned to the car, with the license tucked in Harvey's pocket, she thought that it was another step on the way; *(Continued on page 71)*

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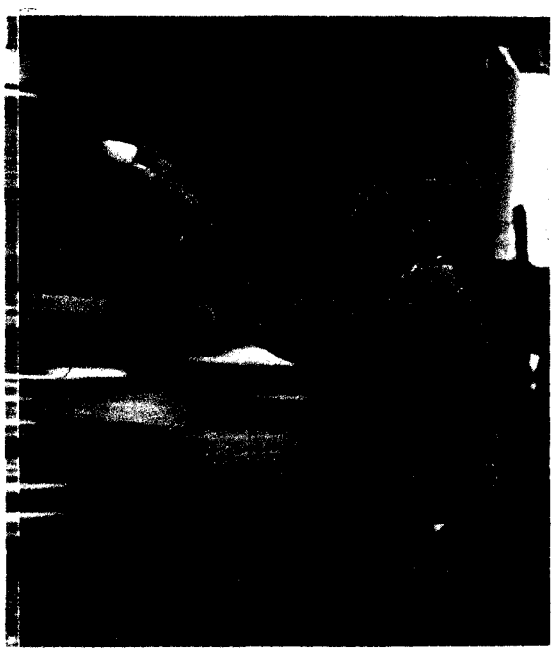
Conductor Charlie Kincaid (left) and head brakeman Johnny Osteen take time for chow in caboose 2098 at end of run in Albuquerque, New Mexico



Cliff Jacobsen kids passing Diesel whose crew has no stove, no coffee

Telling engineer to bring train in more, rear brakeman rotates wrists as he guides coupling of cars in a yard

Skipper checks watch constantly during run. He is responsible for keeping train on time

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

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Collier's
COLOR CAMERA

Brakeman Johnny Osteen uncouples locomotive tender from car behind. All uncoupling is manual

From cupola—raised observation deck of caboose—Skipper Kincaid watches train

Little Red CABOOSE

CABOOSES—those little shanties hung on the ends of freight trains—are rolling offices out of which strong men do business. Fitted with desks, tools, cookstoves and bunks, they are traveling headquarters for conductor and crew. Up front, the engineer and fireman yank 20, 40 or 100 cars along at 40, 50 or 60-plus miles an hour; but it's the conductor and his brakemen who hold the train together.

Called everything from brain boxes to monkey cages, cabooses pilot groups of cars from one terminal to the next, hand them over to other cabooses and locomotives and rattle back home again with a new batch. The long, fast red-ball freight trains you see chewing up the right of way at breakneck speeds are fed their cars by dozens of cabooses run by scores of men from here to Whistlestop and back again.

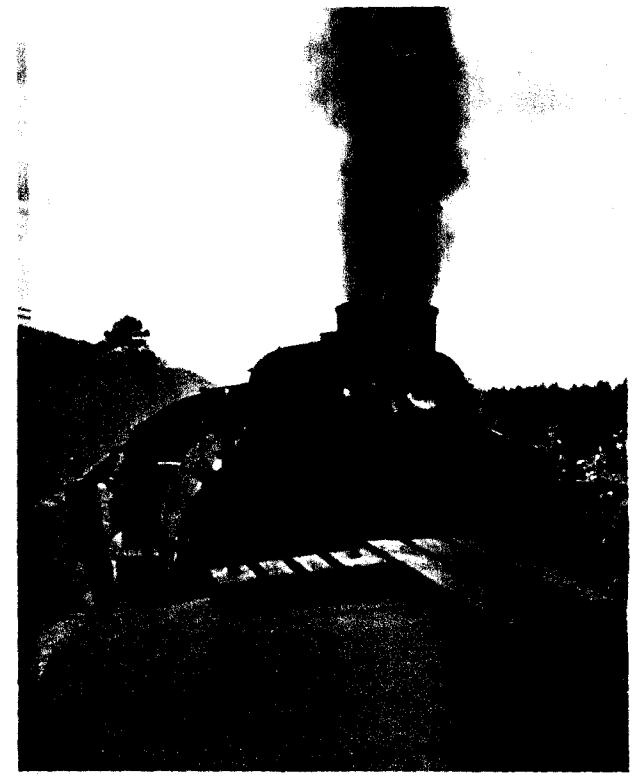
Charlie Kincaid and his crew are typical. They ride caboose 2098 on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe's Third District local of the New Mexico Division, pulling out of Las Vegas, New Mexico, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:30 A.M. and running west some eight hours and 131 miles to Albuquerque. They make the return trip on alternate days.

Charlie Kincaid, forty-six, has been railroading for 20 years. He's the conductor. On the train you call him Skipper, Boss Man, the Brain. He's the man with the book and the watch. On his local run, he's got to know where to pick up bathtubs and put down tractors. Skippers on the main line have the same worries—only more so. Often sitting behind mile-long manifests, they have scores of cars to keep tabs on—carload shipments of fruit, livestock, armaments, the thousand-and-one products that tie the nation together. The Skipper and his boys keep their eyes on everything—and the Skipper is the boss on every train, even to the engineer.

On Santa Fe's 2098, Charlie's assistants are Clifford Jacobsen, the rear-end brakeman; and John Osteen, the head brakeman, who rides the "head," or front end of the train. Cliff and Johnny do most of their work when a train is being made up and cars are being redistributed. Their heaviest jobs are coupling and uncoupling, and working the hand brakes of unattached cars. On the run, they help the Skipper keep an eye on the wheels, the load, the signals and the rails. If Johnny wants to get from the head to the rear end to talk to the Skipper or sit down a while, he's got to walk along the tops of the moving cars. That's not easy, but like the old-timers say: "If you ain't half man, half monkey you've got no business in the cage on the tail of a freight."

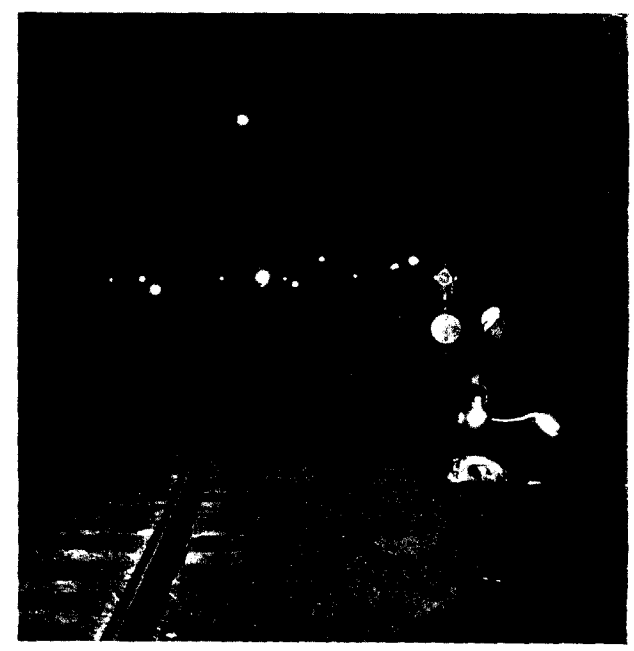
SEY CHASSLER

After closing a switch, rear-end brakeman hops on moving caboose, highballs engineer to speed ahead



Brakeman rides helper locomotive taken on to push heavy freight up steep grade

During run Osteen checks wheels, brakes, load while "riding top" of speeding train to head end



After night's rest, crew starts again, as switch is thrown in predawn darkness

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CULVER

Two great faces. Dead-pan Buster Keaton joined big-nosed Durante in film The Passionate Plumber

Two great showmen. Sir Harry Lauder, Scotch comic, met Jimmy in Glasgow, praised him highly

Two great noses. Durante and Big Rosie, elephant with whom he shared billing in extravaganza Jumbo

INTERNATIONAL

Continuing SCHNOZZOLA! ***Jimmy Durante's Life Story***

Schnozz Goes

Performing without his pals, Jim hit hard sledding in the thirties. But he had fun, too—as when he visited Europe on a "personal disappearance"

The piano lessons paid for by his father, a poor barber in lower Manhattan, started Jimmy Durante in the entertainment business. He played at Coney Island and Chinatown cafés before meeting up with singer Eddie Jackson and dancer Lou Clayton to start a great team. With Durante as comedian, the trio grew famous in speak-easies, in vaudeville and in musical comedy. In 1929 they made one film in the East. And then Jimmy got an offer from Hollywood—but without his partners. At the urging of his two friends, he accepted. Clayton became Jimmy's business manager, and in the early '30s the trio headed West, hopes pinned to the humble Schnozz

V

IF I had gone with my son Jimmy to Hollywood," the elderly ex-barber, Bartolomeo Durante, once remarked, "he wouldn't have lost the hair."

As a matter of fact, it is doubtful that even Bartolomeo could have kept the Schnozzola from losing his hair in Hollywood, for, with rare exceptions, nothing seemed to go right for Jimmy there. He was cast in a series of potboilers that did his professional reputation no good; his name was forged to a check by an unknown con man; he was threatened by yet another hoodlum; and Eddie Jackson, one of his partners in show business, left the combination for the first time in years—and was a long time getting back into it.

Speaking of something else, Durante once remarked, in his best lower-Manhattan English: "I think the movies sperl a person when they come out here." Neither movies nor anything else could really "sperl" the Schnozz, but his experiences in filmdom might have ruined a less resilient man.

Jimmy made his entrance into movie-capital society with a typical Durante flourish. He had met Louis B. Mayer briefly at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio; on that occasion, the executive had identified himself as the man who "paid the checks." Soon afterward, Mayer invited Durante and some other stars to a party at his home. Jimmy was puzzled by the deference with which even the loftiest of the stars treated Mayer. He turned to Lou Clayton—the erstwhile dancing member of the team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante, who was now serving as Jimmy's business manager—and sought clarification. "Ain't that only the cashier?" he whispered.

Clayton, presumably too startled to reply, didn't enlighten Durante; when the Schnozz encountered the movie executive later in the evening, he greeted him with cordial good fellowship. "Always glad to see you," Jimmy told Mayer. "Never too busy to say hello to the cashier."

The grinning Mayer finally set Durante straight.

The first picture in which Jimmy worked in Hollywood was Charles MacArthur's adaptation of the story Get Rich Quick Wallingford, by George Randolph Chester. Directed by the late Sam Wood, it scored a great critical and popular success, and so did Durante personally. The Cyrano of the Cellars had put his famous nose to a golden grindstone, and his producers all but kissed him. It looked as if fortune was smiling on the Schnozz.

But paradoxically, his initial success brought him trouble. Suddenly in great demand on the M-G-M lot, Jimmy was used in one picture after another—usually when a producer felt he had a film that needed uplift. Durante's contract didn't specify how many pictures he was to make in a year, and he made a great many, to the intense distress of his business manager. The furious Clayton reported after one trip to New York that he had seen Jimmy's name in lights at three different theaters within a two-block area.

Despite the prominence of Jimmy's billing on Broadway, where he was loved and admired, he got few worth-while roles in most of these pictures. Usually, he played mere comedy bits, sometimes simply walking on, rolling his eyes, saying, "Hotcha-cha-cha," and making his exit. He grew so tired of that expression, which he had first used during his night-club days, that he ultimately dropped it from his repertoire and refused ever to say it again.

After Wallingford, Durante applied the pulmotor of his personality to a weakling called The Cuban Love Song; he followed that up by appearing in another dilly, The Passionate Plumber; in all, during his first year, he supplied adrenalin to four such films. As time went on, the number of bad roles mounted, and Jimmy's popularity began to wane.

There was just one bright spot during this Hollywood period. In 1932, M-G-M lent Durante to Paramount for a part in The Phantom President, which starred George M. Cohan. The celebrated actor-song writer was a long-time friend of Clayton, Jackson and Durante, and he saw to it that Jimmy was properly treated.

"I'm not very hot about going to California," Cohan told Clayton in New York, "because I don't know just how things are done out there. But I'm glad to be with Durante, and I'm going to see that his part is good. Let's see what we can do for that great guy."

Cohan did succeed in building up the Schnozzola's part to such an extent that he later commented: "They ought to call this picture The Nose, instead of The Phantom President."

Pouring Oil on Troubled Waters

Despite what threatened to be a general downtrend in his career, the Schnozzola remained his usual humble, cheerful self. He soothed the aroused Clayton, refused to sulk, and amiably accepted the parts that were handed to him.

"We're going along all right," he reassured Lou. "We're going good."

One factor that contributed to Durante's calm amidst the chaos of his film career was the fact that his wife, Jeanne—who had never liked having Jimmy perform in the speak-easies of Broadway—had found real happiness in California. She had never enjoyed the East, feeling that her husband's time-consuming work there posed a threat to her marriage; on the West Coast, they were able to spend more time together than ever before.

Nevertheless, there were occasions when Jimmy had to leave California to venture anew into the hurly-burly of Broadway. Early in 1933, he received an offer to go back on the stage in a musical comedy called Strike Me Pink. The show, already in production, was backed by Waxey Gordon, bootleg syndicate head, collector of first editions, graduate of Sing Sing, and would-be emulator of Florenz Ziegfeld.

Durante didn't want to leave California, largely because of Jeanne's objections. Furthermore, he wanted no part of Waxey Gordon. However, Benevolent Charlie, a friend of the old days, had asked Durante to take the part as a special

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Solo

By GENE FOWLER

favor, and Charlie could not be ignored. So Jimmy and Lou went East and saw a tryout of the show in Philadelphia.

"Charlie," Clayton said in New York the next day, "the show doesn't have a chance. Moreover, you know how Waxey Gordon stands with me. He's at the bottom of my list, and I wish you wouldn't ask me to do this favor."

"Well," said Benevolent Charlie, "I *have* to ask you."

"All right, then. I can never refuse anything you ask. So tell that friend of yours who suddenly has become such a big impresario on Broadway to fly out to California and meet us there. We first have to convince the studio to allow us to do this show."

A Promise with a String Tied to It

Gordon followed Clayton and Durante to California and, sitting in the office of an M-G-M executive, promised that if Jimmy would appear in Strike Me Pink he could have his old partners Clayton and Jackson alongside him. On that basis, Durante agreed to return East—if he could get a release from Irving Thalberg, executive producer of Metro.

"Who is this certain party Thalberg?" Gordon asked.

"The biggest man in Hollywood," said Clayton.

"Bigger than *Durante?*"

"Bigger than anybody."

Waxey considered that for a solemn moment, then shouted, "Well, to hell with Durante! Let's put Thalberg in the show!"

Thalberg didn't join the cast of Strike Me Pink, of course, but he gave Jimmy permission to do so. Accordingly, Clayton, Jackson and Durante, happy at the chance to be reunited on the stage, arrived in New York on February 12, 1933. There a bombshell struck: Gordon announced that Jimmy would rehearse without his partners.

"We don't want Clayton and Jackson in this show because it is high class," said the onetime convict. "There ain't any sawdust on the floor."

He refused to be shaken from this stand, and on opening night Jimmy went on alone—first making clear to his partners that he would split his salary with them.

Clayton took Jackson aside. "Eddie, we are doing this for Benevolent Charlie, but they are not going to throw Jimmy Durante on the spears. Tonight you sit on the right side of the house, and I'll sit on the left, down front, both of us in our dinner clothes. And the first time Jim hits a snag, the hell with the book! You and I will fly onto that stage and turn things upside down."

But Jimmy didn't need the assistance of his watchful partners. He tore through the show with joyous abandon, and Strike Me Pink became a hit.

The one snag that could have developed was smoothed over in characteristic Durante style. During rehearsals, he had insisted that one of the skits, a sequence involving bicycles, needed a stronger finish; his demand had been ignored, and when he faced the first audience in New York he was still concerned over the skit's *(Continued on page 48)*

The Schnozzola in a familiar pose. He still recalls with a shudder his disastrous effort to accompany the classical violin playing of scientist Albert Einstein. "Was I mortified!"

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

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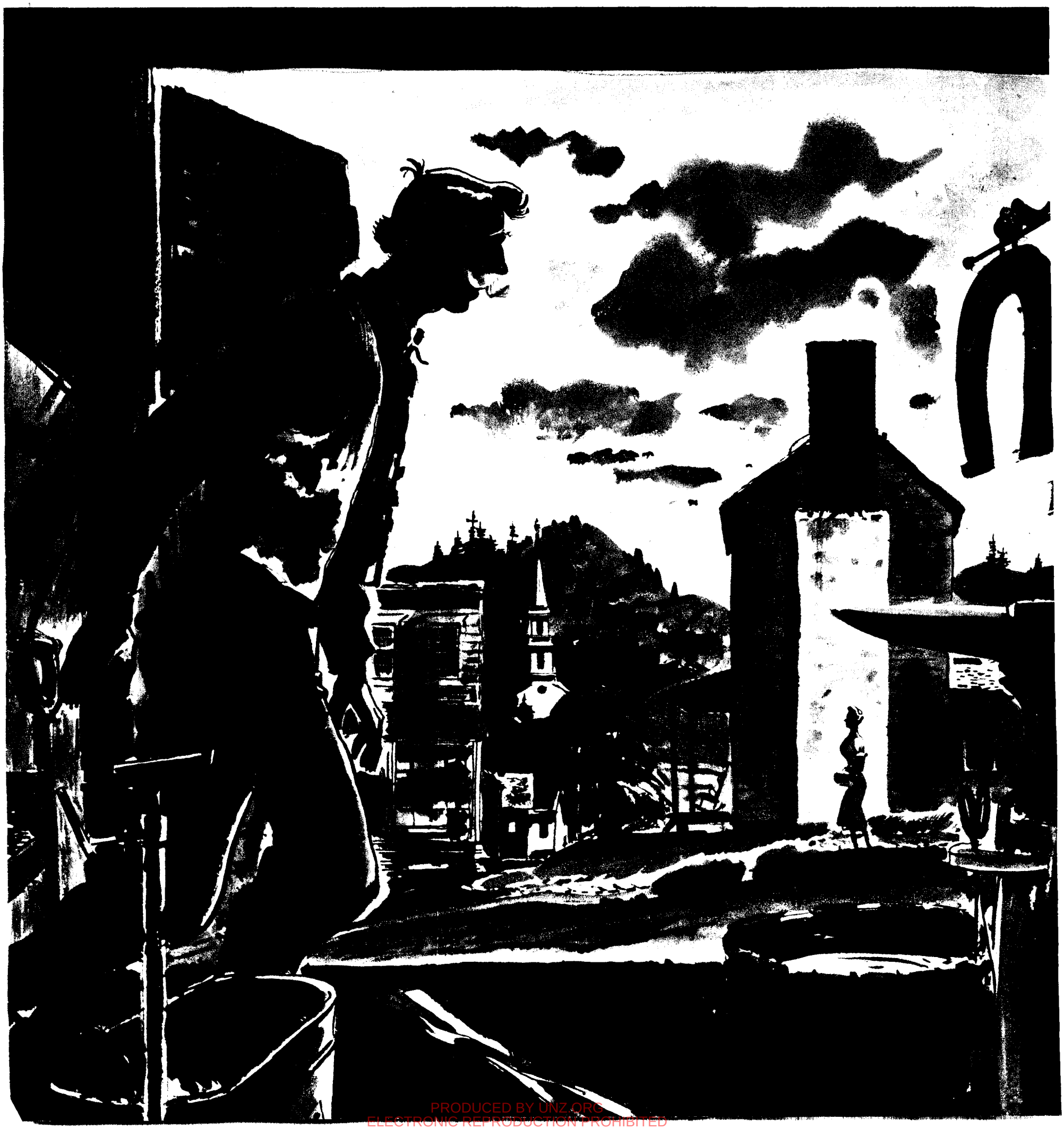
The Courtship of JEFF

Every man in the county hated the idea of Jeff Coongate being married. The old poacher was



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COONGATE

By EDMUND WARE

a natural bachelor—the sturdy symbol of the freedom all the rest of them dreamed about

THE year his old crony, Zack Bourne, married Sarah and reformed, a great loneliness fell upon Jeff Coongate, and there was no zest in illegal beaver trapping, or comfort in the demijohn. The old woodsman had faith in the coming of spring, but this year it brought no lift. The sight of the wild geese did not free his spirit, and the songs of little birds were sad.

Seeking solace, he poled up the Mopang River to visit Zack. It was a mistake. Zack had Sarah, and was contented. He declined Jeff's offer of strong drink, and showed no interest in Jeff's proposal to go salmon spearing by torchlight.

"Agin the law," said Zack.

"You talk like a game warden," brooded Jeff.

Sorrowing, the old outlaw dreamed of better days: a jug of rum, a loin of moose, and Zack beside him underneath a bridge, singing in the wilderness. Clearly the better days were dead.

At the end of his journey to Zack's cabin, Jeff had felt tired. He couldn't understand it. He wasn't quite seventy, and the trip was only twenty-nine miles. It worried him. He also thought there was a stiffness in his shoulders from poling his canoe. What was the matter?

Was he failing in life's prime, a sacrifice to friendliness and the fell creep of hardship?

He pondered darkly. He imagined himself roaming deep into the forest. There would be no one to see him go, or to note the faint, sad outline of his shoulder blades beneath his tattered shirt. He would sink down upon the cold ground, utter a cry of loneliness, and die in agony.

This picture of his own tragic passing wrung Jeff's heart. But, after breakfast, as he heard Sarah Bourne singing happily in the cabin kitchen, a tide of emotion swept him. His superb dramatic sense suddenly keened. He leaned close to Zack, his one eye misting as with a vision of sanctuary.

"Zack, do you know why I come up here—all of them perilous miles through the rapids?"

"Why, to see me, didn't you?"

"Zack, ol' pard, I wanted you to be the first to know. I come to tell you that—that I, too, am goin' to enter into matrimony."

"No, Jeff. No! Not you. It jest ain't right."

"*You* done it."

"Yuh, but you're different. You can't, Jeff. It's your duty not to. It—why, oh, Lord, I—"

Zack's face twisted. He knew what he meant, but couldn't say it. Jeff Coongate was a man apart. He was the one-eyed poacher, the bulwark and the absolute of uncompromising bachelorhood. He was the last, lone-living, woods-roaming giant—the outlaw of Mopang Forest. Through the years, he had parried women's advances by looking over their heads with invincible hauteur.

"Jeff, it'd be desecration, like a monumint—fallen!"

Zack was sorely troubled, a reaction invariably gratifying to Jeff, who now proceeded with embellishment and detail.

"I'll rig curtains in my windows. I'll have geraniums along the sills in coffee cans. An' when I come home in the evenin', tired from poachin', she'll have the fire lit, Zack. She'll have food prepared for me—dainty morsils. She'll greet me, an' smile upon me in welcome. She—"

"Who, Jeff?" said Zack. "Who *is* she? Some danged squaw? A three-hundred-pounder with no teeth?"

Jeff rose, his eye glowing a baleful, imperious blue.

"Zack Bourne, you have insulted my wife."

"Can't I even ask who she is?"

Jeff had given little thought to the actual identity of his mate, but under pressure he made a bold decision.

"That girl that visits the Tethergoods every summer. She's Effie Tethergood's sister—a kind of a spirited little thing, about forty, maybe, an' able, an' han'some. I don't know her name."

"Letty Turnbuckle!" croaked Zack.

"That's her! She's in Mopang. She shall be my bride."

"But you ain't even *met* her!"

"I shall meet Miss Turnbuckle," said Jeff, on sudden inspiration, "—in *church!*"

Zack slowly wilted. "You? Matrimony? Meet her in church? You ain't been in church in sixty-five years!"

Zack was so miserable that Jeff's spirits fully revived. He said farewell to Zack and Sarah, and, as he poled downriver, he dwelt majestically in dreamland, and life was joy.

It did not matter to Jeff Coongate that—as yet—he wasn't dealing with the real thing. In fancy, he wooed his mate with selected words and attitudes. Kneeling, be brushed her wrist with his sinister mustaches.

"Miss Turnbuckle, I crave the honor of your hand in wedlock, an' we shall live together ever after—pavilioned in splendor."

As he pictured it, she murmured demure acceptance, and by the time Jeff hauled his canoe ashore at Mopang, she was on a pedestal, wearing fine raiment, and Jeff was waiting upon her with the grace and ardor of a white knight.

The tar-paper roof of Jeff's shack had become golden shingles, and Jeff and Letty sat on thrones eating walnuts dipped in wine. Convenient to Jeff's hand was a jug of Hernando's Fiery Dagger rum, but Miss Letty refused this beverage in a most delicate manner. All offensive tasks, such as caring for the outdoor plumbing and disposing of empty bottles, were assigned to game wardens. Young Tom Corn, the wary and resourceful Mopang County warden, would dig worms for their fishing trips. Jeff arrived at his shack singing.

ON THE following day, Jeff cased Mopang's only street from behind buildings. He at last sighted Miss Turnbuckle from Stumpy Coldwillow's blacksmith shop. She was small-formed, and her gait reminded him of a doe deer's, not a yearling exactly, but with many seasons ahead of her. His princess! She would keep him cool in summer, and warm in winter. Soon he would meet her. And Mopang would resound.

Jeff had come to the smithy to get horseshoe nails for a bracelet for his beloved. When Stumpy's back was turned, he filled his pockets with shiny new ones and stalked over to the post office and general store to see if his Spanish War pension check had arrived early. It hadn't. It never had.

"It never will," said Sim Pease, the proprietor.

"Well, gimme credit for a box of candy and a jug of Hernando's Fiery Dagger. The large size. My check'll be in tomorrow, sure."

"Tomorrow's Sunday, old-timer," said the heartless Sim.

"Say! I forgot! *Sunday!*"

On the morrow the minister of the First Church stiffened in his pulpit, unnerved by the apparition which appeared without warning or precedent in the rear pew.

The presence of the renowned sinner was as yet unnoticed by the worshipers. The minister decided to let them discover for themselves. This was as Jeff himself had wished it. His appearance would sweep them like flame. *(Continued on page 67)*

Jeff sighted Miss Turnbuckle from Stumpy Coldwillow's smithy. His princess! Soon he would meet her

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HAMLIN

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Today, Bill is four steps removed from majors, as a pitcher for the Class B Salem (Oregon) Senators

Baseball fans are the same in all leagues. Here Big Bill is besieged by idolizing youngsters for his autograph. Most of these Bevens boosters can't even remember time when he was Yankee

Hard Luck Bill Keeps Pitching

By TOM MEANY

What's life like for an ex-big-leaguer forced to play in the minors? Take the case of hurler Bill Bevens, who came within an ace of Series glory as a Yankee—and then suffered disaster

AT 3:50 P.M. on October 3, 1947, the air over the Borough of Brooklyn was suddenly shattered by the mighty roar of approximately one million hysterical voices. It was a truly awe-inspiring sound, with its central point at Flatbush's Ebbets Field, where 33,443 persons were engaged in a demonstration that must have caused atmospheric disturbances halfway into the stratosphere.

The occasion is still enthusiastically referred to in Brooklyn as "the day of Lavagetto's hit," and events are dated from it much as in Ireland they are measured from the Night of the Big Wind. It is also remembered 3,000 miles away, by the citizens of Salem, Oregon—but without pleasure.

For Salem is the home town of Big Bill Bevens, the burly New York Yankee pitcher who was Cookie Lavagetto's victim that bright fall afternoon. And for Bevens, "the day of Lavagetto's hit" was a time of near greatness and ultimate calamity.

It was the fourth day of the World Series, and Salem's Bevens was making baseball history. He had carried the Yankees into the last half of the ninth inning with a 2 to 1 lead over the Dodgers—and had allowed no hits. He had but to retire three more men to win the game and achieve the first no-hitter in World Series annals. (In fact, only two pitchers before him had ever pitched Series *one*-hitters.)

The sweat of honest toil (and, perhaps, of physical pain, for he had hurt his arm midway in the game) coursed down Bevens' face as he began the ninth. He knew what he was up against. One pitch

Salem locker room is far cry from palatial New York setup Bevens (center) once knew. He takes downfall without complaint, is improving as a pitcher

Mrs. Bevens and their three sons attend all Bill's games, plug for his return to majors. L. to r., Larry, Danny, Mildred Bevens, little Bobbie

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by Brooklyn's Hugh Casey in the top of the inning had stopped the erupting Yanks cold, just when it seemed Bill was about to be given a commanding lead. But the big New York pitcher had retired the last five Dodgers in order and his control—erratic earlier—seemed steady now.

Tension hung over Ebbets Field as thick as a London pea-souper. There was the crack of a bat, and Johnny Lindell backed against the left-field wall to take Bruce Edwards' fly for the first out. Bevens walked Carl Furillo, but Spider Jorgenson fouled to George McQuinn—and the big right-hander had his head and shoulders in the door of the Hall of Fame as he faced Pete Reiser, pinch-hitting on a game leg.

The count on the crippled Reiser was one strike and two balls when Al Gionfriddo, running for Furillo, lit out from first to steal second. Al made it, with the help of a bounding, erratic throw by the yet unpolished Yogi Berra. A good throw could have given Bevens his no-hitter then and there.

That made the count three and one on Reiser, and manager Bucky Harris ordered Bevens to make the next pitch wide for an intentional pass, even though it meant putting the potential winning run on base. Eddie Miksis ran for the limping Reiser and Cookie Lavagetto batted for Eddie Stanky.

The Yankee pitchers had been briefed thoroughly on the Dodger batters. The instructions for pitching to Lavagetto were "fast balls, outside." Bevens' second pitch to Cookie was right out of the book—and almost out of the park. It smashed against the right-field wall above Tommy Henrich's outstretched glove. With the crack of the bat, both Gionfriddo and Miksis were running like frightened mice; and before the ball could be retrieved, both had crossed the plate. Bevens had lost not only his no-hitter but the ball game as well.

While thousands roared at Ebbets Field and hundreds of thousands poured into the streets of Brooklyn, aroused to mass hysteria by the news blaring over the loud-speakers, Floyd Clifford (Bill) Bevens crammed his glove into his back pocket and trudged dispiritedly from the field, the most shocked runner-up since Charles Evans Hughes in the 1916 Presidential elections.

* * *

That day marked the downfall of Big Bill Bevens. Although he pitched again for the Yanks before the Series was over—two and two-thirds scoreless innings in the seventh game—his arm gave him great pain and the hop was gone from his fast ball. He never again started a game for the Yankees. He spent one more tortured season with the club—then started down the ladder of organized baseball. One year after he was robbed of greatness by Lavagetto's ninth-inning double, Bevens was back in Salem working for a beer company, hoisting cases onto trucks.

It wasn't until 1950 that Bill got back into professional ball. Today, as a pitcher for his home-town club, the Class B Salem Senators of the Western International League, the thirty-three-year-old Bevens knows what it's like to exchange the luxury of big-league living for the drudgery of life in the minors. He also hopes in his heart that someday he will be back on top. He is grimly and coolly directing every effort toward that target. Bevens is a much improved pitcher, and there's a chance that he'll make it. Meanwhile, he stolidly endures the rigors of smalltime baseball.

Gone are the days when he rode in comfortable Pullmans and chartered transport planes with the stylish Yankees. Now it's riding in a bus for the longer hops and private cars for the shorter ones. And in the Western International, even the smaller jumps are more than 200 miles; distances are vast in this league. The trip from Salem to Spokane, a distance of 437 miles, requires a 15-hour bus ride. The away-game hops to Vancouver and Victoria in British Columbia entail rides nearly as long. The shortest jump from Salem is Tacoma —229 miles north. (The remaining clubs in the circuit are at Wenatchee, Yakima and Tri-City, all in Washington. Tri-City comprises the so-called "atom towns" of Richland, Pasco and Kennewick, the Oak Ridge of the Northwest.)

It is hard to discover what a ballplayer like Bevens, a man who has known the refinements and luxury of the majors, thinks of as his bus rolls over the bumpy mountain roads. Only Bill knows, and he doesn't speak his thoughts. But it's a safe bet that he dreams of returning to the majors in triumph, just as the younger members of the Solons—kids like the rubber-armed shortstop, Richie Myers —dream of someday kissing the buses good-by.

On long hauls, you need some sort of dream to cushion the roadbed, for there's not much to hope for at your destination. There are no luxurious hotels for these ballplayers, nor any fancy menus in elegant dining rooms. Once Bill Bevens ate at the finest restaurants in cities on the American League circuit and signed tabs for the bill; now he gets a $2.50 meal allowance daily—which means that he eats in restaurants with chefs whose main claim to culinary skill usually is their dexterity with a can opener.

At work, the man who once figured in a game that people all over the country remember now counts himself lucky if there are 1,200 patrons in the stands—a number considered adequate in this Class B circuit to keep the wolf from the box-office door. In the WIL, there are no spacious stadiums to provide backdrops for a pitcher; Waters Field, in Salem, seating 6,000, is the league's largest, and its chief claim to fame is that its wooden seats are grained vertically instead of horizontally, to minimize the splinter hazard.

The differences between Waters Field and Yankee Stadium are not merely those of size. The tiny trainer's quarters where Bevens submits to the ministrations of Pete Chinn is a far cry from the tiled room where the Yankee champions take their rubdowns. In place of fluorescent lights, a naked bulb hangs on a wire from the ceiling. Whirlpool baths and diathermy machines are not only absent, they aren't even thought of. The sole electrical device in the cubicle—which is no larger than a hall bedroom and no more cheerful, despite Pete's happy Chinese grin—is a portable radio, continually tuned to the station which brings big-league games across the Rockies and the Cascades.

There is no broadloom carpeting as in the Stadium clubhouse, nor any *(Continued on page 58)*

INTERNATIONAL

Crushed pitcher (foreground), robbed of no-hitter, leaves as exultant Dodgers rush from their dugout. He never again started a game for the Yankees

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RAY ATKESON

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Point Venus

Jonas' only thought had been to comfort Marianna in her terrible sorrow. But when he drew her into his arms, he realized that what he felt for her was more than pity

By SUSANNE McCONNAUGHEY

The Story: Tahiti in the 1840s was engaged in a fierce struggle against annexation by France. This fight for freedom, and the part they played in it, brought MARIANNA MOORE and JONAS BURKHAM to a new intimacy.

Marianna was the daughter of an English missionary, NATHANIEL MOORE; and Jonas, a reckless, handsome American, had always thought of her simply as a prim schoolmarm. He didn't know she was secretly in love with him and deeply hurt by his affair with LILY NICHOLLS, the beautiful, spoiled wife of ANTHONY NICHOLLS, a planter.

But he realized Marianna was a woman first and a schoolmarm second when he came upon her swimming nude in the river one day. Unaware that he was watching, she was playing in the water with the grace and abandon of a native, and he was ashamed of having seen this vulnerable side of her nature.

However, he and Marianna were soon drawn closer by their passionate interest in Tahiti's independence. The French had taken possession of the island and even seized QUEEN POMARE'S house and possessions. The queen and her family had taken refuge on a small British warship and her outraged people were preparing for armed rebellion. Jonas agreed to help them, and came to Marianna to ask if she would let the natives store ammunition in one of the buildings in her father's mission. Marianna agreed eagerly, and swayed by the sympathy between them, she let Jonas kiss her. But when she smelled Lily Nicholls' perfume on his clothes, she drew away, hurt and angry.

It was agony for Marianna to see Jonas after that night, knowing she meant nothing to him; and in an attempt to stifle her love for him, she agreed to marry RICHARD JOHNSON, a mild-mannered young missionary for whom she cared nothing.

III

PAPA," Marianna said, "do have another cup of tea."

"No more, thank you, my dear."

"You look so tired," she said. "It worries me. Have you been doing too much?"

"No," Nathaniel Moore said, ruefully. "Not enough. I've just been—thinking."

"I know. I can't think of anything else. It's the real beginning, isn't it?"

"The beginning of the end," he said.

Three days ago the first shot had been fired—fired by the Tahitians on some French soldiers, but in Taravao. You could scarcely blame the Tahitians, Nathaniel Moore thought tiredly. The soldiers, sent out in the corvette L'Ambuscade to build a fort across the narrow isthmus, had tried to force some women back to the ship with them. Hearing their cries, their men had gone to the rescue, and, in the fighting that followed, three or four Frenchmen had been killed. Now there was bound to be retaliation. Yet what should those Tahitians have done? Should they have let their women be debauched without a protest? And what should they do now? Meekly accept their punishment? Meekly give up their land?

"Don't say that, Papa—the beginning of the end! It sounds so—hopeless."

Lily ran to join them on the veranda. "Jonas! There must be hundreds of them! They'll ransack the house!" "Don't be silly," he said. He leaned forward, his eyes narrowing

"Where is there hope, when men are killing men?" he said. "I've seen it happen before, and it was always useless."

"I wish we knew what they were going to do now," she said. "It seems so ominously quiet."

"I saw Jonas Burkham's helper, Farenui, by the church," he said. "He tells me that young Burkham rode to town today. Perhaps he'll be back with some news before long. He was very good about keeping me abreast of things while you were away at Mrs. Pritchard's."

"Oh. Was he?" Her fingers traced a pattern across the surface of the table.

"It's good to have you home again, my dear," her father said.

She looked up. "It's good to be back. I didn't want to stay nearly so long, but Mrs. Pritchard seemed to want me. It was hard to get away."

Poor woman, he thought; she had needed Marianna's companionship and comfort. The French had blamed all the island's unrest on Mr. Pritchard, who had resigned as British consul when the island was seized, and had imprisoned him. For five days they had kept him in a wretched little blockhouse on the hill behind the town; then, when he was close to dying from dysentery and exposure, they had transferred him to one of their warships. Now they had banished him from the island, putting him aboard a British ship bound for England, permitting him only the briefest of farewells to the wife and children he was forced to leave behind. Curious that the actual outbreak of hostilities should come after Pritchard had left the island. At least the French could not say George Pritchard had been the instigator in this affair at Taravao.

"Is the town still under martial law, Marianna?"

"Oh, yes. Between evening gunfire and morning gunfire no one may leave his house or receive visitors. The police can demand entrance and search any house if they suspect someone is there. The town is in a state of siege, the French declare, since so many of the fighting men have gone to the camps in the hills. Five thousand of them, I heard."

"I don't suppose your young man could come to town while you were there?"

"My young man?"

"Richard Johnson," he said patiently.

"Oh," she said, blushing. "No. I—it was too far. I haven't seen him."

"Have you sent word to him that you're back home?"

"Well, no. Not yet. There's been so much to do." Her voice trailed off, and he looked at her sharply.

"Marianna, are you sure you are quite happy about—"

"Listen, Papa," she said hastily, "I think Mr. Burkham is coming now. Don't you hear a horse coming along the lane?"

"You have very sharp ears, my dear," he said.

It was another minute or two before horse and rider appeared. Nathaniel went to the top of the steps as Jonas dismounted.

"Good of you to come over, Jonas."

"I can't stay but a moment," Jonas said. He came up onto the veranda and stood leaning against the railing, his tanned face dark against the fading light of the sky. "Miss Marianna. Glad to see you back."

"Thank you," she said, almost inaudibly.

"You look as if you brought us bad news, boy."

"I have, sir. Very bad. The Phaeton went out at dawn this morning on a punitive excursion around the island. Apparently she's been instructed to fire on every hut along the way."

"To fire! But why?"

"In revenge for the death of those French soldiers out in Taravao. Sporting idea, isn't it?"

"It's butchery!"

"Yes. Several natives have already been killed. But it needn't be so bad from now on. Word has spread ahead of the ship, and the people are fleeing up into the valleys until she passes by."

"Where is she now, do you think?"

"About Tautira, I imagine," Jonas said. "She'll probably be paying her call on Matavai about eleven or twelve tomorrow morning. I've talked to Taua, and he'll see that everyone in the district is notified to go up into the Ahonu Valley tomorrow morning. Will you get word to your people here on the Point?"

"Of course."

"Good. I'll be going along, then. I've still got to go and warn the Nicholls. Sort of a latter-day Paul Revere."

There was a troubled look in Nathaniel Moore's gentle eyes. "My boy, do you realize that the people on the ship are going to see the fort that Taua's been building at Mahina? That raw earth around the breastworks and entrenchments will be plainly visible from the sea."

Jonas shrugged. "They're bound to know about it sometime, sir. And why not? No use pretending this isn't war."

"I suppose not," Moore said slowly. "I suppose not."

ANTHONY NICHOLLS lay sprawled in the big chair, his head lolling drunkenly forward on his chest. Lily stood over him, kicking furiously at his legs. "Wake up, Anthony! For the love of God, wake *up!*"

She seized him by the shoulders and shook him with all her strength. His head rolled back and forth, then fell forward on his chest again.

"You drunken fool!" she said contemptuously. "Stay here and be killed, then!"

She went over to the door and stood listening for a moment. She heard the sound again, a dull, heavy boom to the east. The Phaeton must be nearing Matavai by now, and soon escape would be completely cut off. Jonas Burkham had told them the evening before that there would be plenty of time in the morning to make their way up to the valley, but now, it appeared, it was too late. Disturbed and frightened, Lily had taken a heavy sleeping draught before she went to bed, and Anthony, obviously, had spent the night bolstering his courage with brandy. Angrily she kicked aside the empty bottle beside his chair. Then she buried her face in her hands, and cried.

If only she knew where to go, she'd leave Anthony to his fate! Where was Jonas? Why did he leave her alone here to die? He had forgotten her, no doubt, in helping his precious natives.

Through her sobs she heard another boom of the guns, louder this time. In a panic she turned, started for the door, and almost collided with Jonas. She threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Jonas, you came!"

He pushed her away rudely, and she looked up to see Marianna Moore just behind him, her fair hair disheveled by the wind.

"Lily, for God's sake," Jonas said, "why didn't you come to Ahonu? Where's Anthony?"

She gestured toward the *(Continued on page 61)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

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Thar's Gold

Country music's booming all

A FEW weeks ago, an eighty-four-year-old farmer and hillbilly-entertainer named Uncle Dave Macon was sitting in a drugstore in Nashville, Tennessee, munching a sandwich. The juke box was on and he listened to it for a while. Then he turned to Minnie Pearl, another noted country entertainer, and asked: "Miss Minnie, who's that caterwaulin' there?"

"Why that's Bing Crosby, Uncle Dave," she said.

"Aah!" snorted Uncle Dave. "He'll never get nowhere."

Although this is an extreme example, it points up an interesting phenomenon. Most of the country regards New York and Hollywood as the twin capitals of show business; but you could never prove it by Uncle Dave and millions of other people like him. To them, the Mecca is Nashville.

Nashville is the focal point of so-called "folk entertainment," known to the profession as "hillbilly entertainment." It has its own big hillbilly stars who individually make up to $300,000 a year, its own hillbilly music publishing companies, even its own handsome young hillbilly singing stars who set hillbilly bobby-soxers to squealing. For years, this form of show business flourished apart from the Hollywood-New York axis, almost totally unknown to it, except for rare contacts through such universal talents as Gene Autry and Bob Burns. But in the last few months, the balance has been suddenly and violently disrupted. The Nashville muse has won the entire nation.

Today, the entertainment-world trade journal Variety refers to the music business as "a cider-saturated market." The biggest hit in the modern history of popular music is a song called Tennessee Waltz (5,000,000 record sales) which was published in Nashville; and five out of the top ten tunes on various current hit parades are hillbilly or folk in character, with their roots stemming directly back to Nashville. It is virtually impossible to turn on a radio anywhere in the United States or even in England today without hearing songs like Mockin' Bird Hill and On Top of Old

Typical of many a Grand Ole Opry old-timer is 84-year-old Uncle Dave Macon, who hails from Readyville, Tennessee. One of the most popular and beloved folk entertainers in the nation, he delights audience with songs and his own accompaniment on 5-string banjo

At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, crowds are already queued up outside the Opry building, waiting for the 4½-hour show to begin at 7:30. Each week some 5,000 people, from just about every state, pour into Nashville, jam 3,700-seat house to see program

Comic Rod Brasfield and singer Red Foley, "the Bing Crosby of Country Music," pair up for a routine aimed at 10,000,000 listeners

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n Them Thar Hillbilly Tunes

By BILL DAVIDSON

across the nation, and even city slickers are bowing to Nashville's Grand Ole Opry

Smoky; and even Mary Ford's smash-hit sophisticated record How High the Moon was given a hillbilly-guitar treatment by her husband, Les Paul, an ex-folk entertainer once known to the *aficionados* as Rhubarb Red.

There is so much money in the cornfields that New York music publishers now send their representatives swarming to Nashville every week, and Capitol Records has just established a major office in that city (its other two are in New York and Hollywood). Red Foley, a star of the famous Grand Ole Opry radio show on station WSM in Nashville, recently outsold Bing Crosby and Phil Harris 2-to-1 on a recording of Chattanoogie Shoe Shine Boy, a hit written and published in Nashville; and another Grand Ole Opry star, Ernest Tubb, ranks among the top ten recorders on the Decca label.

More and more, popular singers like the Andrews Sisters and Evelyn Knight are visiting Nashville, instead of New York or Hollywood, to make records "with a natural, down-to-earth American folk background." Recording executive W. D. Kilpatrick says, "The Dinning Sisters, for example, practically refuse to record anywhere else now. In Nashville they find wonderful material, an amazingly relaxed air, and an abundance of great, natural musicians. This is the new center of American music."

Vaudeville is dead, but a touring hillbilly star named Hank Williams, performing on the equivalent of a vaudeville circuit, recently took an ad in the trade paper Billboard, proclaiming that in a three-month period he had played to audiences averaging 15,000 people. In the same way, show business generally is off 40 per cent, with a staggering total of 527 movie houses closing during one three-month period in 1950. In that year, however, Grand Ole Opry artists grossed $7,500,000 on personal appearances in ball parks and auditoriums throughout the country, a 50 per cent increase over 1947; and just a few months ago, the 10,600-seat Kiel Auditorium in *(Continued on page 42)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM

Roy Acuff vocalizes with able support from Smoky Mountain Boys and pretty La Croix Sisters (Ann, Helen and Inez). Indicative of Opry's influence: entertainer Acuff won the 1948 G.O.P. nomination for governor of Tennessee. He is a partner in rich music-publishing house

Singer Ernest Tubb ranks right up there with biggest names in U.S. entertainment world; he owes much to prestige of WSM appearances

Opry fans like their humor down-to-earth. One top hillbilly funnyman is Whitey Ford, known to his fans as "the Duke of Paducah"

Off-mike get-together for three whose names mean Opry to devoted millions: Minnie Pearl; "Judge" Hay, who launched show; String Bean

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C. C. BEALL

Al picked up his paper and folded it at the sports page. "This may help you decide," he said

Collier's **SHORT SHORT**

Escape to Left Field

By DONALD HOUGH

THE telephone rang and Al Ackerman looked at it. He hadn't a thing in the world to do but answer it. His desk was cleared, and his department was organized to bridge over the three-week vacation he was starting in the morning.

He knew what the call would be; the same old thing: *"Hello, Al, how you fixed for two ducats for the Polo Grounds? An old friend just blew in . . ." "Al? This is Freddie. A couple for the Garden . . ." "This is Harry, Al. Could you . . ."*

Al reached for the telephone. "Hello," he said.

"Al, this is Tony. I was wondering—"

"On my vacation tomorrow, Tony. See you later."

He hung up and sat back, frowning at the legend on his office door—SPORTS EDITOR—through the translucent glass panel. A boy entered with a sheaf of newspapers under his arm, and the door swung wide and said SPORTS EDITOR before it closed.

"Hi, Al," the boy said, and plopped two newspapers onto the desk and hurried out. Al picked up one of them and opened it to the sports pages and spread it, the smell of fresh ink rising to his nostrils, and there he was, the same picture in the same place, inset neatly in his column, AL ABOUT SPORTS. He remembered the day it was taken, that great day when he had been given the column and the by-line, in the journalistic major league at last, syndicated across the country.

Well, it would look good, too, on the dust jacket of the book.

He got up and put on his hat and went out into the city room and paused at the desk of Eloise Trimble, the receptionist.

She smiled at him. "Well, I suppose this is it, Al. The book's going to get hell for three weeks. Where you going?"

Al sat on the edge of her desk. "Tomorrow I start driving, and when somebody looks at me and doesn't say, 'Why, hello, Al,' that's where I put in my three weeks on the book. It's just a curious coincidence that I resemble this guy Ackerman. My name's Gerald Bartholomew; I'm a botanist, from Akron."

Eloise laughed. "I see. You're going clear out to left field. Without a glove."

"Well, every left fielder's a botanist at heart."

Eloise hesitated. "You know, Al, I was just thinking. Sometime, after you're back, I was wondering—I mean, I've never been to an actual race track. Maybe someday when you're just going out to watch, nothing to do, you could—you know. Take me."

"In the bag, Eloise," Al said. "Love to." He left.

AL STOPPED frowning at the sheet of paper in his portable typewriter and went to the window and looked out at the quiet street of the little Pennsylvania town in which, for two weeks now, in a small hotel, he had found the anonymity he had been looking for. The book wasn't going too well, not well at all, but he still had a week to go.

He glanced at his watch. Time for the New York papers to be in. He had left five columns on the hook, to be alternated with the ones the boys in the office were pinch-hitting on, and one of these would be running today, the one about the upsurge of the younger players, and the fading heroes, in the American League.

He went down to the lobby, picked up his paper and took it into the bar. "Good evening, Mr. Bartholomew," the bartender said. "Beer?" Al nodded and looked over his paper. His beer was served and he drank part of it and he was just folding his paper when a girl, a beautiful girl really, came in and sat near him. She smiled. "Hello, Mr. Bartholomew. How's the botany coming? That certainly must be interesting work."

"It is." Al hesitated. "I was thinking, Betty, maybe on one of my field trips, if you'd care—"

He was interrupted by the abrupt and noisy entrance of a young man whom he had seen around before. He didn't know him but he didn't like him. He was too sure of himself too loudly and too much. In a word, he was too young. His name was Ronnie.

Ronnie ordered a beer with a flourish and sat down on the stool between Al and Betty and turned his back on Al. "Well, Betty," he said, "the Yanks lost. Your friend DiMaggio fanned with two on and two out in the tenth inning. He went after a bad one a mile outside. Nearly broke his back. What a lemon!"

Betty put her hands over her face. "No!" she cried. "He couldn't do that to me!"

"He's finished," Ronnie said. "You're in love with a lemon."

Al cleared his throat, a little louder than he had meant to. "Betty," he said, "I didn't know you were a baseball fan."

"I love it," Betty said. "And I think DiMag is divine."

"Well, you can rest easy," Al said. "If Joe fanned, he fanned on a good ball. He just missed. The best of them do it."

RONNIE half turned and looked at Al over his shoulder. "The radio said it was a bad ball, Mister. Were you there?"

"No," Al said pleasantly, "but I've known Joe for a long time, and he doesn't fan on bad balls. That's all."

Ronnie turned to Betty. "He knows Joe. Good old Joe. Him and Joe are just like that. Joe calls him up before every game to ask what he should do. Him and Joe are cousins, maybe."

"Not quite," Al said evenly. He took a deep breath. "But my name happens to be Al Ackerman and I do a little sports writing now and then." He looked at Betty and grinned. "I'm sorry, Betty, about the phony name, and the botany. I'm on my vacation, working on a book, and I didn't want to be disturbed. I'm sure you'll understand. I didn't mean to deceive anybody."

Ronnie laughed. "The characters you meet! So you're Al Ackerman, is that it?"

"That's right," Al said quietly.

"Why don't you peddle your neckties?" Ronnie said. "You and Joe are on a first-name basis. You're Al Ackerman. What else?"

Al picked up his paper and folded it at the sports page and held it up. "That may help you decide," he said.

Betty looked at the picture, then smiled faintly at Al. "You do look something like Al Ackerman, Mr. Bartholomew," she said. "I really mean it."

"But don't try to sign a check with it," Ronnie said.

"Thank you," Al said. "I won't." He rolled up his paper and got off the stool. "In any case, Betty, if you'd like to meet DiMaggio next time you're in New York, call me at the office. You too, Ronnie. Any time you kids want tickets, let me know."

"Oh, no thank you, Mr. Bartholomew," Betty said. "That's too much trouble for you. No thank you, really."

Al bowed and left. When he got to his room he looked at the picture and realized it had been taken nearly seven years ago. Seven years—a long time. Well, he decided, he'd certainly take care of that, have a new one taken, when he got back to New York. And he knew, as he had known from the minute he left the bar, that he was on his way home right now.

The vacation, out here in left field, was over.

Never mind the book; he'd work on it some other time, on his vacation next year, perhaps. Right now, he was going to leave early in the morning and get to Jamaica in time for the first race. He'd call Eloise at the office and take her with him, if she wasn't too busy. Not too much brains, no knockout, but a nice person, a really sweet kid.

And along with the others, so many others, such wonderful people, she knew who he was. THE END

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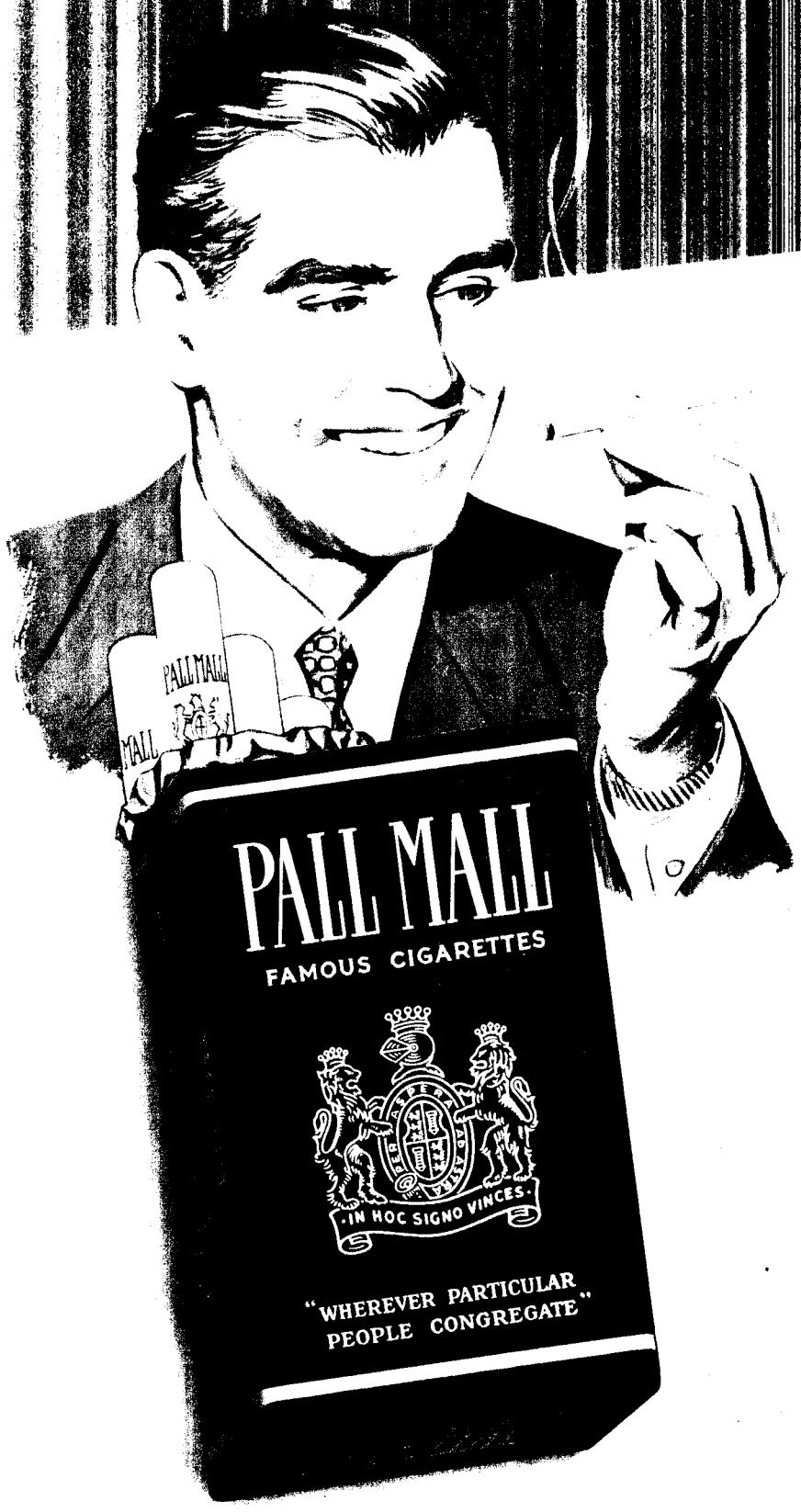

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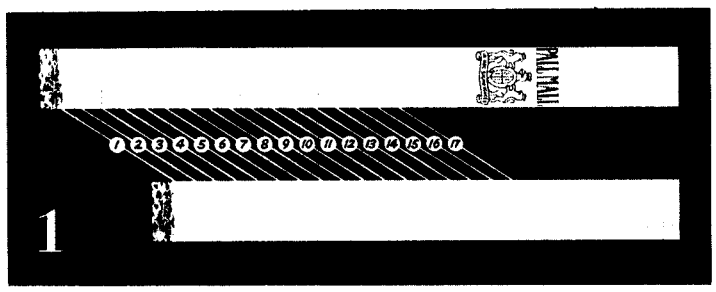

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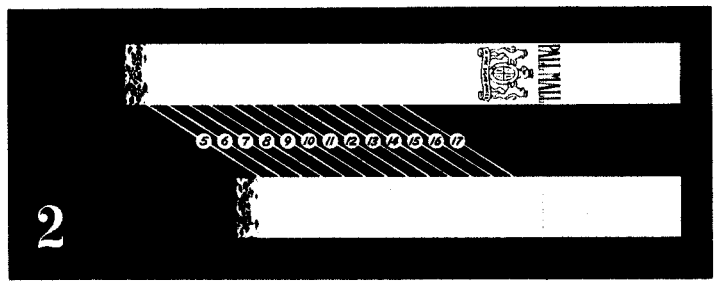

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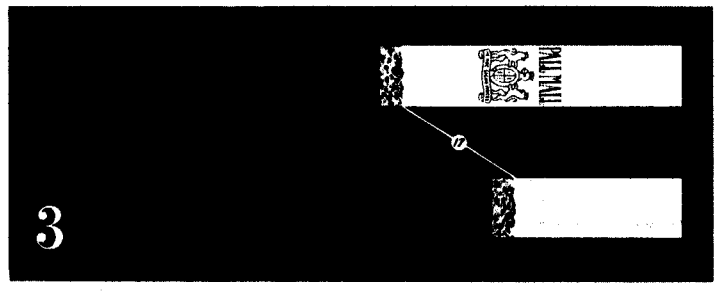

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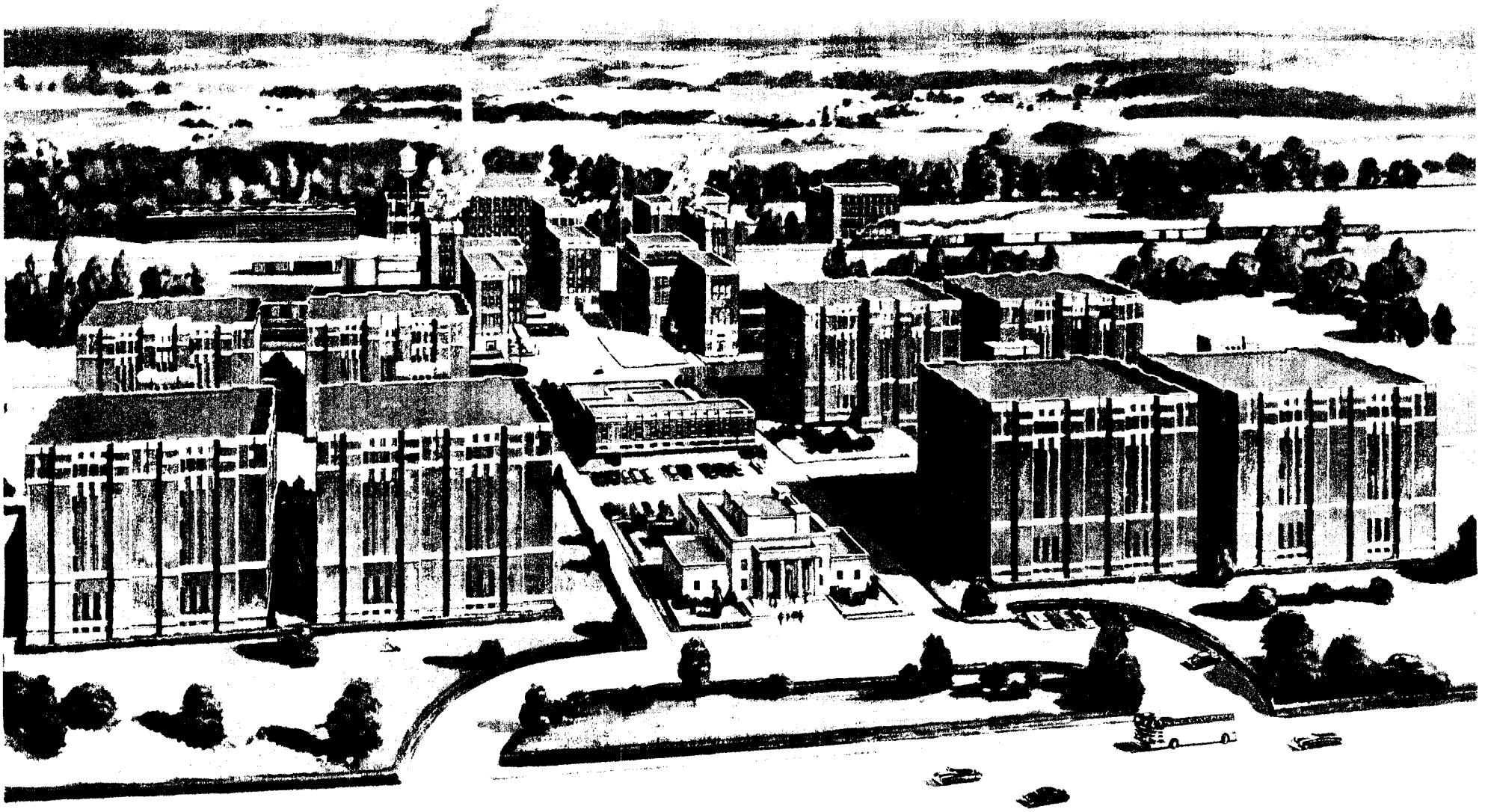

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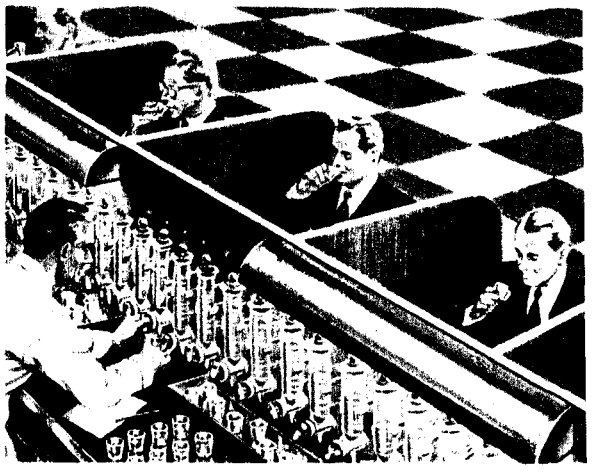

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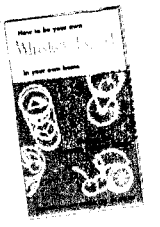

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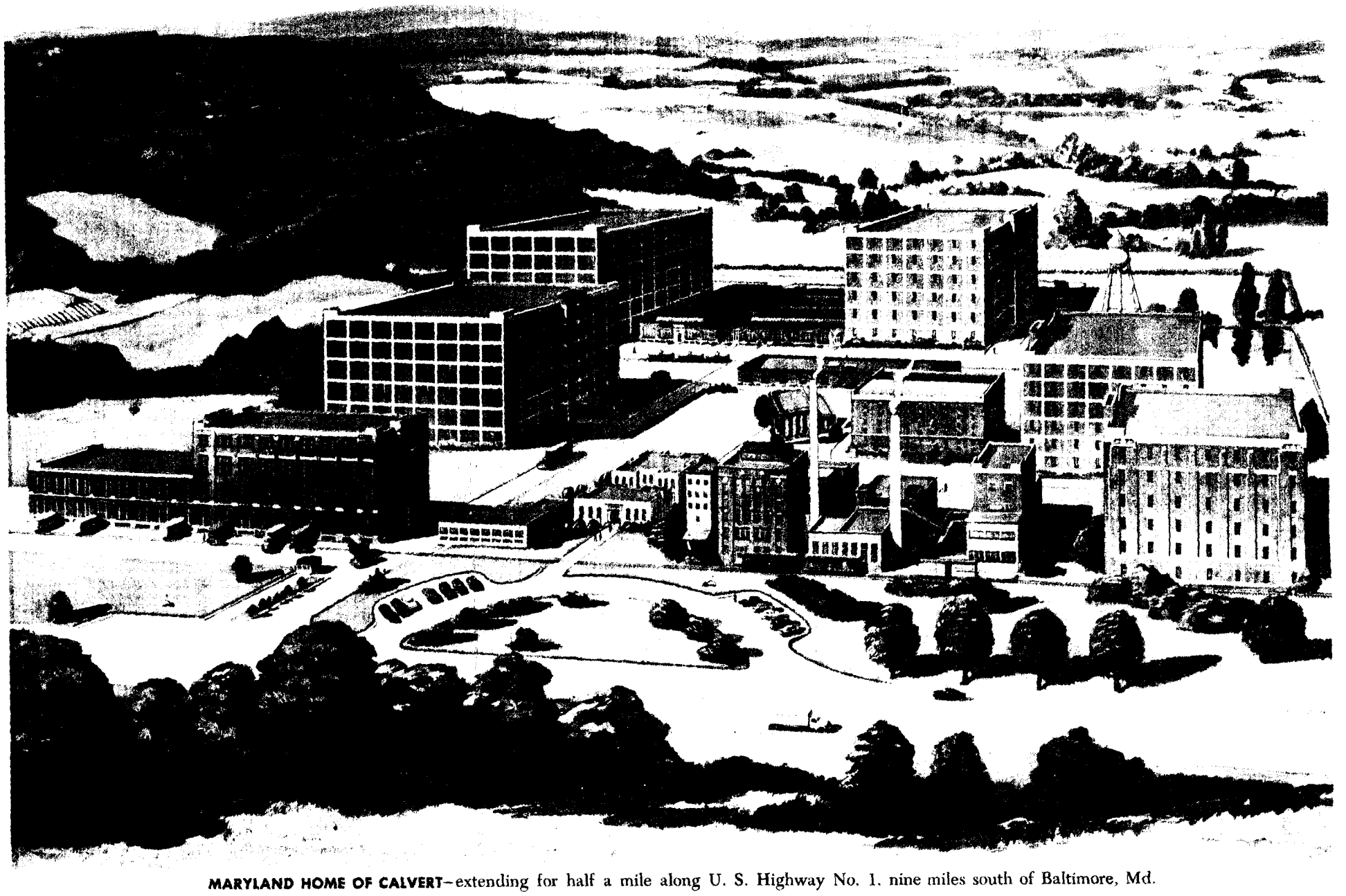

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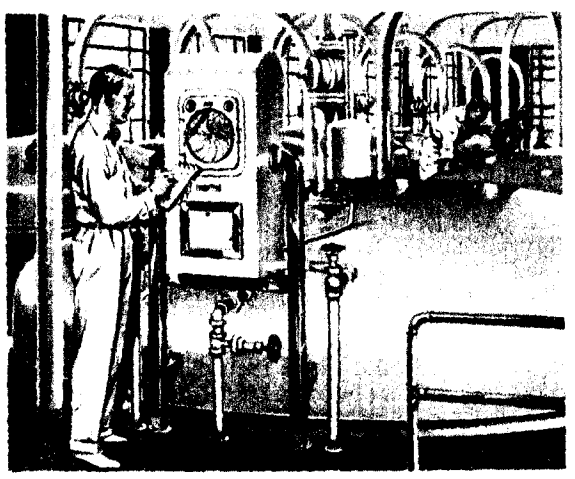

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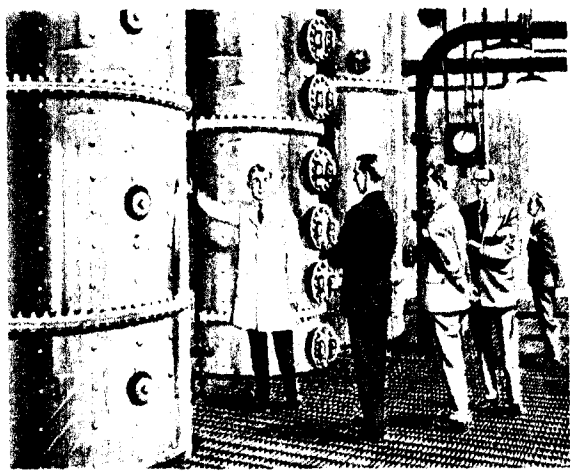

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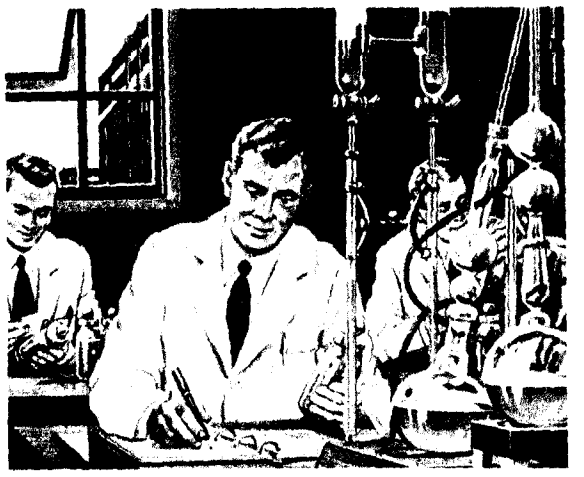

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Playing the new way, I reached the green in a dozen or so strokes. The others were waiting

Golf Is Only a Game

By HENRY GREGOR FELSEN

ABOUT a month ago I found myself in a very unusual situation. For once my woods were working, and I was on the green of a par-five hole in two, with a three-foot putt to sink for an eagle. While I waited for my turn to putt I took a sedative, cleaned off the head of the putter, called the Weather Bureau to get the exact direction and velocity of the wind, and instructed my caddie to spin his prayer wheel a little faster.

When it was time for me to play, I got out a small transit I carry in my bag and studied the terrain between my ball and the cup. This enabled me to get exact information on the slight left slope I had to play against. It was only the work of a few minutes to brush the green carefully with a small hand broom, and then, allowing for the fact that the grass was a European variety of creeping bent that was a hair slower than our native grass, I was ready to play.

At last I was over the ball. Slowly the club moved back, and smoothly it moved forward. A sharp little click and the ball rolled toward the cup in an unerring line. Then, with less than an inch to go, the ball seemed to hesitate. It jumped sideways, and ended up on the lip of the cup.

I laughed as I broke the putter over my head.

Thinking it over in the hospital, I decided I was taking my golf too seriously. My friends agreed. "Relax," they advised me. "Take it easy. After all, golf is only a game."

The next time I went out to play golf I decided I was going to have a good time, and the devil could take the score. If I hit a couple of good ones, that would be enough. Shoot each shot for itself and forget the total.

When it was time for our foursome to play, I saw that Ed, Ted and Fred were still a little worried about me, so I decided to put them at ease. When it was my time to drive I made believe I was trying to put one down the middle, and deliberately sliced it off into the rough.

"It's about time I got rid of that ball," I cried to my friends. "I'll shoot the good one now."

Humming merrily I teed up again, swung, and hit the ball on its scalp. It rolled weakly down the fairway and died about 60 yards in front of me. I looked at my friends, and they looked worried.

"As long as you're down the middle, you'll never be in trouble," I said lightly. "Right, fellows?"

"Right you are!" they said heartily, setting out after their own two- and three-hundred-yard drives. "That's the spirit, old man. Golf is only a game. Now you'll have fun."

And I did. Oh, it took me six or seven strokes to get in sight of the green, and about four more to get within speaking distance of the other fellows, but I didn't care. I was having fun. When I got on the green the others were waiting for me. Ed was reading a newspaper, Ted was eating lunch and Fred was napping.

"Watch this, fellows," I said. "Since I'm not worrying about my score, I can afford to experiment." I stood on one foot and putted backwards. I was still out, so I called to Ed that I was going to imitate his stance. I hunched over the ball and made a face, and putted a rod and a half past the cup. "Now I'll do an imitation of you, Ted," I said, and I did. Then I showed Fred how he looked.

It was Fred's turn to putt. As he bent over the ball, I had to chuckle at the tense look on his face just because he had a chance to make a birdie. "Relax, Freddie," I said. "Believe me, it's more fun. So you miss that putt, what difference does it make? Is it worth making a birdie if it robs you of the fun of golf? Go on, hit it!"

Fred missed by a few inches. "See," I told him. "Now the pressure is off, and you can sink the next one for an easy par and you've had fun."

I found out in a hurry that people hate to practice what they preach. Take Ed, for example. He was the one who first told me to relax and consider golf just a game. Yet, when it was his turn to drive, you should have seen him. Face tense, veins standing out, eyes popping, knuckles white.

"Ed, Ed," I said to him. "What are you taking it so seriously for? Relax, Ed. You'll play a better game. Look at me, Ed. Look at the fun I'm having from golf. Lovely day, sunshine, grass, fresh air . . . Too bad, Ed, but I'll help you look for it."

Ed turned around. "Hands came through ahead of the club head," he said to Ted. "I've never done *that* before. If that . . . if he'd just shut up while I'm trying to shoot . . ."

"No excuses, Ed," I warned, shaking a finger at him. "The moment you start picking your game to pieces, golf becomes a chore, not a recreation. Believe me, fellows, I've learned the real, and I mean the *real* . . . That was a funny drive, Ted. Forty yards forward and two hundred yards to the right. You'll have fun playing that one out. You can have fun, Ted, if you'll play the game for the shots and not the score. Now take Fred there. He's missed the ball three times, but that isn't important. What's important is the extra exercise he's getting, and . . . There! That's a nice, straight hundred yards, Fred. It just goes to show what you can do when you relax.

"Now you fellows watch me," I said as I got up to drive. "Remember how I used to get tense and worried and sick, and maybe take two or three minutes before I had the nerve to swing? Now I don't care. Why, I hardly look at the ball when I swing now . . . Did any of you see where that went? Never mind, I'll shoot another. It doesn't matter when you don't keep score. Fellows, I don't know how to thank you for teaching me to relax out here. Ooops! Kind of let the club get away from me there, I was so relaxed. That hurt you, Fred? It's a good thing it hit your head, not your chin, eh, Freddie boy? Come on, Ed, don't get into any fights with the players behind us. If we're too slow for them, they can go somewhere else. This is a golf course, not a race track."

Along about the fourth hole, our entire foursome was relaxed and having fun. Following my lead, and playing for the shot and not the score, Ed, Ted and Fred took all the hooks and slices and topped balls in stride. As for me, I was having a wonderful time. I used any old club any old time, laughed and joked with the fellows, and sang good old marching songs as I went after my ball. I was the happiest man in the world, because I had discovered how to play golf and have fun.

On the fifth green I had an idea. "Watch this, fellows," I said chuckling. I got down on my stomach and, turning my putter around, used it like a pool cue. I missed the cup, but my ball hit Ted's and knocked it off the green. "Now Fred's ball in the corner pocket," I laughed. "Best run I ever . . . Ouch!"

I can take a joke with the best of them, but there is a limit. "Look, Fred," I said. "The next time you kick me in the head, I'll kick you right back. It's not funny, is it, Ted? Ted! Forget that putt and answer. Is it funny when Fred kicks me? Ted! Now look here, Ted, put down that putter! Ed! For Heaven's sake, Ed, don't choke me like that! Fellows, please! Golf is only a game, fellows! Help! Somebody help me! Please, fellows, I promise. Anything you say! Yes, I promise!"

I was up first on the sixth hole. A couple of practice swings and I was ready. "For Heaven's sake! Fred," I snarled, "must you blink your eyes so noisily?" I addressed the ball, pulled the driver back and around, and put everything I had in the downswing. The ball went out about two hundred and fifty yards, hit a tree and rolled into the brook.

My beginning shout of joy was cut short and turned into a scream of rage. I bit the driver in half, knocked down my caddie, and cursed the man who had invented golf courses, and the man who had invented golf clubs.

"Well," Fred said, the veins in his head standing out like ropes as he prepared to drive off, "now we're playing golf again. It's only a game, old man, but don't ever behave as though you know that, or we'll beat you to death with plastic tees."

That's how I learned my lesson. Golf can be a nice, relaxed game so long as you don't try to play it that way with anyone else. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RUGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A beauty to behold... A sweetheart to drive!

Why Dodge is easier to handle . . . easier to drive . . . easier to park!

Such basic engineering advances as the new Dodge Oriflow Ride, "Watchtower" visibility, "feather-touch" braking, road-hugging design, "shock-proof" steering and many more make Dodge a "sweetheart" to drive!

Specifications and Equipment Subject to Change Without Notice

Cars costing up to $1,000 more can't match this combination!

See for yourself . . . new styling . . . new riding comfort . . . extra roominess . . . famous Dodge Dependability

Just five minutes behind the wheel – and Dodge has won your heart for keeps! Admiring glances follow its smart, sleek beauty. And the sweet, easy way it handles makes you want to drive on and on forever!

New Kind of Ride!

You marvel at the way the new Dodge Oriflow shock absorber system levels roughest roads . . . gyrol Fluid Drive smooths all starts and stops. You ride in relaxed, uncrowded comfort on wide "knee-level" seats – enjoy full head and shoulder room, plenty of stretch-out leg room.

You see more through the bigger, wider windshield . . . more over the sloping hood that uncovers the road in front. Yes, Dodge keeps your safety in mind as well as your pleasure!

See Your Dodge Dealer!

Now is the time to take a thrilling "Magic-Mile" demonstration ride. Come in today!

Just five minutes with your Dodge dealer can save you up to $1,000! Take a "Magic-Mile" demonstration ride today! Five minutes at the wheel will prove you could pay up to $1,000 more and still not get all Dodge gives you.

"Floats" down any road! New Dodge Oriflow ride is so smooth milady can apply nail polish while riding over roughest roads! No wheel "hop" or bounce.

Larger, roomier . . . more comfortable! Dodge interiors are designed for and around people – give you plenty of head room, leg room, shoulder room. You ride relaxed, never feel cramped or crowded.

Lowest-priced automatic transmission is Gyro-Matic! Lets you drive without shifting, yet gives you full control of the car under all driving conditions. Makes all your driving smoother, easier, safer.

...The big dependable

DODGE

...drive it 5 minutes and you'll drive it for years

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Thar's Gold in Them Thar Hillbilly Tunes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

St. Louis was filled twice in one evening for a Grand Ole Opry Jamboree Show.

As promoter J. L. Frank put it, "These boys now are eatin' the chicken livers. They used to eat the feathers."

The hillbilly upsurge even has been used in national politics. When he is out campaigning, Vice-President Alben W. Barkley often begins a formal address with, "In the words of Minnie Pearl of Grand Ole Opry, 'I'm just so proud to be here.' "

As all this indicates, Grand Ole Opry is the fountainhead of the astounding new trend which expert sources, including Variety and Billboard, attribute to the shifting of populations during and after the war. "Grand Ole Opry," says $250,000-a-year singer Ernest Tubb, "is the Palace Theater of our business. Every cent we make in records and personal tours depends on our appearing and remaining popular on the Opry."

Accordingly, hillbilly stars like Hank Williams and Hank Snow will spend Monday through Friday earning $1,000 a day for personal appearances in cities as far away as Portland, Oregon, but they will break their backs to return to Nashville in time for a $50 appearance on Grand Ole Opry on Saturday night. Conversely, when stars like Roy Acuff and George Morgan left the Opry to do their own big-time radio programs, their popularity and incomes almost immediately declined. Both are back on the Opry now, and the downward trends have been reversed.

No Other Broadcast Like It

The Opry, as it is called, is absolutely unique among radio programs. It is broadcast every Saturday night, without a summer break, for a solid four and a half hours from 7:30 P.M. to midnight. Most of the show plays to a regional Southern and Midwestern radio audience. But WSM is an NBC affiliate, and one half hour (8:30 to 9:00 P.M., Central Standard Time) is carried by the maximum NBC coast-to-coast network of 162 stations.

Year in and year out, this portion of the Opry has a steady 8 to 12 rating, which means that some 10,000,000 people are habitual listeners.

In Nashville itself, an average of 5,000 men, women and children jam into the city from all over the country to see each performance. You can count their license plates in nearby parking lots from as many as 40 different states. These huge crowds pay 30 cents for general admission and 60 cents for reserved seats (the reserved seats are always sold out from three to eight weeks in advance), and in some miraculous way, they compress themselves into the 3,700 seats of an ancient, cavernous red-brick building known as the Ryman Auditorium. This structure has a leaky roof, a worn curtain and uncomfortable hardwood oak benches for seats. It looks like a nineteenth-century tabernacle—which it was. It was built in 1891 by a hard-bitten riverboat tycoon named Captain Tom Ryman, who came to town with a gang of his river roughnecks for the express purpose of heckling a famous evangelist of that day, Sam Jones, as he held a revival meeting in a circus tent. It just so happened that Mr. Jones chose "Mother" as the subject of his sermon that afternoon, a text which hit Captain Ryman in his one weak spot and reduced him to tears.

The captain thereupon rushed back to his river boats, tore out all the expensive teakwood gambling tables and bars and dumped them overboard. He then announced that a great clergyman like Sam Jones should not have to preach in a tent, and he promised to build him the biggest tabernacle in the South. It is fortunate for Grand Ole Opry that he did, because nothing smaller than, say New York's Radio City Music Hall, could even begin to take care of the crowds now assailing the building every Saturday night.

The crowds begin to arrive in Nashville on Friday, converting the city into a perpetual week-end carnival town. They come in jalopies, trucks and limousines, and in special busses and trains arranged for them every week in cities as far away as Mobile, Alabama.

Honeymoon couples plan their trips so they can stop off in Nashville to see the Opry; and nursing mothers bring their infants hundreds of miles, carrying the babies directly to the auditorium and ministering to them at such odd times as the break between the half hour sponsored by Jefferson Island Salt and the 15 minutes allotted to d-Con Rat Eliminator. Four hours before the show gets under way, these people are standing in a line eight deep and a quarter of a mile long outside the auditorium. They bring drinking water in fruit jars and box lunches which they nibble while they wait.

Meantime, the more fortunate Opry fans who hold reserved seats hang around the Andrew Jackson Hotel, jamming it to its rafters. The hotel fairly throbs with music, as the performers begin to arrive in town. On every floor you can hear jam sessions going on in the rooms, or a lone guitar playing a wild, haunting mountain refrain. The out-of-town visitors wander happily from floor to floor, listening to the music. At five-thirty in the afternoon many of them slip over to the WSM studios, where a program of two solid hours of hillbilly music precedes the Opry, much like preliminary bouts before the main event—Grand Ole Opry itself.

By seven-thirty, however, Nashville quiets down. Almost all of the out-of-towners are at the Ryman Auditorium, with thousands of them still patiently waiting outside for seats that might be vacated by people who leave the four-and-a-half-hour marathon before its conclusion. The line generally is undiminished at 10:30 P.M.; and one night last April, it still was 2,000 strong at midnight, when the program goes off the air. On this occasion, after clearing the house and ushering in the waiting audience, the performers put on a special hour-and-a-half show which ended well after 2:00 A.M.

Inside the auditorium, the crowds munch their sandwiches and stretch their babies in their laps. They whoop and holler at the songs they like, and after a particularly good "lick" by a performer, they surge up to the stage and shake hands with him—all while the show is on the air.

Until a few years ago, members of the audience dashed up on the stage itself and square-danced to tunes that particularly struck their fancy. The management had to put a stop to this in the interests of network timing. But audience participation still is a very real thing on Grand Ole Opry. Often, for example, comedian Whitey Ford, billed as the Duke of Paducah, will start a routine, whereupon some bull-voiced individual in the audience will roar into an open microphone, "That's an old one, Duke! Tell us something new!" To which the Duke more likely than not will reply, "One monkey at a time in this zoo, bud, and *I'm* performing now."

Obviously, the proceedings on the stage can hardly be described as formal. While the show is on, carpenters and electricians with their paraphernalia walk back and forth among the performers; and it is not uncommon for a $150,000-a-year star like Cowboy Copas to wander on stage during someone else's segment of the show and play a chorus or two with the $6-a-performance "side-men."

Practical jokers run rife. Comedian Rod Brasfield, for instance, has the disconcerting habit of plunging his arm into ice water for several minutes before coming on stage. He then shakes hands with unsuspecting guest stars, some of whom have dropped the cold hand and galloped off stage, leaving gaping holes in the script. This is nothing new to Opry performers, since every week scripts are stolen, dropped or shuffled, and self-conscious ad-libbing is confidently expected by the audience.

Through this shambles strolls a rather incongruous gentleman named Vito Pellettieri who, in some wondrous fashion, manages to cue the performers on and off the stage for each half-hour or quarter-hour segment of the Opry. Mr. Pellettieri is a sad-faced, gray-haired man who looks like he should be conducting a symphony instead of herding hillbillies; and, in fact, he once did lead a noted Southern dance group known as Vito and His Orchestra. Beyond the range of the microphones, Vito and the hillbillies cuss back and forth good-naturedly during the full four-and-a-half hours the show is on the air. He's an old hand and by this time reasonably certain they will not let him down by going out for coffee or stronger stimulants when they are due on stage.

However, Mr. Pellettieri's confidence is not shared by New York advertising agency men, who suffer near-collapse every time they come down to make a stab at supervising the show. It is a matter of great pride to the performers that Grand Ole Opry was in existence for 18 years before the agency men discovered the show went on the air without a rehearsal. Even today, the only section of the Opry that is rehearsed is the prime half hour sponsored by Prince Albert tobacco and carried by the entire NBC network.

For the full four-and-a-half hours of the show, the stage swarms with some 125 singers, guitar players, fiddlers, comedians and the like, split up into combinations for the half-hour and 15-minute segments bought by individual sponsors. The big stars are the singers, nearly all of whom hang guitars around their necks—whether they play one or not. Unlike more metropolitan show-business characters, Opry performers frequently are extremely shy people, and as one sympathetic fan explained it, "The guitar gives them someplace to put their hands."

All non-folk instruments are barred from the Opry and its satellite programs, and from 5:30 P.M. until 1:00 A.M. on Saturdays, you cannot hear a single brass instrument, wood wind or drum on WSM—just violins, bass fiddles, harmonicas, accordions, guitars and an occasional piano. One Opry star, Roy Acuff, will not even allow an electric guitar on his portion of the show, on the ground that electronic amplification was not known to the musicians of Daniel Boone's day.

According to most authorities, it is this genuineness that has enabled Grand Ole Opry to survive and prosper where most of its major competitors which adopted modern music and techniques faded away. The songs on the Opry are hymns and novelty numbers and love ballads that are the direct descendants of the tunes sung by our pioneer ancestors; and the comedy consists of jokes of roughly the same vintage. Exchanges involve such things as a smart aleck coming from the city and "grabbing aholt of a striped country kitty," and dialogue in which a young man asks for a damsel's hand in marriage, to which the father replies, "No sir, you've got to take the whole gal or nothing."

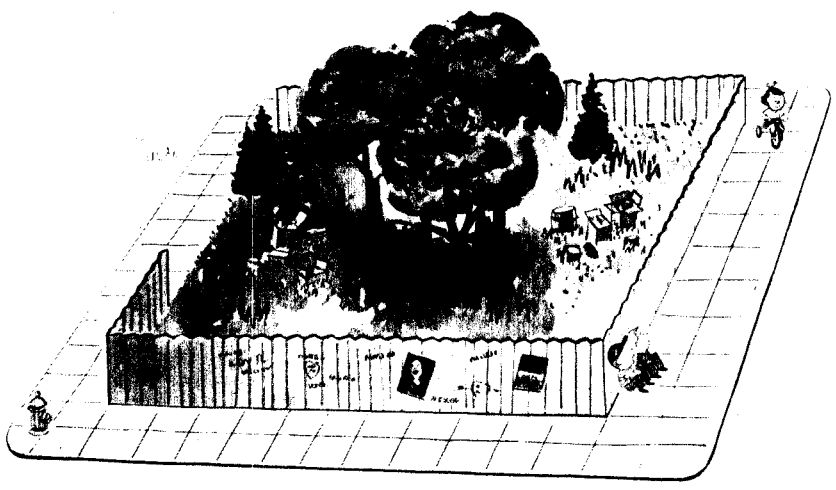
City Phonies Aren't Welcome

Opry fans have known these jokes since their childhood, but they roar at them nevertheless—just so long as the performer is a country boy like themselves. They can spot a phony a mile away, and the cleverest big-city impostors have almost immediately been detected and banished from the Opry with stony silence. The biggest star in the hillbilly business today is singer Red Foley, the "Bing Crosby of Country Music." But even Foley suffered stony rebuffs from Grand Ole Opry audiences for a year, because he came to Nashville from a career in Chicago after leaving his home in the mountains of Kentucky.

There are two classes of performers on the Opry today—semipros and professionals. The semipros add the salt-and-pepper flavoring to the show. They are the old-timers who have appeared on the program for years, for a few dollars a night, working on farms and in shops during the week. Most of them are in groups with such names as The Fruit Jar Drinkers and The Gully Jumpers, and their spontaneous antics on the stage keep the audience in a state of almost constant laughter.

Typical of the old-timers is eighty-four-year-old Dave Macon, who owns a farm at Readyville, Tennessee, the roof of which is emblazoned in red, white and blue letters which proclaim, "Home of Uncle Dave Macon of Grand Ole Opry." Mr. Macon opened his theatrical career under the billing, "The Dixie Dew Drop," but for the last 40 years or so his act has been known as "Uncle Dave and His Son, Dorris." When the act began, Dorris was a small boy, but the billing has remained unchanged, even though Dorris now is forty-eight years old and approaching

SISTER



COLLIER'S

"She must have a crush on one of us. This is her seventh time around"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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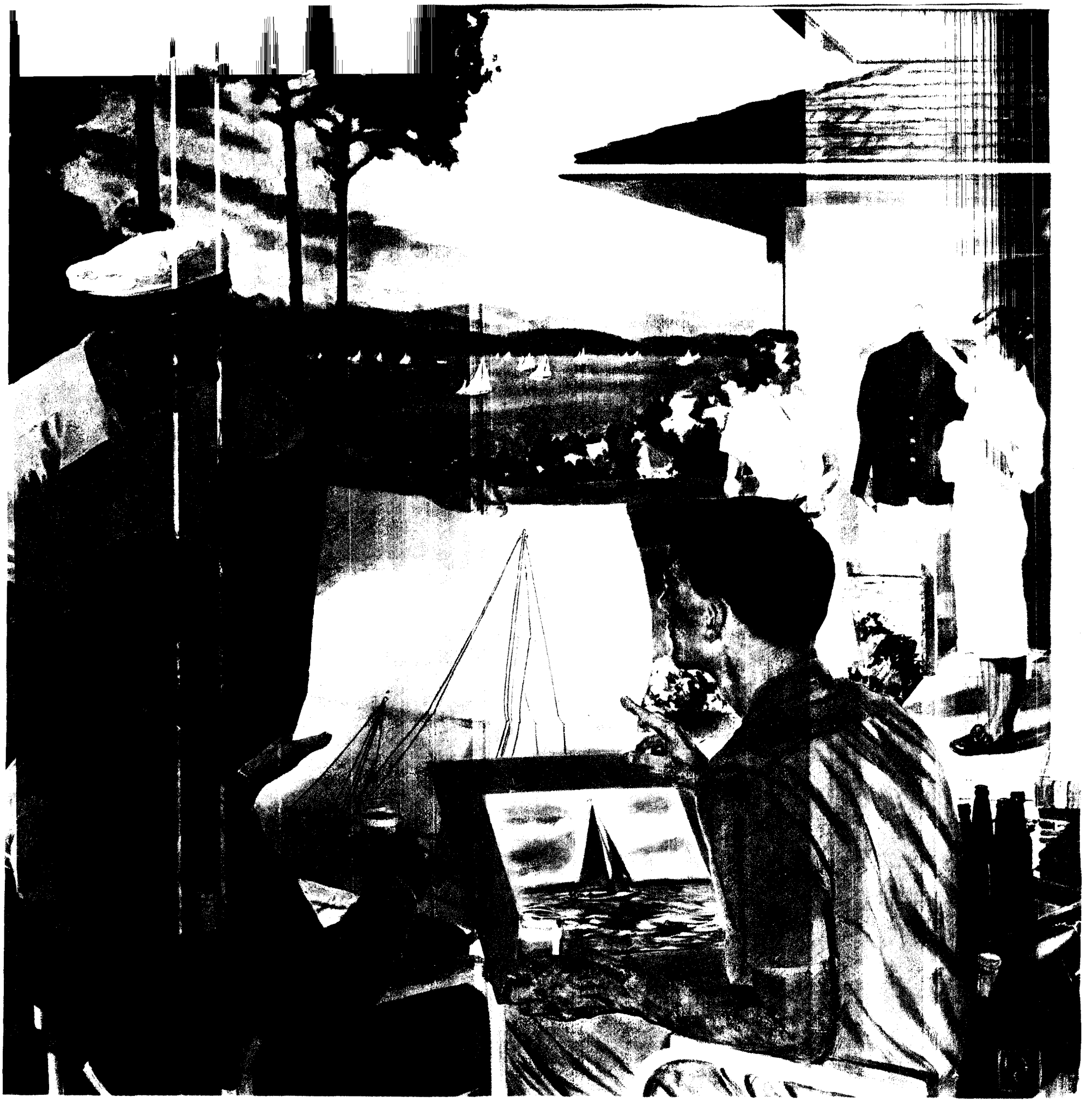

SEATTLE—"PLANNING THE NEW RIG," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 58 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—*beer belongs... enjoy it!*

Beer and ale—mealtime favorites

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation...Chartered 1862

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

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On the highways of Colorado as . . .

In every state
it's **Quaker State**
for quality!

FROM coast to coast . . . border to border, Quaker State Motor Oil is the quality choice of car owners. There's a good reason. There's no finer motor oil for your car produced anywhere in the world!

40¢ per U. S. Quart, including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax

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grandparenthood. Dorris still hardly says a word when his father is around. The act consists of Uncle Dave singing and playing the five-stringed banjo, with Dorris strumming the guitar behind him.

Uncle Dave has gold teeth and a snow-white goatee, and he wears 1870-style clothing. He probably is the source of more anecdotes than anyone on the show. When he eats, he pulls out a red-and-white checked bib which he announces was given to him by a widder woman with matrimonial designs. When a Grand Ole Opry troupe was hired to help Colonel T. H. Barton campaign for the U.S. Senate in Arkansas in 1944, country people constantly ran up to shake hands with the colonel, thinking he was Uncle Dave.

A few years ago, Uncle Dave was included in a Grand Ole Opry troupe that went to Hollywood to make a motion picture. They traveled by car and the old man carried along with him a box containing a Tennessee country ham from his own farm. Every time the troupe stopped at a restaurant, he cut off a piece of the ham and presented it to the chef to cook for him, explaining that he "*didn't like city eatin'.*" The ham lasted through most of the stay in Hollywood, but when singing star Roy Acuff was returning to Nashville, Uncle Dave bludgeoned him into doing a favor for him. Acuff, who then was earning about $300,000 a year, had to lug the empty box all the way back to Uncle Dave's farm, because—as the old man put it—"it would make a good hen's nest."

How Red Foley Got His Start

Typical of the professionals on Grand Ole Opry is Red Foley, whose never-used first name is Clyde. Foley's father owned a country store in the little town of Berea, Kentucky, and when he was seven years old, the youngster already was playing guitars and harmonicas at Saturday-night get-togethers with the neighbors. He graduated to the bass fiddle and vocalizing, and for years he kicked around the Midwest with such aggregations as the Cumberland Ridge Runners, earning perhaps $25 a week.

Later, he helped found the Renfrow Valley Barn Dance, an Opry-type show on radio station WLW in Cincinnati. This led to a Decca recording contract, and he was propelled into the big money by a couple of hits, one of which was I'll Be Back in a Year, Little Darlin', a lament which achieved popularity during the pre-Pearl Harbor Army-draft period. The Decca hits made him a big attraction for personal appearances, and these in turn led to a point where he was considered important enough to be invited into the major league—Grand Ole Opry.

This is pretty much the background of most of the big-name Opry stars, nearly all of whom were discovered by unofficial Grand Ole Opry scouts, like promoter J. L. Frank. "You find them," says Frank, "on *little 250-watt backwoods radio stations* throughout the South and the Midwest." The one notable exception to this is comedian Minnie Pearl, a remarkable girl whose real name is Sarah Ophelia Colley. Miss Colley's father was a well-to-do lumber merchant in Centerville, Tennessee, and the young lady was educated at swank Ward-Belmont junior college, where she still is remembered as one of that Nashville institution's outstanding Shakespearean scholars. She toured the South for years, teaching dramatics in country schools, and came to love the rural girls she taught, absorbing all their humor, pathos and uncertainties.

In order to advertise the school plays she put on in each town, she used to do monologues before the local Lions Club or Rotary, and one day she concocted Minnie Pearl, a composite of all the shy, gossipy, clumsy-footed country girls she had known. A Nashville banker named Bob Turner heard her and reported his find to Harry Stone, who then was WSM's general manager. She first went on the Opry in November, 1940, wearing an 89-cent cotton dress and straw hat, to tell the week's doings in the mythical hamlet of Grinder's Switch; and almost immediately she became one of the most beloved characters on the show. Today, when she is sick, Minnie is overwhelmed with presents from listeners who consider her a member of their own families; and her personal appearance rate has rocketed to $750 a night.

All this is a far cry from the early days of the Opry, which now has been on the air continuously for 26 years, an all-time broadcasting longevity record. The program was the brain child of an ex-Memphis newspaper reporter named George D. Hay, who came to the infant WSM as its director in 1925. Hay (who is now semiretired) always referred to himself as "The Solemn Old Judge," and to this day he is universally known as "Judge" Hay—an appellation which implies no legal training but stems from the fact that he once wrote a newspaper column of courthouse gossip.

One of Judge Hay's moves as director of the station was to sign up an eighty-year-old fiddler named Uncle Jimmy Thompson, who had just won an eight-day endurance fiddling contest at the Texas State Fair. Hay put Uncle Jimmy on the air at 8:00 P.M. on November 28, 1925, and the old man sawed away with such fervor that he had to be dragged from the microphone when his time was up. Telegrams poured in from WSM's listeners asking for more of Uncle Jimmy, and Hay built a weekly program around the aged fiddler, filling it in with local amateurs. A few months later, WSM joined the newly formed NBC network, and Uncle Jimmy ended up immediately following Dr. Walter Damrosch's music appreciation program of symphonic arrangements from New York. There seldom has been a more incongruous juxtaposition of radio programs, but one Saturday, as Hay listened to Dr. Damrosch sign off his New York show with a eulogy of grand opera, a happy thought struck him. The Solemn Old Judge grabbed the microphone and opened his own show with, "Dr. Damrosch can have his grand opera. This is Grand *Ole* Opry!" The audience loved this poke at a City Slicker, and the program snowballed to popularity.

For a while, the Opry was broadcast from WSM's studios, which share a handsome building in Nashville with the station's owner, the National Life and Accident Insurance Company. Such huge crowds stormed the building on Saturdays, however, that the radio program was asked to move—which it did, eventually ending up in the Ryman Auditorium. There, an admission fee was charged for the first time, simply as an expedient to control the crowds.

The show became an NBC network fixture in 1939, but long before that it had built itself a nation-wide audience. WSM is a big, powerful, 50,000-watt station broadcasting on a clear channel; and a recent mail count proved that its locally transmitted programs can be heard plainly in 43 of the 48 states.

By the time World War II broke out, the Opry was famous—but only in its own rural sphere. Then something began to happen. Carl Haverlin, president of Broadcast Music Incorporated, a music licensing organization, explains it this way: "Whole sections of the population were torn up by the roots when millions of Southerners went to work in Northern defense plants, and millions of Northern boys were sent to train in Southern Army camps.

"The Southern defense workers in the North brought their Opry tastes with them and soon their big-city coworkers got to like it. The Northern *soldiers in the South were exposed to* the Opry and to the records of Opry stars every time they came within range of a radio or a juke box. A few far-sighted music publishers latched on to this trend, and as a result, when the war ended in 1945, the Opry and folk music no longer were regional phenomena. Then, when smash hits like Goodnight Irene and Tennessee Waltz swept the nation in 1950 and 1951, we knew that the Opry influence was here to stay."

This influence already has been felt in some interesting places. In New York, Broadcast Music Incorporated, once locked in a life-and-death music-licensing struggle with the hugely successful American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP), decided to lend its support to the folk field—and today it is prospering, with fully 85 per cent of the nation's Opry-style country tunes licensed by BMI.

In Nashville, Opry singer Roy Acuff got the 1948 Republican nomination for governor of Tennessee (he was defeated in the election).

Others Who Are in the Money

Further, a host of satellite industries have sprung up, such as the Acuff-Rose Music Publishing Company, which was formed by the singer and former Chicago song writer Fred Rose. The company, now in its third year of existence, will probably gross close to $400,000 in 1951. Another gold mine is the Castle Recording Company, co-owned by WSM chief engineer George Reynolds. Castle cut the amazing total of 2,000 master records last year for companies like Decca, Columbia, M-G-M and Capitol. Also, everyone in Nashville, from bankers to elevator operators, is trying to write hillbilly songs, with the result that a carpenter named Arthur Smith turned out a hit, Beautiful Brown Eyes, and WSM executive Jack Stapp stands to make a pile himself with his first song, Chattanoogie Shoe Shine Boy, which he coauthored with his former boss, Harry Stone.

On the Opry itself, sponsors are lined up five deep waiting for the first spot to open up on the show—or even on the *pre*-Opry *period. If the rest of the radio industry is in* the doldrums, WSM has more business than it can handle, a situation attributed by Jack Stapp to two things. "In the first place," he says, "it's the current folk and Opry trend; but even more important is the vital fact that television will not reach most rural areas for many years to come."

One Saturday-night sponsor, the Cedar Crest Shoe Company, increased its business 73 per cent its first year on the show; and another, the Martha White Flour Company, grew from a tiny local firm to a mas-

TOM FUNK

In Re the Prevalence of Whistling Wolves

Women in slacks:
Relax!

—BARBARA REA RENWICK

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sive 18-state operation, by following its sales slogan, "Early to bed, early to rise, work like hell, and advertise—on Grand Ole Opry."

All this, of course, has led to innumerable discussions among authorities in the entertainment world as to what constitutes the appeal of the phenomenal new folk trend. Russell Sanjek, an executive of Broadcast Music Incorporated, analyzes it this way: "It's the natural reaction," he says, "to the complicated music of the 1930s and the early 1940s. People now want simplicity—basic human reactions in the lyrics, plus straightforward, unadorned musical arrangements. They found what they were looking for in folk music. It appealed to city dwellers and factory workers, and even to the foreign-born—because folk music is universal. It's pretty much the same, no matter where you go throughout the world."

Ballads from Childhood Days

This view is borne out in the expressed opinions of Opry lovers—having their say at the Ryman Auditorium and in the 3,000 fan letters that arrive at the station every week. Typical of perhaps 70 per cent of the audience is Robert Wilson, of Louisville, Kentucky, who said, "When I was a child in the country, we had Saturday-night get-togethers at my father's house which were little Grand Ole Oprys. We played fiddles and guitars and we sang songs like The Death of Floyd Collins, Barbara Allen and Little Mary Phagan. This is the real American music, and it's the only kind I ever cared for."

On the other hand, a recent convert, a young New York City soldier, Private John Platt of the Army's Walter Reed Hospital, declared, "I've been through the jive, bebop and Dixieland music periods. Now I'm sold on the hillbillies. No one gets the true natural rhythm in the music the way they do."

Nearly all of the letters indicate nostalgia and describe the habit-forming qualities of genuine American music. For instance, Vice-President Alben W. Barkley recently wrote, "You would be surprised at the number of times I have listened to you on the Grand Ole Opry. As a matter of fact, I make frequent efforts to arrange my Saturday-night schedule so as to hear the Grand Ole Opry, whether I am in Washington or in Paducah, Kentucky."

Many of the letters request all-time Opry song favorites like Tennessee Wagoner, Bully of the Town, Cross-eyed Butcher, Chittlin' Cookin' Time in Cheatham County, and How Many Biscuits Can You Eat—Forty-nine and a Ham o' Meat. In recent months, however, the Opry requests are beginning to coincide more and more with national lists of popular folk song hits. In 1950, for example, the most-played Opry tunes included Tennessee Waltz, Chattanoogie Shoe Shine Boy, Goodnight Irene, Birmingham Bounce, Long Gone Lonesome Blues, Mississippi, Sugarfoot Rag, and Throw Your Love My Way—all of which were long on the best-seller lists in nonrural localities like New York, Chicago, Cleveland and San Francisco.

The universality of folk entertainment was further established by two recent incidents. In November, 1949, an Opry troupe went to Germany to perform for U.S. soldiers there who had voted them the American radio program they most wanted to see in person. At the Titania Palast in Berlin, a newspaper photographer made a picture of a German policeman standing in a doorway and bellowing with uncontrolled laughter at the dialogue of comedian Rod Brasfield and the songs of Little Jimmy Dickens. The amazing thing was that the laughing policeman didn't understand a word of English, let alone the brand of rural English dispensed by the Messers Brasfield and Dickens.

A few years ago, too, an Opry troupe was booked into New York's chaste Carnegie Hall, and they astounded the big city's critics by jamming the vast auditorium to standing-room capacity. This occasion was made famous by Ernest Tubb's entrance; he walked out on the stage, whistled, and declared quite audibly to himself, "My, but this place sure could hold a lot of hay."

Even more significant, however, was a bit of dialogue in the wings after the aging Judge Hay had made the opening introduction. The curtain then went up revealing most of the cast on stage lustily singing a song called Take Me Back to Tulsa. Almost immediately, they were drowned out by the thunder of applause which veteran Carnegie Hall technicians still rate among the loudest they have ever heard.

Minnie Pearl, listening to this in the wings, turned, wide-eyed with surprise, to Judge Hay. She said, "Why, they really like us, don't they, Judge?"

To which Hay replied gently, "Miss Minnie, everybody likes us—if they just stop to listen." THE END

Senator Mundt

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

to try again, as they have done in the past, to outpromise the Democrats. They are experienced and skilled operators in the dispensing of public money, while we have not had a chance to do more than declare verbally our generosity with the peoples' money; and the recipient voters of the Northern and Western states, aided by their reluctant brothers from the South, believed the bird-in-hand theory and have turned us back again and again and three more agains.

We have tried, also, to echo Democratic appeals to minority and pressure groups, but this hasn't worked either. We have tried just about everything except an alliance with the South. I think it is time to do that, so that we may stop operating as a sectional party, confined to three fourths of the states. It is mighty difficult to win a horse race with a three-legged horse.

A study of the Congress over the past 12 years, of Southern state legislatures and of Southern governors, suggests to me that the South is the natural and logical source of new strength for the Republican party. If the United States Senators and Representatives, the state legislators and the governors in Dixie represent the true South, it is plain that the Fair Deal Democratic party does not. Every major piece of socialistic Fair Deal legislation that has been stopped in Congress in recent years has been stopped by a combination of Southern Democrats and Republicans. But for this informal, unorganized, undirected alliance that exists in the Congress, our country today would be much farther down the road to Socialism, and the radical special interest and pressure groups would be riding high.

Plainly, there is strong political kinship between Republicans and the South. Their viewpoint is similar, their fears are similar. They both stand against an overpowerful central government, and for maintenance of local and state responsibilities. That means they both stand for what used to be known as State rights, a fundamental American concept, a bulwark of liberty, a safeguard against the kind of centralized government control that could lead first to Socialism, later to Communism. So long as we maintain 48 indestructible states, the Communists will be unable to dominate the people by merely gaining control of the government at Washington. State resistance will be the toughest obstacle they ever ran against.

I have had a careful study made of the voting records in the Congress of Southern Democrats, and it shows plainly that they are not Fair Dealers. On many significant issues they join Republican Representatives and Senators; or the Republicans join them. For example: on the Subversive Activities

TOM COLLINS
2-oz. jigger of your favorite gin in tall glass with cracked ice. Fill with Canada Dry Collins Mixer. Stir well.
RUM COLLINS
2-oz. jigger of your favorite rum in tall glass with cracked ice . . . Fill with Canada Dry Collins Mixer. Stir well.
WHISKEY COLLINS
2-oz. jigger of your favorite rye in tall glass with cracked ice . . . Fill with Canada Dry Collins Mixer. Stir well.
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No Fuss! No Mess! Delicious!
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measure (the Mundt-Nixon bill) in 1948 only 16 Northern Democrats voted yes, while 47 voted no; but 88 Southern Democrats voted for this bill, and only one against. These 88 Southerners joined 215 Republicans to give a majority in the House.

Similar line-ups, representative of what seems to be the true sentiment of the South, could be cited by the baker's dozen, in House and Senate. In 1939 there was a proposal to investigate the National Labor Relations Board. Seventy-nine Southern Democrats in the House joined 151 Republicans for a majority, while 24 other Democrats voted the other way. On the Smith antistrike bill of 1941, the House vote showed 104 Southern Democrats joined 123 Republicans, while 25 other Democrats were in opposition. So runs the story of a political alliance that has existed in fact for years, but has not been formalized. The time is here, right now, for this common interest to be recognized in all its potentialities by the Republican party.

I have spoken to perhaps 20 groups in every Southern state except Louisiana, and the reaction to the alliance I am proposing and promoting has been positively thrilling.

Quotes from Southern Press

The Commercial Appeal, of Memphis, Tennessee, on April 9th of this year said: "The fact is that Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans think and feel alike on issues of essential importance, and have in increasing measure for the last dozen years or so. The potential values of the situation, however, can be only partially realized until there is a political regrouping."

From The Columbia Record, South Carolina, March 20, 1951: "As long as the South votes predictably Democratic, no matter how reluctantly or sullenly it offers up its kept votes to the city machine bosses now controlling the Democratic party, it will be disregarded and damned by both parties."

The Jackson Daily News, Mississippi, April 10, 1951: "Just about this time next year, mebbe sooner, you are going to be hearing some lively echoes of a political speech delivered in Jackson on Monday afternoon April 9th, by Senator Karl Mundt, Republican of South Dakota."

Letters from every Southern state come to me. From Florida: "I beg of you not to let this movement die." South Carolina: "I heartily agree with you . . . We certainly want a change in 1952." And so on.

A citizen develops the sinews of citizenship only by exercising its privileges and meeting its responsibilities, and he can get that experience mainly at the local and state levels. The more he passes responsibility to Washington, the less his capacity for self-government. The Republican and Democratic parties have exchanged positions about the functions of states. Once State rights was the battle cry of Democrats; now it is a Republican tenet of faith. I am convinced it still is close to the hearts of Southern Democrats.

The South lost its influence in the national Democratic party in 1936 when it surrendered the two-thirds rule in the National Democratic Convention. Prior to that change the Southern Democrats had to be listened to because no Democratic candidate for President or Vice-President could win nomination unless he had two thirds of the delegates.

When the South gave up its veto power, derived from the two-thirds rule, control of the national Democratic party passed to the political machines and big city bosses outside the South. These new managers made any and every kind of appeal to the non-Southern vote because they knew the South was "in the bag." The Democratic machine politicians of the North have been the main beneficiaries since 1936 of the old Southern prejudice against Republicans, dating back to the War between the States and Reconstruction.

This prejudice has produced bizarre political results. A Harlem voter in New York, eager for a compulsory fair employment practices law, votes the Democratic ticket. So does a Georgia watermelon grower who thinks the idea originated in hell. The theoretical Socialist fresh out of some Eastern university votes the Democratic ticket because he thinks the party is going his way; the Mississippi individualist votes the same ticket because he just can't bring himself to cast a Republican ballot, lest his ancestors leave off resting and begin revolving in their graves.

We Republicans can do something about this illogical political setup if we use imagination and common sense. In 1948, four Southern states abandoned the national Democratic party, for their own Dixiecrats. But when they walked out on the Democratic party they really did not have anywhere to go. Every voter knew the Dixiecrat ticket was, in effect, a protest. It had not a chance to win, but it did have a chance to cause trouble to the Democrats, and very nearly did.

In the course of American political history there have been numerous splinter parties—Free-Soilers, Populists, Bull Moosers, Wallace Progressives, Dixiecrats—but since the earliest days two major parties have been characteristic of our system. Never have we had more than two major parties at any one time for any length of time. I hope this will continue to be true.

COLLIER'S **"Sea gulls! We must be getting close"** MARTIN GIUFFRE

There is not a chance for Southern Democrats to recapture their former party. It is irrevocably committed to a viewpoint that is not Southern, and to non-Southern special interest groups. There is not a chance for Southerners to have real national influence so long as they remain tied to the national Democratic party. Only in the halls of Congress where they find support from many Republican members do the Southern Democrats have real influence left. The South cannot nominate a Democratic President or even a Democratic Vice-President who comes from below the Border States.

My record will show that I have voted along with numerous Southern Democrats against every important issue that would have promoted Socialism in our common country. A large number of Republican congressmen can say the same thing. This explains the brakes that have been put on the Fair Deal. But operating from the caboose is a poor way to run a railroad. Those of us who fear and detest Socialism as a step toward Communism, whether we come from South Carolina or South Dakota, from the Atlantic or the Pacific seaboard, should combine and win the Presidency. Then we would have charge of the locomotive, not merely of the caboose.

The Southern Democrats are in a trap. The easiest way out is for them to vote the Republican ticket next year, but I am afraid not enough of them would do that to carry many Southern states. They might want to. Some of them would. Several Southern Senators and Representatives have spoken to me privately in approval of my one-man crusade for a Republican alliance with their South, but they ask—and political expediency requires this—that their names not be used. They know that when voting day comes, thousands of their constituents, especially the elders, could not overcome the ancient feeling that the Republican party is the traditional enemy of their social customs. This feeling, implanted in their minds and emotions when they were children, is as firmly lodged as their religious convictions.

So, somehow we must find a formula, a technique, a procedure that will allow Southern Democrats to become politically free, without any feeling of besmirchment. The old prejudice no longer has any foundation in existing conditions. Its tyrannical reign should be broken.

When this is done the South will have two effective parties, which all of its leaders tell me, privately or openly, would be good. Southern states no longer would be slaves to any political label. Their voters, white and black, would move from party to party as voters in so many other states have done.

And when the Solid South breaks up under some such alliance as I am proposing, we shall have two national parties that make more sense than they do now. Then there will be the possibility of clear issues between the two national parties, and millions of voters who in 1948 said, "What's the difference?" and remained at home on Election Day, will see there is a difference. Only about half our qualified voters cast ballots in the Presidential election of 1948—an unhealthy situation that would not have existed if the two parties had not been so much alike.

Before our convention, we could confer with Southern leaders about the possibility of an alliance ticket, with perhaps a Southerner for Vice-President, and with a platform that is not repellent to the South. I believe most Republicans would be happy to have a man like Senator Byrd of Virginia, Senator George of Georgia or Senator Russell, also of Georgia, on their ticket. Doubtless there are many others who would be satisfactory to North and South.

If this alliance can be effected, formally or informally, before the Republicans meet to nominate their candidates, I believe most Republican delegates would be pleased. They want to win. They want to build party strength for the future. Without any offense to the regular Republicans, this invitation for participation and assistance can be extended to the Southern Democrats.

In some Southern states the alliance ticket might be put on the ballot as the ticket of the Democratic organization in those states. It might appear as representing some segment of the Democratic organization. Of course, any qualified Southern voter would be free to vote the Republican ticket if he wished to, but in order to persuade those who might not be willing to do that, I suggest the possibility of special nominations within the Southern states. Each state could co-operate with the alliance in conformity with its own laws and conditions.

This amalgamated party would need a name, and since I began talking about it I have received many letters suggesting names, such as "American Party," "National Party," "Independence Party," "Democratic-Republican Alliance," or "Republican-Democratic Alliance," "Freedom Party," "Liberty Party" and a few others.

It is interesting that not one of the scores of persons who have suggested names has wanted to call it the "Conservative Party," and several have urged that the word "conservative" not be used. Unfortunately, in American politics that good word has become a sort of smear, an indication of old-fogyism, looking backward and the like. This is a pity, for what I am proposing is, in effect, a conservative party, to match strength with the radical party that now runs things. I am certain that if this alliance party gets going, the Democrats will do their best to hang the word "conservative" around our necks; and I am equally as certain that we can hang the word "radical" around theirs. The word "radical" smells much worse than "conservative."

The Chairmanships Problem

When I first began sowing the seeds for the alliance between Republicans and the South, some of my colleagues in Congress said that such a party, if successful, would play havoc with committee chairmanships in the Senate and House, many of which are now held by Southern Democrats. But I do not see this as a serious problem. The existing seniority rule could be followed for all Senators and Representatives, whether Democrats or Republicans, who come from states that gave their electoral votes to this alliance ticket.

This means that Senator George, for example, would remain chairman of the Finance Committee if Georgia voted the alliance ticket.

My earnestness in this ambitious enterprise and the earnestness of others is demonstrated by the fact that I am now working to form a National Bipartisan Committee on Realignment, or something like that, to make a preliminary study of the ways and means to get this idea going. A state-by-state study of election laws might be wise, if not necessary, so that we can make our fight intelligently and legally in every state. I hope we soon may be able to raise at least $50,000 to finance this study, to be printed as a brochure before convention time next year, and to be used as a sort of handbook of procedure.

Since I became deeply interested in this plan, I have studied the situation in Great Britain, and find that if all the voters who opposed the Labor-Socialist outfit had concentrated on one opposing party, the Laborites would not have won. So, to some extent anyway, Britain went Socialist because the opposition was not united, but was split between Conservatives and Liberals. I am trying and hoping to develop a political formula whereby we may prevent a similar development in the United States by making it possible for all the opponents of the socialized nation to unite. This can be done. It should be done. But it can't be done without Dixie. The key to America's political future is in the South. THE END

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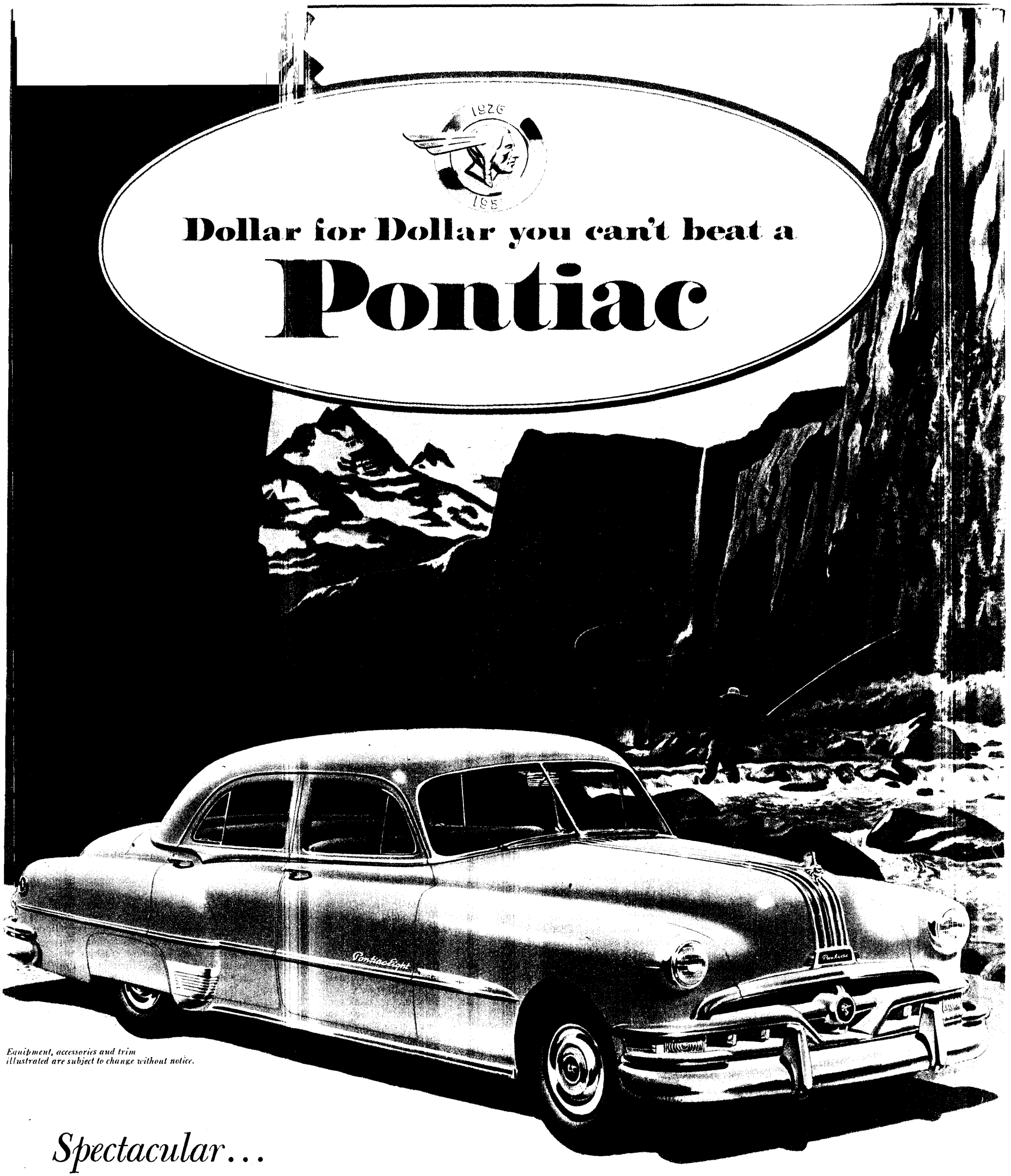
Dollar for Dollar you can't beat a

Pontiac



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SCHNOZZOLA!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

conclusion. As that part of the show drew near, the Schnozz turned to the audience, yelled a full explanation of his "dillemia," and announced that he would supply his own windup. He thereupon picked up his bicycle and hurled it into the orchestra pit.

The next night, the musicians refused to take their places in the pit until Durante promised, in writing, not to throw anything at them.

Before the show had completed its run, he was to break that promise—but there were no complaints from the members of the orchestra. The late Lupe Velez was one of the performers in Strike Me Pink, and she did a number with Jimmy that called for some hip-bumping. One night Durante placed a monkey wrench in his hip pocket. The fiery little actress bumped against it, recoiled in astonishment, then bumped again—and finally reached into Durante's pocket to discover the wrench. She ran Jimmy off the stage, down the steps, up one aisle and back again to the stage, where she proceeded to wrestle with him. Durante dropped her gently into the orchestra pit.

Assured of Weekly Percentage

At this time, the Schnozzola was receiving $3,000 a week, which, as he had promised, he split with his partners. He also had been assured of 25 per cent of all weekly business in excess of $30,000. From the start, the musical did a box-office business of from $34,000 to $36,000 each week.

It was Clayton's impression that Jimmy's share of this was being paid to the Schnozz directly.

One day in May, Lou said to Durante, "Jim, are they paying you your percentage share each week?"

"Percentage share?" said Jim. "What's that? They don't give me a quarter outside of my salary."

Clayton called upon Waxey, who said, "Lou, you must have misunderstood us. We said that only after we got our original money out, then Jimmy would get a percentage over $30,000."

Clayton got in touch with the M-G-M executives and asked them to recall Durante to Hollywood at once. Thereupon Waxey Gordon made loser's music. "How could you do anything like this to me? Can't you see we got a big hit? And now you're taking a powder!"

"You got your money," Clayton replied. "And we've done our best for Benevolent Charlie. You don't count."

Strike Me Pink was in its 13th week when it closed. On the last night, the cast and crew nailed down all the "props," and when Jimmy sought to lift pieces of furniture, he could not. Durante then took the audience into his confidence, and everyone enjoyed the fun. By curtain time, the cast had torn off all Jimmy's clothes except his shorts and his socks.

Back in Hollywood, Jimmy found himself in the same old rut. His film roles were no better than they had been, and he found that the acclaim he had earned in New York through his stage appearances was turning sour in the rest of the country because of his movie appearances. And there was trouble from other quarters, as well.

For one thing, a letter arrived demanding $25,000, and threatening dire consequences if the money wasn't forthcoming. This was one of the many occasions on which the friendly, warmhearted Durante had been the target of similar threats—and on this occasion, as on the others, Clayton knew just what to do. Through one of his many convenient connections, Lou smoked out the source of the letter, a young hoodlum who admitted writing it. Clayton gave the thug a thorough beating, with an eye to discouraging his poison-pen activities in the future.

Meanwhile, Eddie Jackson, Jimmy's partner for more than a decade, had become fed up with Hollywood. There was little to keep him there, and much to attract him back East. "All I've done is go to some parties here and sing," he told Jimmy. "I want to go out and work again with a couple of boys, or even do a single."

So Jackson returned to his old career on the vaudeville stage. It would be many years before he and Durante would be back together again, years during which they wouldn't even hear from each other for long periods. Eddie's departure marked a sad day for the Schnozz.

Even when Jimmy was trying to relax, things didn't seem to go right. At about this time he and Jeanne took a summer vacation at Palm Springs; while there, Durante was approached by the owner of the hotel. It seems that Professor Albert Einstein was staying at the same place. "He plays the violin," the hotel man said, "and he wants to know if you would accompany him on the piano."

Jimmy first took the precaution of finding out who Einstein was. Then he went to meet the famous physicist.

Durante's style was somewhat cramped by the fact that Einstein did not then speak much English; Mrs. Einstein translated for him. Nevertheless, they got through the preliminary niceties and Jimmy sat down at the piano, while Einstein tucked his violin under his chin.

As Einstein's Accompanist

"The piece we played," Durante recalled later, "was in E minor, a very hard key for me. And you know it's one of those things where you play a few chords, and then he's got a run, and you play another couple of chords, and he keeps on runnin'. So he gives me the cue to start, and we start.

"After Mr. Einstein hits the run, I am supposed to come in with two chords. I come in late, and he turns around and gives me a look, and anyway he keeps on goin'. So the next time I strike a blue note, he turns around, shakes his fuzzy hair and gives me another look, but still keeps on goin'. Then about eight or ten bars later, I am supposed to do a run after he does a run, and I make a big botch out of that. So he stops. He speaks to his wife. His wife turns to me and says, 'Mr. Durante, Mr. Einstein is a little tired.' And that's all for the music."

In 1935, with his picture career limping badly, Durante went East once more to recover his fortunes with a personal-appearance tour. Although packed houses greeted him everywhere, his Hollywood jinx still hung over him.

In Pittsburgh, the ebullient Schnozz leaped off the stage one afternoon and ran into the audience to improvise jokes and comments. Midway in his mad gallop, he paused long enough to kiss the head of a woman sitting in the fourth row, then returned to the stage, shouting: "Boy! I can't forget that gal!" The audience was delighted.

But the next day the kissed woman and her husband sued Durante for $5,000, charging that he had humiliated her. And while Clayton was "squaring this beef" at the lawyer's office, Durante sat like a disconsolate anteater in his hotel suite, moaning to his friends, "I'm as innocent as a little ram! There was no evil extent in my action!"

Then, one day in New York, Clayton visited Jimmy in his dressing room and found the Nose in quite a state.

"I just got a call from California," Jimmy said, "telling me my bank account is short. Can you imagine? *My* bank account *short?*"

"How can it be short?" Clayton asked. "There should be thirty-eight thousand dollars in it, or even more."

Clayton called the bank long-distance immediately. The bank president told him that a check for $40,000, apparently made out and signed by Jimmy, had been cashed and sent in for clearance. The bank official said that it had been offered in part payment for a shoe factory.

Clayton turned to Durante. "Did you buy a shoe factory for forty thousand dollars?"

"No," Jimmy said firmly. "I didn't even buy a pair of shoes."

"Look," Clayton said, "did you or did you not sign that check?"

"No. Positive."

When the personal-appearance tour was over, Durante and Clayton hurried back to Los Angeles. Bank officials told them that experts believed the phony check was modeled on one for $400 made out to Clayton. It was a skillful piece of forgery.

The legitimate check had been given to a friend of Clayton's, whom no one could suspect of complicity in the forgery. Lou and assorted detectives traced the travels of the $400 check, which had passed through the hands of several people, including two bookies, but the forger was never found.

The shoe factory owner had honored the check; when the deal didn't go through, he repaid the con man in cash, still unaware he was dealing with a forger. So it was this businessman who was out of pocket on the deal, not Durante. But from that time on, the bank made it a practice to call either Jimmy or Clayton whenever Durante wrote a check for more than a hundred dollars. "And," says Durante, "ever since I always pay cash for my shoes."

At the completion of Jimmy's tour, his M-G-M contract still had five months to go. It was a period he didn't look forward to, especially since he had received stage offers in the East. So, despite Jeanne's objections, Clayton asked the studio to release the Schnozzola from the remainder of his contract. Metro did so, and once again Durante headed East.

In Jumbo at the Hippodrome

Thus ended the first phase of Jimmy's Hollywood career, and neither he nor his business manager was sorry to see its close. For fresh success was ahead for the Schnozz. In New York, showman Billy Rose was planning to stage an extravaganza of circus life to be called Jumbo. The book had been written by Durante's old friends Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, the songs by Richard Rodgers and Larry Hart; Paul Whiteman and his band would play the tunes. Rose asked Durante to take the comedy role of press agent, and Jimmy was happy at the offer. "I fell in love with the whole setup," he later said.

Jumbo opened at the Hippodrome on the night of November 16, 1935, and became a smash hit—although at the start Durante had one small misgiving about the show. Charlie MacArthur had given him one line that he didn't like.

"I am trying to steal the elephant Jumbo, when the sheriff catches me. He shouts, 'What are you doing with that elephant?' And I replies, 'What elephant?' To my surprise this gets one of the biggest laughs in the show."

One night, a fire department inspector warned Billy Rose that too many customers were crowding the aisles of the Hippodrome. Rose discovered that scores of standees were somehow crashing the gate; he undertook an investigation, and the trail led straight to the Durante dressing room.

There Rose learned to his horror that Jimmy's drummer, Jack Roth—at Durante's request—was smuggling into the theater droves of taxicab drivers, their families, hotel employees and children who could not afford tickets. The fiery impresario asked the Schnozzola for an explanation.

With a great show of concern, Durante gave Roth a lecture on dishonesty, and tried to cover his own guilt by shouting, "I insist that you never do this terrible subterfuse again! Now go back to your drums, Mr. Roth!"

Jumbo did capacity business until the Lenten season of 1936; business slacked off then, and Rose suggested a layoff, to be followed by a road tour. Clayton persuaded Jimmy not to go on the road; it would involve a cut in pay, and, besides, Lou had a different plan for the Schnozz: a personal-appearance swing through England, Scotland and Ireland.

Clayton ran into an immediate argument over that project. Jeanne Durante had been

KENNESAW

COLLIER'S "I'm raisin' this corn to eat, Kennesaw!" REAMER KELLER

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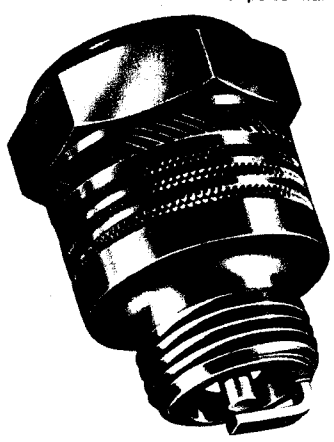

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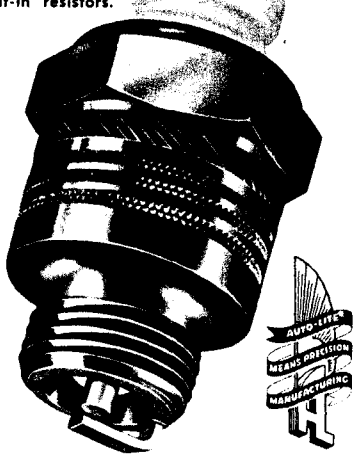

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unhappy ever since Jimmy had left California, and her husband thought she had reason. He told Clayton he wouldn't go. Then Jeanne reconsidered and told Jimmy he should make the trip. He thereupon got his passport. At the last minute, however, Jeanne changed her mind once more and the faithful Durante once again called off the trip. Clayton tried in vain to convince Jimmy that the European visit would greatly enhance his reputation; the Schnozz was adamant.

"No, Lou," he said. "I'm going back to California."

"All right," sighed Clayton. "Give me your train ticket so I can have the porter check your trunk."

Party Aboard an Ocean Liner

The next night, the business manager prevailed upon Jimmy to board the liner—just to see off some old friends. A party was going strong when they arrived and Durante was immediately pressed into service at the piano. He enjoyed himself tremendously, and when the tugs hooted outside—to be answered by the whistle of the big ship—he laughed and shouted, "Someone's competin' with me!"

A moment later, however, he looked up to exclaim, "Lou, the boat's shakin'! Can't you feel the viperations?" Durante sprang away from the piano, looked out a porthole to see the lights of the pier receding, then howled, "Help! We're on the brainy deep!"

"Don't worry about it, Jim," Lou said. "We'll get off at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street."

"Why you bum!" Durante screamed. "One Hundred and Twenty-fift' Street! What do you think this is? The night boat to Albany?"

"Well," said Clayton, "we'll get off at Portsmouth, or wherever it is we get off."

It took fast talking to cool off Durante. Lou had no qualms about shanghaiing the Schnozz; he explained years later: "I wanted to take him abroad. I wanted the people over there to see him in the flesh and know what a great man he was. And I wasn't going to let anybody stop this, even if I had to trick him into getting on the boat."

Faced by an accomplished fact, Jimmy finally decided to make the best of the voyage. He sent a message to Jeanne and then proceeded to have a good time aboard ship. The fact is, he was looking forward to visiting Europe. He had only one small doubt about the tour. "Lou, how do you know that the people in Dublin, say, will understand me? Do they talk English over there?"

Clayton grinned. "They talk English better than you and me put together."

From the start, the European trip was a tremendous success. From England, Durante went to Ireland; he was greeted with great acclaim in Dublin. He found it a "very pictorious" city, and apparently the Dubliners found him equally pictorious. "I went over a hundred times better than I expected, and they liked me, they really liked me." (Perhaps one reason they liked him is that he arranged and paid for a special matinee at which 1,800 children were let in free.)

From Dublin, Durante went on to Scotland for an equally well-received appearance in the city he called "Glasscow." At his first performance, he sighted the famed Scottish comedian Sir Harry Lauder in the audience and invited him to the stage. The two men exchanged glowing compliments, and Jimmy later had lunch with Sir Harry at the great performer's mansion.

While Durante and Clayton were in Glasgow, Lou received a telephone call from Harry Foster, London representative of the William Morris theatrical agency. Jimmy picked up the telephone receiver in his own room to listen in.

Foster reported that a studio in Denham wanted Durante to appear in a picture with Richard Tauber, the opera singer. "The studio is prepared to give Mr. Durante four thousand pounds, roughly the equivalent of twenty thousand dollars in American money, for four weeks' work."

COLLIER'S — **"I hear he's in *more* diaries!"** — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"They must think Durante is only a bricklayer!" said Clayton. "I want forty thousand dollars, and I don't want it roughly, but in American money."

At this, Durante hung up and ran into Clayton's room to make signs and whisper hoarsely, "Knock it off, Lou! Please knock it off!"

Clayton paid no attention to Jimmy, and the distraught Durante returned to his room to listen in again. "I will be in London tomorrow morning," Lou was saying, "and I will go out to Denham to see these people. I'll not let them or anyone else knock Jimmy Durante off a pedestal!"

The Listener-In Interrupts

At this, Durante blurted out on his telephone extension, "What's a pedasill?"

Foster was plainly amazed at this interruption. "Who was that?"

"It's nothing," Clayton said. "Something's the matter with our connection." He hung up, as Durante charged into the room.

"I don't know what your pedasill is . . ."

Clayton interrupted to explain, "It's a thing they put statues of heroes and big politicians on in the park."

"I don't want nobody to put me on a pedasill! Are you crazy? Bickerin' over a pedasill? We are over here getting a thousand pounds, or whatever you call it, a week. If you'd knock off this offer, we'd get that twenty grand and save transportation expense coming over again. Let's grab it."

"Not for any bargain-basement price!"

Clayton thereupon took a train for London, and—ignoring Foster's insistence that it was fruitless to try striking a bargain with the British—went to the Denham studio. A short time later, Jimmy got a call from his business manager.

"I got the contract in my pocket."

"Good, Lou! Good! Twenty grand is not to be sneezed at!"

"I got the forty. If we stay over, we get another ten."

Jimmy gulped. "Gee, Lou!" he said. "Don't ever pay attention to me when I say, 'Knock it off,' but just keep on lookin' for more bargains."

Thus it was that, after completing his vaudeville swing, Jimmy made a moving picture in Britain. When that assignment was over, he decided that it was silly to return to America without seeing the Continent, and he told Clayton that he'd like to make a "crook's tour." Lou couldn't stay abroad. Producer Vinton Freedley was planning a fall production of a new Cole Porter musical called Red, Hot and Blue; he had offered Durante a part in the show and was pressing Clayton for an answer.

Jimmy therefore suggested that Lou return to New York to talk business with Vinton Freedley, while the Schnozz took a holiday alone.

Clayton got some traveler's checks for Jimmy, then sailed to New York to confer with Freedley. The negotiations were successful, and Lou looked forward to Durante's return, for rehearsals were to start soon.

Several days passed with no word from Jimmy. That was to be expected, and Clayton didn't let it worry him. However, when two weeks had gone by without news, Lou became concerned. He cabled Paris to find out what forwarding address Durante had left at the George V Hotel. The hotel could not say where the guest had gone. Further cable inquiries in Monte Carlo and Rome brought no information as to Durante's whereabouts.

He had disappeared.

Clayton enlisted the aid of police headquarters in various countries, including Scotland Yard and the Sûreté of Paris. He also got in touch with friends in London, Paris and Rome, but they had no word of Durante.

One day, after two and a half weeks of mysterious silence, Clayton was dining in Dinty Moore's Restaurant. He chanced to mention his worries to a veteran waiter at Moore's.

"Oh," said the waiter. "I heard from Jimmy only two days ago."

"You *did?*" Clayton exclaimed. "Where is he?"

The waiter produced a post card. "It's from the Isle of Capri, and it says, 'A big hello to you from me who is explorin' the Blue Ghetto.'"

Clayton cabled the Naples authorities to locate Durante at once.

Adventures on the Continent

The Schnozzola, meanwhile, was having numerous adventures. Of this trip he later recalled:

"I was all messed up, as usual. My passport was only for the British Isles, and who am I to know about getting what they call 'veezees'? I got no veezees. I barely got A, B and Cs. I get on a boat and go to France where I have no entry. So I have to see the United States console, and I wait around four hours, and he gets me a permit to stay a few days only in France. Then I go to the George V Hotel and get ready to see Paris, the Folies Bergère. What animation! I sure liked that town. All the monuments and tombs that are full of ancient hysteria.

"Now I want to go over to Monte Carlo to see how they gamble. I cashed in all my traveler's checks, and I got more than $5,000 in cash on the hip. Well, at Monte Carlo I can't understand a thing they say except 'Monsoor,' so after I lose maybe three hundred on the wheel I say, 'This is not for me. I don't want to be one of them fellows who turns blue and commits suicide!'

"So I go to San Remo on the river area. In the hotel I put all my money in a box and I take it with me upstairs. They got nets over the beds. Nets! Gee! I never slept in a bed like a butterfly in a net before. I look at the net while I got fixed up to go out for a ride, and in all my excitement to get my key handed in, I forget the money box in my room.

"So I go out and get in a carriage. I am riding. Giddap! Giddap! Suddenly I am thinking I left all my money in a box on the table in my room, so I drive back and open the box and start to count the money, and I'm seven hundred short. But I don't put in a squawk. I'm so tickled they didn't pinch it all.

"So I go back to London, and when I get off the boat they won't let me into England. They say I got only one entry; I can only go in once. Everybody's gettin' off the boat, and I'm left alone. And there's a fellow taking tickets, and oh, gee! he's a mean guy. The first mean guy I met. He wouldn't even look up at you, and wouldn't talk. But then I got to the head custom inspector, and he is so nice, and he says, 'Mr. Durante, any time you leave a country, make sure your passport has a veezee.'"

Durante went back to Italy, to visit Salerno, the birthplace of his parents, and then to Rome, spending but one day there. When asked how he had expected to see what he called "the External City" in that brief time, he replied, "Are you kidding? By five o'clock in the afternoon I didn't know what to do with myself."

From Rome, Jimmy went to Naples, and it was there he learned for the first time that his friends and family had been concerned about him. He promptly boarded a boat for home—and the fresh triumphs that awaited him on the Broadway stage. But first he sent Jeanne a penitent cable:

"Dearest Toots, I came over here to make personal appearances, but I guess I wound up making a personal disappearance."

Since the mid-thirties, Jimmy has known both tragedy and triumph. Death struck close to him, but television gave the explosive little clown the greatest fame of his career. Don't miss the final exciting installment of Schnozzola! in Collier's next week. Order your newsstand copy today

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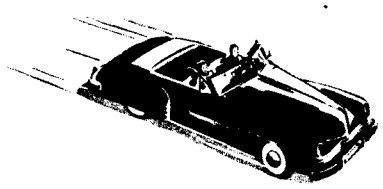

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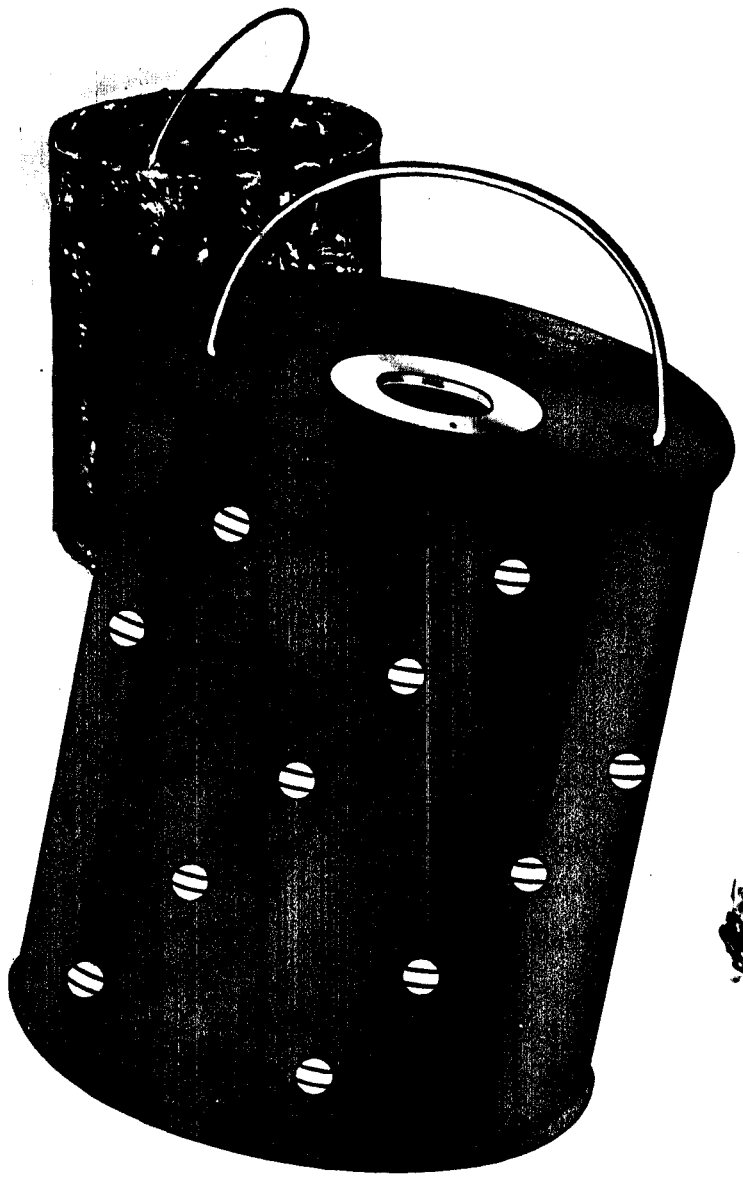

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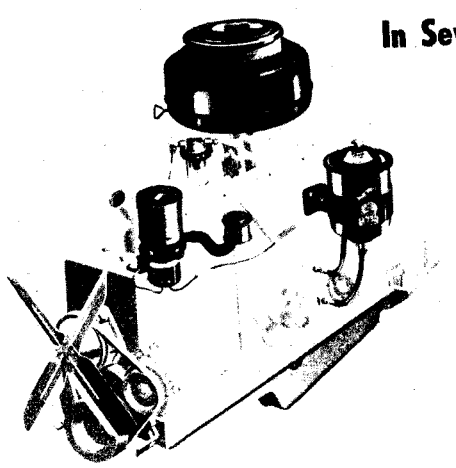

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AN INFORMATIONAL ADVERTISEMENT BY PLYMOUTH

What is this new "Safety-Flow Ride"?

When people ask about our new "Safety-Flow Ride," we usually suggest that the best way to find out about it is to try it. Your Plymouth dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration.

However, if you have a few minutes now, we'd like to give you some idea of what "Safety-Flow Ride" is all about. Briefly, it's a new kind of ride that gives you greater protection against a violent road shock, such as a hole or bump. The car travels with a smooth, flowing motion over both rough and normal roads.

"Safety-Flow Ride" comes from a combination of several engineering features, a few of which are described on these pages.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION • Detroit 31, Michigan

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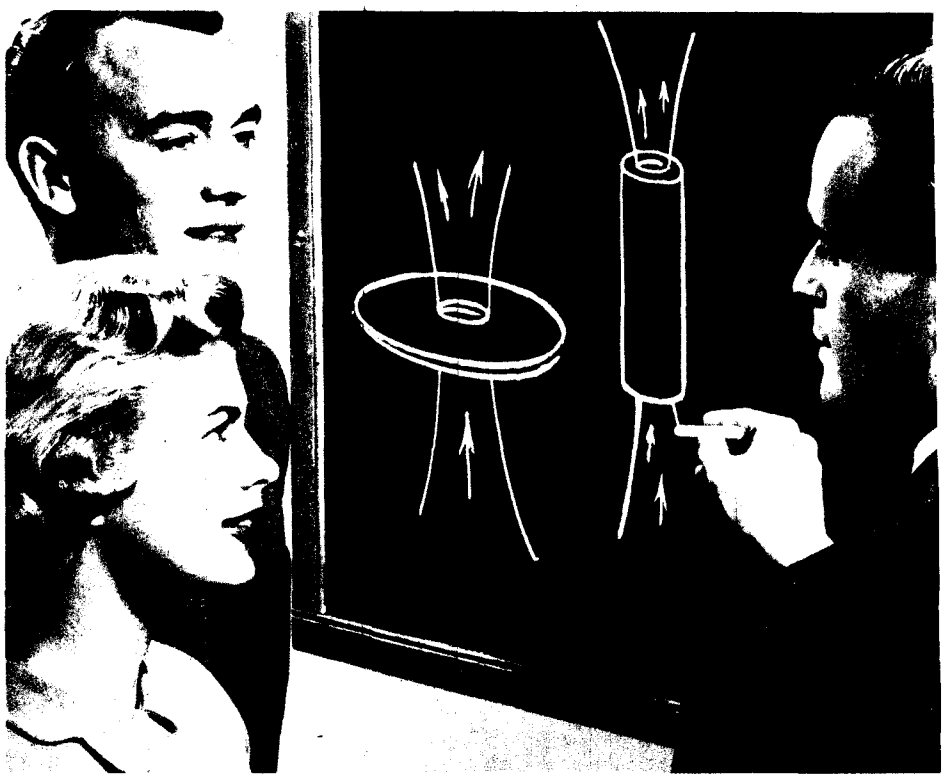

In the ordinary shock absorber, the cushioning fluid flows through a shallow opening. In Plymouth's new Oriflow shock absorbers, the fluid flows through tubular channels. This new use of hydraulic principles helps the Oriflow control jounce and rebound much more efficiently than designs previously used. It gives you cushioning power *three times* that of the ordinary shock absorber—an important factor in the new Plymouth's remarkable "Safety-Flow Ride."

Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials

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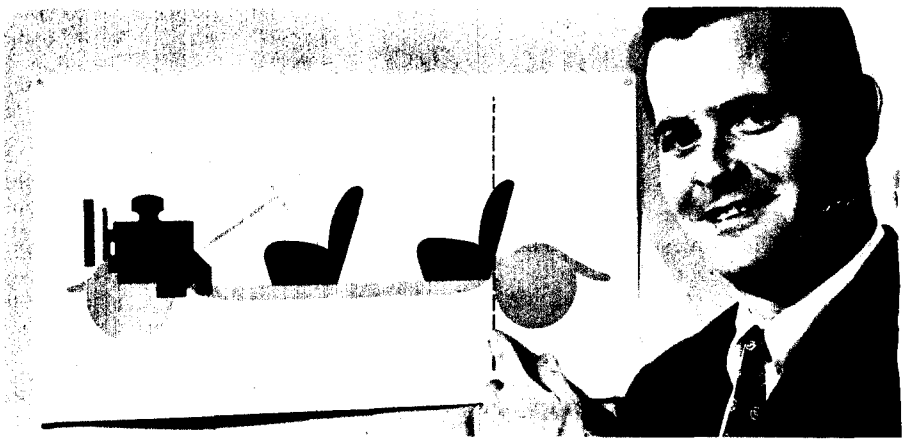
Motion picture studies made by our engineers prove that "Safety-Flow Ride" takes the bounce out of the bumps and holds the car closer to a level plane than was ever possible before. But even more impressive is an actual ride in the new Plymouth—comparing it with your old car. We suggest that you make this test on the roughest road you can find. Drive the other car over the bumps. Then the new Plymouth. People who have done this say that "Safety-Flow Ride" is a completely new experience in driving comfort. Words can't adequately describe this very pleasant sensation — so we hope that you'll try it, yourself.

What's the safety angle to "Safety-Flow Ride"? Instead of worrying about road surfaces, you can give more of your attention to oncoming traffic and other driving situations. Also, you have greater stability on rough roads and your car stays straight on its course. You don't have to "fight" the steering wheel.

■

Peace of mind comes from the new Plymouth's "Safety-Flow Ride" too. You don't worry about giving your passengers a toss. Since there's less up-and-down movement, you have more freedom from fatigue. You don't "tense up" when you see a bump coming. You relax and you enjoy a completely restful ride.



Balanced weight distribution is another important factor in Plymouth's "Safety-Flow Ride." There's enough weight on the front wheels for firm, steady steering, and enough on the rear wheels to make the car hold the road well. Rear seat passengers are placed ahead of the rear wheels for a "cradled" ride.

■

Synchronized springing is also a feature that contributes to "Safety-Flow Ride." Rear wheels hit a bump a split second after the front wheels. So in Plymouth the rear springs are "tuned" to react a trifle *faster* than the front ones. That way, all springs work together and the car stays more nearly level.

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The Eisenhowers at Home Abroad

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

more room for entertaining, and the opportunity to have more of their friends—formally and informally—out to enjoy the cool of their lawn this summer. As the summer progresses, they'll probably attract a flood of tourists to Marnes-la-Coquette, and Mayor Minaud believes there'll be good business, although none of the tourists is likely to get a glimpse of the Eisenhower home. It cannot be seen from any of the public roadways.

Minaud thinks good business will mean more taxes paid in and he told me quite frankly he could use the money. Some of it, he said, would go to fix up the park around a statue of Pasteur, the celebrated scientist, whose laboratory was on the edge of Marnes-la-Coquette and who is one of the most noted figures in the 700-year-long history of the quiet village.

There are lots of things to be done and Minaud thinks they should be done quickly now that Marnes-la-Coquette has come into its own again.

"Oh, we can mention important things of the past," the mayor said. "Clemenceau, the 'Tiger of France' and premier during World War I, used to come here for political rendezvous. Clemenceau would meet his friends up on the hill at the home of Dr. Gustave LeBon, the writer and scientist." There have been many battles for and around Marnes-la-Coquette but the mayor confessed that they were long ago—in Napoleon's time.

King Louis XVI used the Parc de Marnes as a hunting preserve and had considerable trouble with a mistress he ensconced there. She got mad and put a match to the main château.

There has been a good deal of drama of sorts within the park where Ike and Mamie live. It seems that one of the long-ago masters of the Château de Marnes (recently owned by Ray Allen, an American banker who lives in France), which may be occupied by one of Ike's top officers, didn't pay up the mortgage. He bought the place for 781,450 livres, a coin of the times, and left owing 24,000 livres. His name was Monsieur Linquet and when the bill collectors went after him, they found that he had been sent to the guillotine.

Minaud, twice wounded in World War I, made a bit of history himself. When the American invasion force was moving on the town in World War II, the Germans set fire to one of the radar installations in a house near the entrance to Ike's grounds. Minaud called the fire department at Versailles and a German pulled a gun on him to keep the mayor and the firemen away. The mayor argued and finally, with the gun in his ample stomach, persuaded the Germans to let the firemen pour water on adjoining houses to keep the fire from spreading. He saved several old homes.

The mayor, who plans to pay a formal call on the Eisenhowers when they get settled, said he regards them as international and not just as Americans. "We villagers know of his terrible task and you may be sure that we will be discreet," he said. "I'll give him the key to the village just to show that he's welcome and then we'll leave him alone."

The villagers have taken the coming of the Eisenhowers in their stride but with calm pride. The mayor observed that there were only two men in town who seemed to be Communists to him and that they didn't matter. Marnes-la-Coquette has heard that Ike is quite a painter and the mayor pointed out several ancient buildings that he might like to put on canvas. Ike, by the way, does both portraits (the best thing, he thinks, is one of Mamie) and landscapes. Ike can do pretty much as he pleases around Marnes-la-Coquette and nobody will bother him, the mayor said, and the mayor is all the law there is.

Villa St. Pierre apparently has been fixed up for a long stay. The French government, which purchased the property from the owner, Claude Guyot, is spending about 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 francs (roughly $75,000) for renovation. General Eisenhower has said time and again that he will complete his job over here, and he has emphasized that when he pulls on a uniform, all thought of politics and the demands that he run for President in 1952 are put aside. But Ike's Presidential boosters seem never to give up. Some of them even cling hopefully to a question Mamie asked a year and a half ago at Galveston, Texas:

"What American woman wouldn't want her husband to be President?" THE END

Representative Case

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

word in handling racial problems. The Republican party can be that party. Its traditions require that it should be. The Democratic party in the South can never be.

Admittedly, this progressive program won't pay dividends immediately. It will take time, on this basis, to build up the Republican party as an effective factor in Southern politics. But all major political developments take time. If the Republican party had started such a program in 1928, the year it elected its last President, it would have been well along the road by now. But the proposed Dixiecrat-conservative Republican coalition would have no part of any such progressive program. By the frank avowal of its sponsors, the coalition would be composed of conservatives. And it is definitely, though tacitly, assumed that the issue of civil rights would be quietly abandoned.

The proposed coalition is intended to direct its appeal to those conservative voters who at the present time generally have a controlling voice in Southern elections. I suggest, however, that the appeal to this group would be in vain. Their traditional adherence to the Democratic party is still enormously strong. They know where their Democrats stand on the white supremacy issue; they would always be suspicious of the sincerity and permanence of a Republican conversion. And they are confident that, despite the clamor of Northern Democratic oratory, their Southern Democratic politicians will be able to put an effective block in the way of any real threat to their conservative economic interests. Why should they change?

A glance at the Congress will show how strong the Southern Democrats are. In the Senate where there are 15 standing committees, they hold eight key chairmanships: Agriculture (Ellender of Louisiana), Appropriations (McKellar of Tennessee), Armed Services (Russell of Georgia), Banking and Currency (Maybank of South Carolina), Expenditures (McClellan of Arkansas), Finance (George of Georgia), Foreign Relations (Connally of Texas), Post Office and Civil Service (Johnston of South Carolina). Also, they have the party whip, Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas. The Southwest is not included in this array of Congressional might.

In the House, Southern Democrats are so formidable in positions of influence that they can modify if not control every important proposal. Speaker Rayburn is from Texas, majority whip Percy Priest is from Tennessee. Chairman of the mighty committee on Ways and Means (the taxing legislation committee) is Robert Doughton of North Carolina. His fellow North Carolinians, Harold D. Cooley and Graham Barden, are chairmen of the committees on Agriculture, and Education and Labor. Carl Vinson of Georgia is chairman of Armed Services in the House; James P. Richards of South Carolina heads Foreign Affairs; Tom Murray of Tennessee is chairman of Post Office and Civil Service; John E. Rankin of Mississippi, has Veteran's Affairs; John S. Wood of Georgia, Un-American Activities; Thomas B. Stanley of Virginia, House Administration. John L. McMillan of South Carolina heads the District of Columbia Committee. Ten chairmanships out of 19.

These positions of influence suggest but

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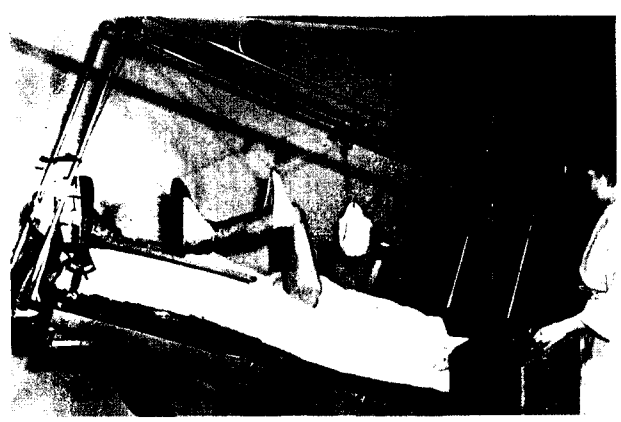
Next Week



Rocking bed is new device that helps patient "walk"

Polio Is Losing Its Punch

Doctors are peeling back the curtain of mystery surrounding poliomyelitis, and recovery rates show a heartening increase. John Lear recounts the discoveries which helped 76 per cent of last year's hospital cases to return home within 30 days

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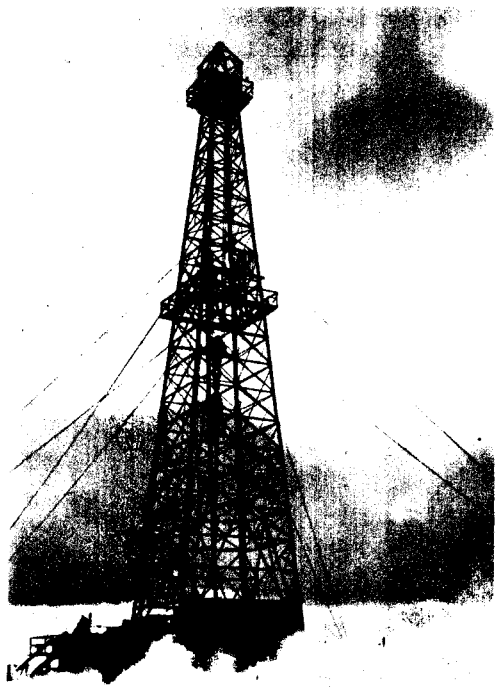
NEW MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR "cat cracker" going up. Modern refinery units like this mean better oil products, more oil products for the U.S. To meet the nation's constantly growing needs, 1950 investments by America's oil companies in new refining facilities reached an all-time peak and this year's expenditures will be even greater.

U. S. Strengthened by Oil Industry's 10 Billion Dollar Outlay



U. S. oil companies have invested over 10 billion dollars in new facilities and improvements since the end of World War II, according to a recent industry-wide survey.

During these years U.S. oilmen have reinvested more than 50 cents out of every dollar earned to finance needed expansion. This investment has boosted the capacity of the industry by one-fourth—*providing an additional 480 gallons of oil products a year for every American family.*

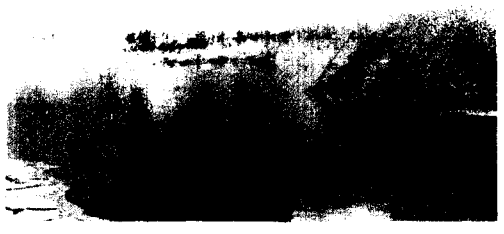
Today these new facilities make it possible to supply petroleum products for U.S. Armed Forces and still meet record-breaking civilian needs.

To meet future U. S. needs, expansion this year in oil production, transport, refining, research and marketing will be even greater than in 1950.

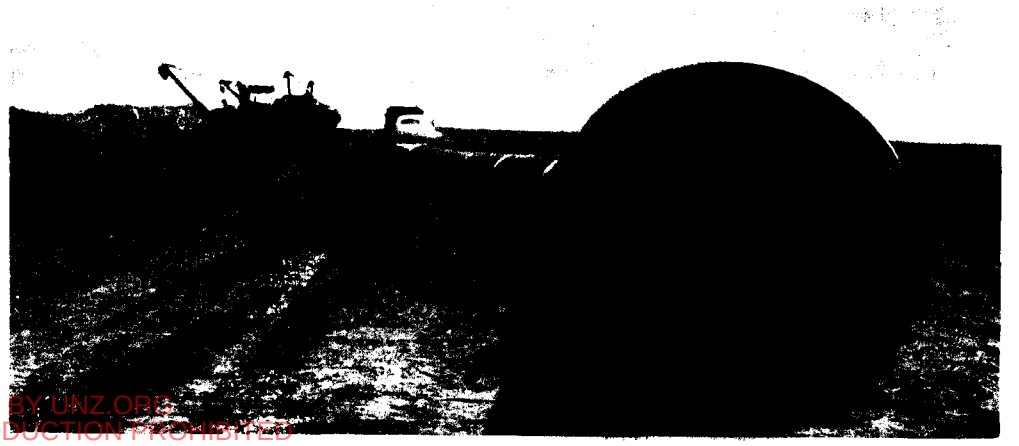
In peace or war, the public gets the finest oil products at the world's lowest prices. This is the direct result of the vigorous competition among America's thousands of privately-managed oil companies.

Oil Industry Information Committee, AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

(Left) **DESPITE GREAT ODDS** against bringing in a producing well, more than 27,000 new producing wells were drilled in 1950. Last year over a billion dollars was spent to find and develop new crude oil supplies.



(Right) **AMERICA'S** ever-growing network of pipelines has helped lower the cost of oil transportation over the years. This is one reason why the high quality gasoline you buy today costs about the same as gasoline did 25 years ago—only taxes are higher.



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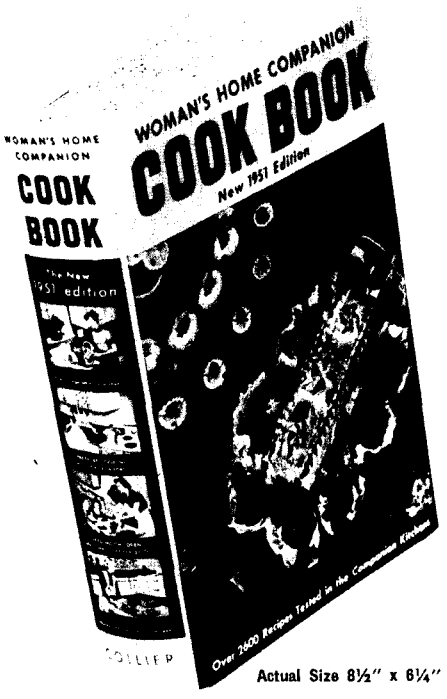

Actual Size 8½" x 6¼"

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". . . just about tops in its field . . . a beautifully prepared volume that should be on the shelf of every kitchen library."
—Washington Star

"A complete guide to all cooking needs, with answers for every cooking problem."
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"The book holds an answer to your cooking and serving problems and questions on menu planning and budget making."
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—Cleveland Plain Dealer

". . . contains everything—with so many pictures you couldn't possibly go wrong."
—Boston Post

"We doubt that one could find a more comprehensive compilation of recipes anywhere."
—Christian Science Monitor

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do not tell the whole story of the South's power in Congress. The Southern chairmen are backed up heartily by fellow Southerners who have impressive seniority privileges and power.

Can anyone seriously believe that these Southern politicians themselves would be willing to change? They know, again despite the clamor of Northern Democratic oratory, that they control the Democratic party, at least to the extent they consider important in the interests of their constituents and themselves.

In their skilled hands, the Democratic party is a useful instrument for the satisfaction of the whole range of their needs, from patronage to appropriations and legislation generally.

There are no cannier politicians anywhere than these Southern boys. They have a good thing now, and they know it. It is inconceivable that they would give it up to enter a coalition which, as will hereafter appear, has little chance of nation-wide success and in which, if it should succeed, they would be in the position of the tail that *didn't* wag the dog.

If a Sellout Were Effected

But let us assume that we Republicans did manage a betrayal of our heritage that was both complete and convincing, that we persuaded the Southern Democratic politicians, and that we sold ourselves to the people who presently do the voting in the South. Let us assume that a Dixiecrat-conservative Republican coalition was achieved and that its candidates for President captured the electoral votes of a majority, or even all, of the Southern states. It is quite possible they would be the only votes he would get. At the very least, every electoral vote he picked up in the South would cost two votes north of Mason and Dixon's line.

It is true that Dewey got 189 electoral votes in 1948 and that he needed only 77 more, or a total of 266, to win. It is true, too, that 11 states of the Solid South had 127 electoral votes. But any notion that the Republican party could hold the states it carried in 1948 and win by adding the votes of the Solid South is sheer fantasy.

What chance would a Dixiecrat-conservative Republican coalition have to carry New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, New Jersey or Connecticut, whose 125 electoral votes Dewey captured in 1948? We must remember that Dewey's '48 margin over Truman in New York was only 60,959, with 509,559 New York votes going to Henry Wallace on the Progressive ticket, that Dewey carried Michigan by only 35,147, with Wallace taking 46,515 Michigan votes, and that only 14,457 votes separated Dewey and Truman in Connecticut, where Wallace polled 13,713.

And what chance would such a coalition ever have of carrying Illinois, California, Ohio and Massachusetts, with their 94 electoral votes, or any other industrial state, big or little? The answer is, none whatever. What chance would it ever have of electing a President? Again, the answer is, none whatever. This is indeed a sorry mess of pottage for which the party of Abraham Lincoln is asked to sell its birthright!

A Worse Aspect of Coalition

But that is not all—it is not even the worst of it!

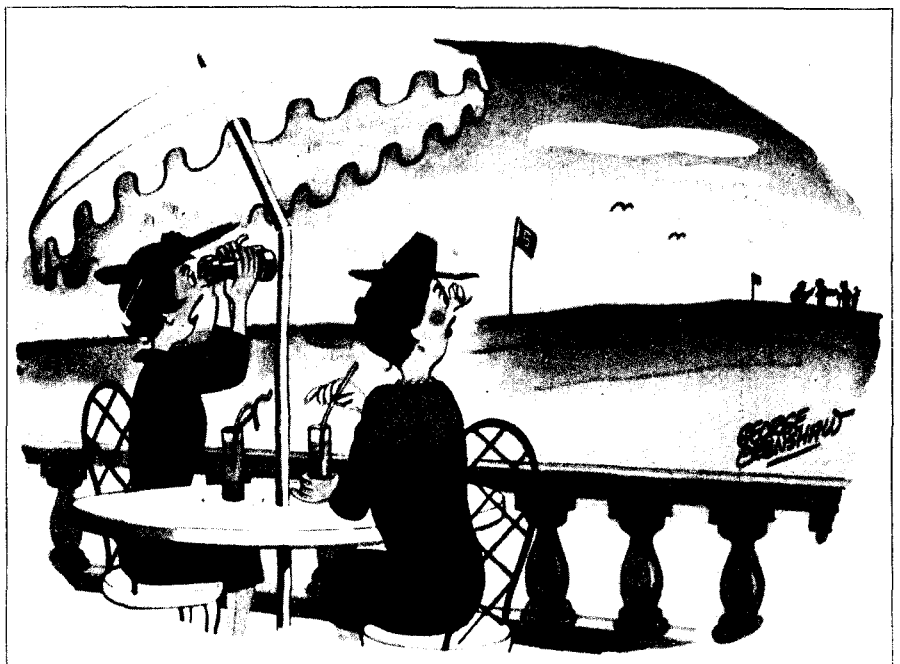
Let us assume, once more, that this Dixiecrat-conservative Republican marriage succeeded, that it evoked, as it would, a progressive Republican-Northern Democrat opposition, and that a new political alignment really was created with all the conservative "haves" on one side and all the radical "have-less's" on the other. Let us assume, in other words, that we succeeded in destroying the American two-party system. How would the American conservatives really feel if their dreams came true?

I think I know. They would, to put it mildly, find themselves considerably worse off than they imagine themselves to be now. In fact, we should all be worse off.

There are two characteristics of American politics which most of us accept without thinking very much about, and which to foreign observers (except, perhaps, the British) are incomprehensible. One is our two-party system. The other is the fact that, no matter how full of sound and fury an American political campaign may be, when the election is over, the American people, winners and losers alike, accept the results and go about their business precisely as if nothing important had happened.

It seldom occurs to anyone to ask whether these two phenomena are in any way related. But they are related, directly and vitally. The second is, in large measure, the result of the first; and it is time that all of us realized it, especially those who, whether on doctrinaire grounds or because they are dazzled by the prospect of temporary political or economic advantage, would re-form our two great parties along separate interest groupings and ideological lines.

The central fact about our two-party system is precisely that our two great political parties do not divide the people into separate interest or ideological groups. Neither party excludes from its ranks any substantial group in the national community. The responsible elements in both parties try to represent and protect the legitimate interests of all such groups. Each party is constantly striving, within its own ranks, to reconcile



COLLIER'S "I think they're quitting now. Fred just put the flask back in his bag" GEORGE CRENSHAW

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the conflicting interests of such groups in a way which is reasonably acceptable to all of them.

It has always been fashionable to hold politicians in contempt—a fashion which, I suspect, is very largely the reflection of a widely felt human need to have someone to whom one can feel superior. Most people, when asked why they look down on politicians, will tell you it is because politicians are either venal or compromisers or a combination of the two.

Some politicians are venal, though the proportion of scoundrels is, I am sure, no higher among politicians than among the citizenry at large. But all successful politicians are compromisers—for politics is the art of compromise. And those who castigate compromisers in politics are either unable to understand, or unwilling to recognize, the essential basis on which every free society exists.

No organized society can exist unless its members are kept from one another's throats. This can be done by force from above, as in a totalitarian dictatorship. But if the society, and the individuals in it, is to be free, it must be done by adjusting the conflicting interests of all major groups of the people in a way which is reasonably satisfactory to a majority of the members of each group.

In some free countries a multitude of political parties, each representing a separate economic, social, racial, sectional or ideological group, attempt, between the parties, to compromise and adjust the conflicting ideas and interests of their several constituencies. But these efforts seldom produce a solution which is satisfactory to any of the groups concerned. The system emphasizes and aggravates differences instead of composing them, and group and class conflict is always at or near the danger point. In these countries, government itself is possible only through weak and constantly shifting coalitions of splinter groups; national unity does not exist and strength of national purpose is impossible. This system works badly when it works at all.

What Use Political Parties?

By contrast, our system, in much more difficult circumstances, works exceedingly well. It has been well said that our political parties are an amalgam, not a solvent. Their fundamental value is in pulling together an immensely varied mass of social groups, economic constituencies, racial stocks and local and sectional interests for the purpose of government by consent.

People who do not understand this often ask: "Why don't our political parties stand for something?" But it is not a fact that our parties stand for nothing. The fact is that, despite regional variations, temporary shifts in emphasis and some unevenness in timing, our major parties stand essentially for the same things. And it is vitally important that this should continue to be so.

The greatest disaster that ever befell our nation in the past resulted from a temporary division of our political parties along sectional and economic lines. Thomas Jefferson saw this disaster coming. On April 22, 1820, he wrote to John Holmes, about the Missouri Compromise:

"I had for a long time ceased to read newspapers, or pay any attention to public affairs, confident they were in good hands, and content to be a passenger in our bark to the shore from which I am not distant. But this momentous question, like a fire bell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror. I considered it at once as the knell of the Union. It is hushed, indeed, for the moment. But this is a reprieve only, not a final sentence. A geographical line, coinciding with a marked principle, moral and political, once conceived and held up to the angry passions of men, will never be obliterated; and every new irritation will mark it deeper and deeper. . . ."

Jefferson was writing of the compromise under which Missouri could come into the Union as a slave state, but forbidding slavery in other areas of the Louisiana Purchase territory, north of a certain line (latitude 36 degrees, 30 minutes). Fortunately, we do not have a geographical line today to divide our people into two sections. But division along other lines can be equally dangerous.

The worst political disaster that could happen to us would be a sharply defined division of our parties along economic and class lines. Such a division would solve no problems. It would bring us in sight of the day when the losers in an election would begin throwing up barricades in the streets. The reason why the American people, winners and losers alike, accept the results of an election is that they all know the successful party represents no threat to the vital interests of any of them.

In Defense of Present System

Our system has produced unity within the nation. Our system makes for stable government, the party in power being able itself to organize and operate the government without seeking alliances with other groups or parties. Our system provides a strong, effective opposition to the party in power to which the people can turn, without a revolution, whenever the party in power fails to run things the way the people want them run. Our system provides both the stability which is necessary in any society and also the adaptability which its institutions must have in order to meet its changing needs.

We live in an era of violence. Extremists everywhere seek to divide mankind into irreconcilable opposing camps. On all sides bitter class and ideological struggles threaten to engulf the forces of decency and moderation on which all civilization rests. Our survival as a nation, and with it the survival of Western civilization, depends upon our ability to preserve our national unity and to keep firmly on the middle way. There is no instrument better calculated to help us chart that course, and to hold us steadily on it, than the American two-party system. Against all reformers, against all doctrinaire theoreticians, against all extremists whether of left or of right, against everyone and everything, that system must be preserved.

Of course it is desirable that the Republican party should again elect a President and take control of our national government. The sooner this happens, the better for all of us. And the way to accomplish this is clear. It does not lie in a coalition between conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats—or in any other "tricky" maneuver or political stratagem. It lies in the acceptance by the Republican party, at the national level, of the lessons so well laid down by such present and former governors as Alfred E. Driscoll of New Jersey, Thomas E. Dewey of New York, Earl Warren of California, James Duff of Pennsylvania, Val Peterson of Nebraska and others.

These Republican executives and their Republican state legislatures have proved that Republican leadership understands and knows how to meet the needs of *all* the people in these difficult times. They have shown that it is possible to combine real progress in the field of civil rights and in the provision of Social Security, housing, education, health and other social benefits with economy and efficiency of administration. They have shown that there is no conflict between social progress and the preservation of the essence of our free competitive economy. They have demonstrated that the Republicans know that responsible action at the state and local level is the key to the preservation of our federal system against the encroachments of an all-powerful centralized governmental octopus in Washington.

When our party, nationally, adopts the example provided by such Republican leadership at the state level, the people of the country will flock to it with their overwhelming support. Until it does, the people will withhold that support, weary as they are of the present administration, and eager as they are for a change. THE END

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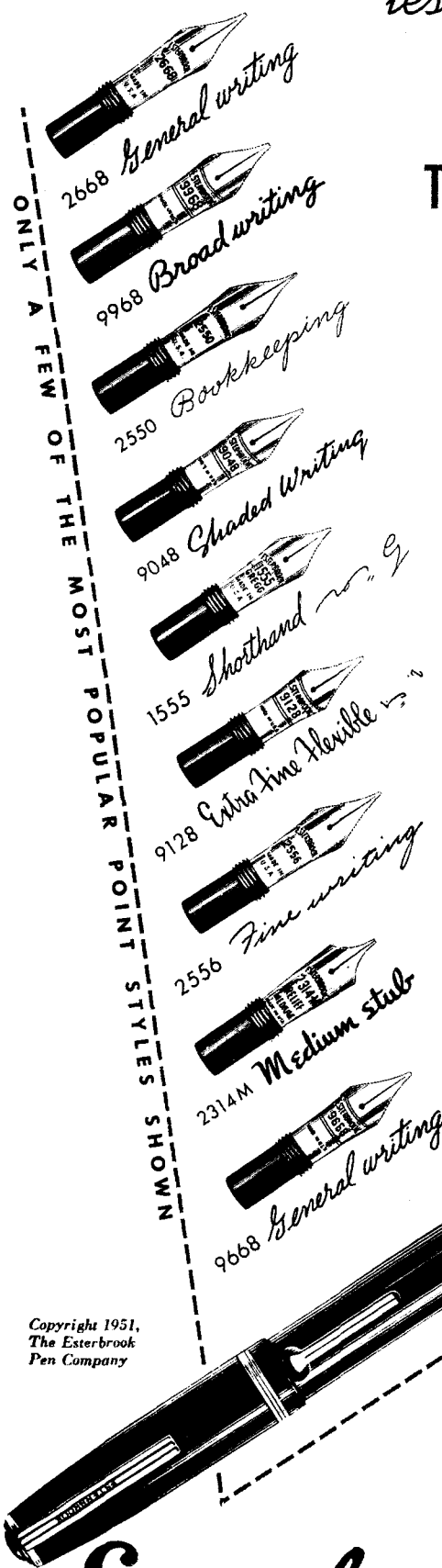

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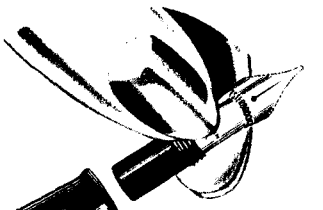

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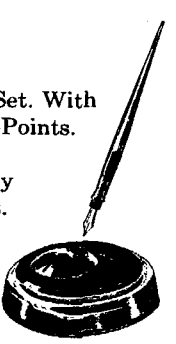

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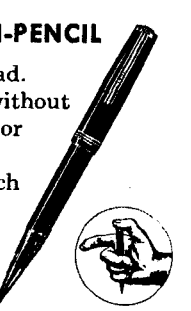

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Hard Luck Bill Keeps Pitching

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

battery of tiled shower stalls. In the clubhouse of the Solons, there is a shower—period. It works and there is hot and cold water, but no more can be said for it. The lockers contain only a third of the space of those in the Yanks' Bronx clubhouse. The manager's office has no telephone, no desk, swivel chair or individual shower. It is private in the sense that no one shares it with the manager, but it is no more than another locker.

Memories of a Yankee Bonus

The salaries in this loop, four long steps down from the majors, are in keeping with the reduced scale of everything else. Bevens, who once received a check for $4,000 in the course of a conversation with Yankee boss Larry MacPhail in the spring of 1947 (because Bill thought the club had underpaid him for winning 16 games the season before) is about as far from the big money today as he is from the big leagues. In 1947, Bill's income, including the World Series check, was in the neighborhood of $30,000. He'll be fortunate to make a tenth of that this year—unless he's sold, in which case he'll make half the purchase price.

The burly right-hander isn't complaining about his descent from the Pullmans to the buses and from the fancy *filet mignon* to the hasty hamburger. He's taking his present lot in stride; he's been here before.

It was while pitching for the Woodburn American Legion team, some miles north of Salem, that Bill first caught the eye of Joe Devine, Yankee scout. And Bevens pitched in the WIL for two seasons with Wenatchee before being moved up in the Yankee chain.

With Wenatchee in 1939, he learned what it feels like to pitch a no-hitter. He had no less than two of them to his credit that year, one in August, and another the next month in the league play-offs.

Bevens finally worked his way up to the big time in 1944. With the Yankees, he was what the trade calls a thrower, rather than a pitcher. Bill almost invariably walked as many men as he struck out—he set a World Series record with 10 passes in his one-hitter—but he was pitching on a pattern dictated by Joe McCarthy, who managed him when he first came up.

"You're big and strong, Bill," advised McCarthy, "and you have a 'live' fast ball. Never mind trying to pitch to spots. Just rear back and fire away. If you're around the plate, they're going to be swinging. And they're not going to be able to do much with your stuff."

Bevens' major-league career was one of great frustration; frequently he saw his best efforts come to nought, as in that fourth World Series game. In 1944, he won four games and lost one; the next year it was 13 won and 9 lost. In 1946, his best season, Bill had a 16-13 record, but he suffered two tough 1-0 defeats, losing to Tex Hughson and the Red Sox when he walked Ted Williams with the bases filled, and losing again to Bob Feller and Cleveland when Rapid Robert pitched a no-hitter and Indians' catcher Frankie Hayes tagged him for a homer in the ninth.

As a Yankee, Bevens wasn't exactly garrulous. An innate shyness muted him to the point where one of his teammates remarked, "If Bill nods to you, he's practically boisterous."

After that disastrous World Series game, only his wife, Mildred, and Al Lightner, a sports writer for the home-town Oregon Statesman, knew that Bill had injured his arm, although there were 600 newsmen covering that Series. Mrs. Bevens remained up almost the entire night before the seventh game, massaging Bill's right shoulder so he would be ready for the money contest if Harris needed him.

Bucky did need him, too. Bevens relieved Frank Shea and pitched almost three scoreless innings in the pay-off game, before being pulled for a pinch hitter. This feat paved the way for the Yankees to take all the marbles and, technically, Bill could have been called the winning pitcher, since he left a lead to Joe Page, which the latter never surrendered. But the scorers rightfully took advantage of the latitude of the rules to credit the victory to Page, who blanked the Brooks with one hit for the last five innings. It was the last time the name of Bevens appeared in a major-league box score.

The extent of his subsequent slide downhill is best measured, perhaps, by something that happened in Salem. When Bill returned to his home town in the fall of 1947, a World Series celebrity, he was given a $600-a-month job by a beer company as a good-will ambassador. His duties were not exactly arduous, since they entailed merely standing around and letting potential customers gape at him.

When Bevens came back with his dead arm after the 1948 season, the same firm hired him—at half the price—for the backbreaking job of loading cases of beer on trucks.

Adversity has loosened the tongue of the once-taciturn Bevens and today he talks freely and intelligently of his problem. "I thought I'd never be able to throw again. Only a pitcher who has his arm suddenly go dead on him knows what it's like. I remember coming into the Yankee clubhouse in St. Petersburg one day in the spring of 1948 after the Cardinals had given me a combing in an exhibition game and I was ready to tear the place apart."

In a Desperate Mental State

Others with the Yanks at that time remember it, too. Bevens, the strong, silent man, was practically hysterical as he screamed that he was through, that he'd never be able to pitch again. Gus Mauch, the trainer, and Pete Sheehy, the clubhouse manager, were amazed at Bill's outburst—amazed and not a little frightened, for it seemed that Bevens might be headed for a complete breakdown.

"That whole year of 1948 was a nightmare to me," said Bevens. "You have no idea how desperate you get. You'll try anything. For instance, there was some doctor who said he could restore my arm through saline injections.

"I went to his office and he shot a dose of novocain into me with a needle that went so deep it seemed to scrape the bone of my right arm. Then he gave me about a dozen saline injections around my shoulder and asked me to move my arm. Of course, with all that novocain in me, I felt nothing at all.

" 'You're cured, Bevens,' he said. 'You can pitch this afternoon. I'm going to call Bucky Harris.'

"The doc got Bucky on the phone and he told me to jump in a cab and rush right up to the Stadium. All the way in the cab, I kept thinking I'd walk right out on the mound and start pitching as though nothing had happened.

"I dashed into the clubhouse and, just as I was peeling off my jacket, the effects of the novocain wore off. Brother, did I have a sore arm then!"

In referring to his 1948 experiences as a nightmare, Bevens is guilty of no overstatement. The Yanks, and Bill, tried everything. General manager George Weiss had the pitcher working out with the farm hands at Newark and even toyed with the idea of placing him with a semipro club in New Haven—but Bevens simply could not pitch.

Out of baseball entirely the following year, Bill played with a softball team in Salem—not because he thought it would restore his arm, but because he wanted to stay in condition. He still was looking for a foothold on the comeback trail.

Red Kress, managing Sacramento, gave Bevens his first chance in the spring of 1950. Bill was released after 10 appearances and then picked up by Del Baker at San Diego.

Judging by the figures, it was an unimpressive year. Bevens won three and lost eight, finishing only two games in 20 starts. He had the worst earned-run average in the entire Pacific Coast League, 7.48 per nine-inning game.

"But regardless of the record, it was a start," insists Bevens. "Wayne Anderson, the Sacramento trainer—he's with Cincinnati now—was a big help to me. He found that my trouble was centered in my clavicle and his massages eased much of the pain I used to feel while pitching. And in Anaheim, I ran across a doctor who specialized in treating arthritis. He gave me an injection of some kind of protein which worked so well that I had another such injection this spring.

"Although I couldn't pitch winning ball, my arm no longer gave me any trouble. After being idle for two years, I wasn't worried about not getting back into stride immediately. I'm a better pitcher now than I was a year ago. And before this season is over, I'll be a still better one."

Bevens won five of his first nine starts with Salem this season, including a 4-3 victory over Yakima in which he allowed only two bases on balls. As the season's midpoint approached, Bill had won eight games and lost six. Among his defeats were a five-hitter he lost to Spokane, in which his teammates left 17 on base, and a 4-2 loss to Wenatchee, when he again allowed only five hits but was victimized by poor Salem fielding, which let in three unearned runs. All season, Bill's earned-run average has been within a few hundredths of a per cent of 3.00—a fine average in any league. Last spring, Del Baker said he believed Bevens "could help any club in baseball, if he can get the ball over the plate." In the months since, Bill has walked only about three men per game.

In the stands, whenever Bill pitches these days, are his wife and their three sons, Larry, twelve, Danny, eight, and Bobbie, two. Mildred Bevens doesn't miss the big-league glamor, for Salem is her home; nevertheless, she roots vigorously for her husband in his efforts to get back to the majors.

She isn't the only one who feels that way. All over the Northwest, baseball people are keeping an eye on the big man, and most of their comments are approving. Steve Mesner, ex-National Leaguer playing with Spokane, insists Bevens has all his old-time stuff and is as hard to hit as he ever was. Bill Beard, Bev's battery mate, says Bill's fast ball has come alive, and should get even better as the summer nights sharpen and improve his pitching.

An Appraisal by His Manager

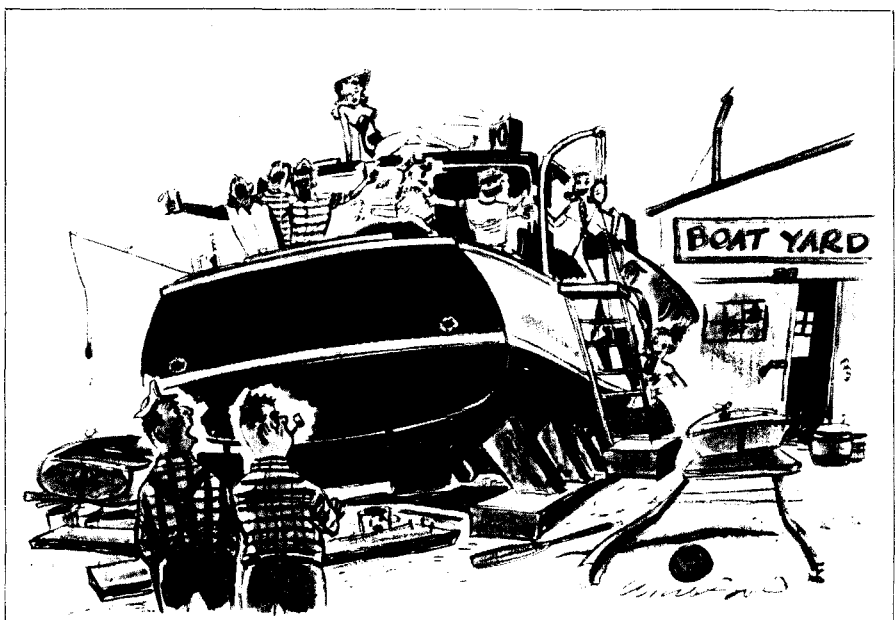
The Salem team is managed by ex-major-leaguer Hugh Luby, who played for the New York Giants a few years ago. Luby is the club's general manager and second baseman, and is rated as one of the keenest analysts in the minors. He is much pleased with Bevens.

"It isn't merely that Bill gives me another starter," he says, "but I admire him for the fight he's making to come back. There were two years in which he couldn't even throw a ball, and last year he could throw but couldn't win. Now I'm able to start him every fourth night. Bill has come a long way—and it could be that he'll go even farther."

Luby doesn't kid himself that Bevens may again be a top-notch pitcher in the major leagues, but he points out that an experienced man like Bill might not be a bad pickup for a club in a September pennant fight. For example, Harry Taylor, who started against Bevens in the 1947 World Series, had long been written off by the Dodgers when he was purchased by the Red Sox and brought back up to win two games at the end of last season, then stay on the roster for the current campaign. And there are other instances of veterans, supposedly through, being lifted from the minors in the fading days of the season, when a winning start or two could mean a pennant.

The Western International League is fast for a Class B circuit, faster than many Class A leagues. One of the reasons is that it has more than its share of veterans. It is a refuge for such men as George McDonald, Salem first baseman, who played in the Pacific Coast League for 14 seasons; Alden Wilkie, the former Pirate southpaw who helped Casey Stengel win a pennant at Oakland in 1948; and Barney Serrell, Negro second baseman of Yakima, who was with the Kansas City Monarchs when fabled pitcher Satchel Paige was in his heyday.

The salary limit in the WIL calls for a monthly payroll of $4,000 for a squad of



COLLIER'S **"It leaked so much he didn't put it in the water; then he discovered it didn't make any difference!"** FRITZ WILKINSON

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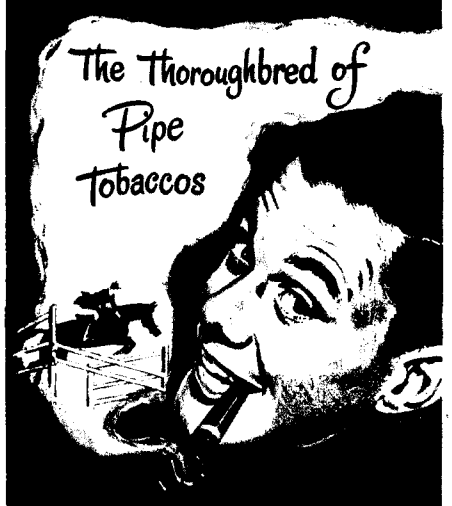

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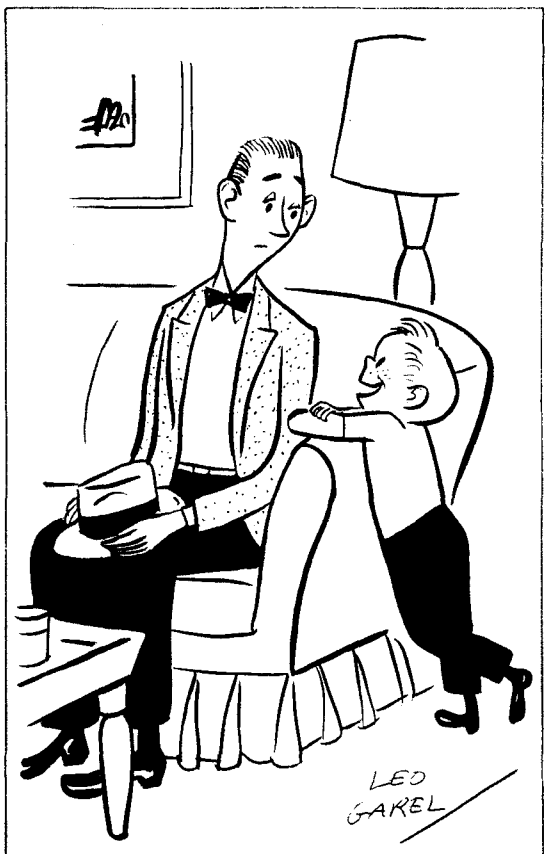
17. The presence of so many old-timers (presumably fairly well paid) hints strongly that there may be a tacit agreement among the owners to wink at the salary ceilings. And the fact that only one club, Tri-City, has a major-league affiliation is further grounds for such speculation. Big-league clubs are wary of placing prospects in a circuit where they may suddenly be declared free agents if George M. Trautman, czar of the minors, discovers a sign of what he calls "haymow pay-offs."

Along with its veterans, the WIL has always had some up-and-coming youngsters, and it therefore has its share of alumni in the major leagues. These include Earl Torgeson of the Braves; Milo Candini of the Phils; Ed Erautt, Cincinnati pitcher; Ed Stewart, White Sox outfielder; and Ed Fitz Gerald, Pirate catcher. Two Giant infielders also served an apprenticeship in that circuit, Bill Rigney and Jack Lohrke. Lohrke owes his nickname of "Lucky Jack" to the fact that he escaped the worst tragedy in the history of organized baseball, the bus crash in 1946 which killed nine members of the Spokane club and injured six others.

The bus, on its way from Spokane to Bremerton, Washington, which then held a WIL franchise, toppled off a narrow road in the Cascade Mountains. The accident occurred at dusk on the night of June 24th in a drizzling rain on the Snoqualmie Pass highway at a 3,400-foot level. Attempting to avoid an oncoming car, the bus plunged through the guardrail and caught fire as it crashed 350 feet down the rugged mountainside. Lohrke, having received orders to report to the San Diego club at once, had left the bus at its last stop, Ellensburg, Washington.

In this league, Big Bill Bevens is far from being a forgotten man. He says that scarcely a day goes by that somebody doesn't query him about Lavagetto's hit.



"I understand we're not going to let you slip through our fingers"

COLLIER'S — LEO GAREL

"I guess I'm famous in reverse English," he grins. "People ask me what I threw Cookie, would I make the same pitch over again, did I feel Yogi should have thrown out Gionfriddo, was it right for Bucky to have ordered Reiser walked instead of letting me pitch to him, and stuff like that. What can I say?

"We were supposed to have an accurate line on the Dodgers because our coaches, Charley Dressen and Red Corriden, had been with them the year before. We not only had a meeting on how to pitch to 'em, but the pitchers got mimeographed sheets to study on the hitters.

"Fast and outside were the printed instructions for Lavagetto and fast and outside was what he got. I was told afterward it was the only ball Cookie hit to right field all season."

As a matter of fact, these instructions apparently were in error. Lavagetto, now a Brooklyn coach, says: "If they were pitching fast and outside to me, they were almost exactly wrong. Fast and tight was the way to handle me. I thought Bill tried to pitch inside to me and the ball got away from him."

In any case, Cookie socked it. "As soon as the ball was hit," says Bevens, "I ran to back up home plate. Henrich had jumped against the wall to try for the catch and naturally couldn't play the rebound. When Miksis slid across the plate almost on Gionfriddo's heels, I saw Umpire Larry Goetz move up to brush off the plate. He was so wrapped up in the game, he didn't even know it was over. But I sure did."

Some of the curious who question Bevens display a respectful discretion, as though tactfully seeking information about a relative who was hanged. Others plunge in with soul-searching questions designed to probe the innermost thoughts of the big pitcher.

"What I'd like to know," asked one of the latter, "is how you feel about being one out away from glory? When you think back about that game and realize that Lavagetto's hit cheated you of something nobody else had ever done, what are your reactions?"

"Well," answered Bevens slowly, giving considerable thought to the question of the pseudo psychoanalyst, "I figure I was lucky to be up there in the first place." THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

private number and after this week I refuse to answer on Wednesday or Thursday or when I am busy. The number is 2981."

★ ★ ★

The directive we now reprint was relayed by Mrs. Margaret W. Dewey, an American lady in Sindri, Bihar, India, to whom Collier's is an antidote for homesickness. It is thus that the telephone company in Sindri sweeps doubt from the minds of its subscribers: "From today the charge for particular person calls will be reduced during the half and one third rate periods from one fourth of the full rate to one fourth of the half or one third rate, therefore the additional charge for the particular person trunk calls will be one fourth of the full, half or one third ordinary rate for a trunk call, according as the call is made during the full, half or one third period subject to a minimum of three annas irrespective of whether the call is urgent or ordinary." Hold the phone.

★ ★ ★

Word has just arrived that the Reverend Will Sam (Burning Bush) Carter, the Voice in the Cumberland Wilderness, called off his All Night Pray at Chuckey, Tennessee. Friends who went to investigate found Mr. Carter digging vigorously in the side of a hill on his farm. He explained: "I've been so busy preaching, seems like I haven't done enough listening. For the last few nights I've been listening to the radio, to those fellows broadcasting from Washington. From what they say, I figure we better start digging and do our praying after we get some place deep to pray in. From what they say, I wouldn't be surprised if the good Lord himself is digging in." From the lips of Mr. Carter have fallen many valuable words of wisdom. One that we remember goes like this: "The Lord may forgive your sins, brethren, but your nervous system won't." Another: "Go ahead and ruin your reputation and find out you can't turn it in for a new one."

★ ★ ★

From time to time we've told you something about the hurricane of directives that make the going tough in Washington. We have one here now which we propose to read later, when we have three or four weeks to devote to it. It's from the Office of Price Stabilization and has to do with price stabilization in restaurants and taverns. That's as far as we've got. It starts out with a simple statement of 293 words, all in one breathless sentence. But with it come 5,000 words under the heading of Clarification. This is even simpler, the first sentence being only 279 words long, including 12 parenthesized references and counterreferences to something called the National Defense Appendix. We shall be very glad to lend you our copy, provided you don't get mad and tear it up.

★ ★ ★

Whenever Fred Digby, of New Orleans, gets tired of hearing that Joe DiMaggio has a pain in the neck and can't play or that Ted Williams is laid up with sunburn, he goes to see his neighbor Abner Powell. Mr. Powell is crowding ninety and scarcely knows what to think of today's brittle ballplayers. He played ball with Providence, Cincinnati, Washington and Baltimore back in the eighties. Only 12 men to a club roster in those days. Mr. Powell pitched, played the outfield and, at a pinch, covered second. Sometimes pitched three times a week, betweentimes playing elsewhere. A .300 hitter, but as a pitcher no powerful Hoss Radbourne, he says. (His hero, Mr. Radbourne, pitched 72 games in 1884, Mr. Powell says, winning 60. To show he wasn't tired, he then won three straight in the World Series.) Mr. Digby says he wouldn't be surprised if the Philadelphia Athletics go after Mr. Powell any day now, but Mr. Powell shakes his head. Says he's afraid his control isn't as good as it used to be.

★ ★ ★

For a long while now we've been hearing a lot about American "know-how." So has Mr. Francis J. Brown of the American Council on Education. Mr. Brown would like to go a bit further—and admits the going will sometimes be tough. He wants the teachers of "know-how" to teach "know-why" too. We telephoned a couple of learned gentlemen at Columbia University about it. One said it was his opinion that fewer than one tenth of one per cent of those who know how to do something and do it know why. The other said that his colleague was balmy because you'd have to know why before you could learn to know how. Serves us right. That's what we get for telephoning college professors.

★ ★ ★

There's a firm in Atlanta that advertises itself as "Purveyors of Pasteurized Panties." It's a diaper service.

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Point Venus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

chair. "There," she said, "too drunk to move. I couldn't leave him to die alone."

Bending down, Jonas tried to lift Anthony from the chair, then straightened up. "I can't budge him." Looking over at Marianna, he said, "I told you not to come, Marianna! Now look at the fix you're in."

"There was nothing else to do," she said.

Jonas looked down at Anthony Nicholls. "I'll stay here with Nicholls," he said. "There isn't time to go to the valley. But you take Lily and go along the road up One Tree Hill. You'll be all right up there."

"You forget the soldiers," Marianna said.

Lily started. "Soldiers! What soldiers?"

"French soldiers," Jonas said impatiently. "Marching along the shore under the protection of the steamer's guns. They're firing some of the houses along the way."

"They'll burn us out of the house!" Lily cried.

"I don't think so," Jonas said. "It's the natives they're after, not you Britishers."

"They've spared the mission stations along the way," Marianna said. "It's probably a matter of policy with them." She looked at Jonas thoughtfully. "I think perhaps we're best off here, Mr. Burkham. They'll probably not fire across the Point because of the mission, and I doubt if the ship will come into the bay for fear of running aground on the Dolphin Shoal. We'd be out of range of the guns here in that case, wouldn't we?"

He considered it a moment. "Yes, we would, I suppose. It's as good a plan as any." What a woman, he thought irritably; she'd probably be that formal if we were meeting the end of the world together.

"You're a shocking bad hostess," he said, turning to Lily. "You haven't even offered us a chair."

Lily sank down on the sofa and began to cry. "You can be hateful even when I may be about to die!"

"If you are going to die, Lily," Jonas said, "it is through your own bad management."

"I hate you!" she said, sobbing. "I hate you, I hate you!"

MARIANNA turned away from them and went over to the window, her eyes stormy. There was something in their bickering that showed more nakedly than any caress the extent of their intimacy.

Two reports from the Phaeton's guns cracked through the air, this time very near.

"They must be at Mahina," Jonas said. "Opposite the fort. I suppose they've seen it by now."

Marianna turned her head toward him. "Was it your idea to plant Pomare's colors and the British flag above the fort where the French could see them?"

"No, it was Taua's." He grinned. "I only brought the banners back to him from town."

"How very helpful!" she said.

"Damn it all, Marianna, there's bound to be fighting! And it might as well be at Mahina, where we are at least prepared for a battle."

"They'll be back for it," she said. "Your invitation was too cordial to resist."

For a few minutes no one spoke. The bursts of firing had died away, and the only sound in the room was an occasional muffled snore from Anthony Nicholls.

"There's the ship!" Marianna said, looking out the window. "Coming around the Point." She ran to the veranda and Jonas followed her.

"It looks as if you were right," he said. "They're holding their fire."

From inside, Lily said tremulously, "How can you watch it so coolly? They might start firing any second!"

"They're staying outside the shoals, Lily," Marianna said. "You needn't worry any more."

"Here come the troops," Jonas said.

Lily ran to join them on the veranda. "Jonas! There must be hundreds of them! They'll come and ransack the house."

"Don't be silly!" Jonas said sharply. He stared out at them, then leaned forward, his eyes narrowing. "In the name of God, what do they think they're doing?"

The soldiers had stopped to gather up some dried coconut fronds, and were making them into torches.

"They're going to burn us out of here," Lily sobbed.

Marianna put her arm around Lily's shoulder. "Don't be frightened, Lily. Look! It's just the cane field they're burning."

"They've figured the wind exactly," Jonas said. "Thank God Anthony left that strip of lawn between here and the field. At least the house is safe."

NOW they could hear the sharp crackling of the flames, and dimly, beyond the white cloud of smoke, they could see that the soldiers had formed ranks again, and were marching in the direction of One Tree Hill.

Inside the house, Anthony Nicholls stirred in his chair, coughing. "Bring me a drink, Lily," he said thickly.

Jonas went back to his position at the rearmost of the two trenches that cut across the plain at Mahina, and climbed up on the sand breastwork. From where he stood, the flat land, cleared of its trees, sloped almost imperceptibly to the black sand beach. Just beyond the pass in the reef the French steamship, Phaeton, towing the big sixty-gun frigate, Uranie, was working cautiously in to shore. In the clear dazzle of midday he could plainly see the frigate's heavy guns, run out for action. In a few more minutes this peaceful scene would be shaken with battle.

Thank God, all was in readiness, he thought. The Uranie and the Phaeton, with about six hundred troops and Governor Bruat on board, had set out for Mahina five days before, but a heavy southeast gale had sprung up, forcing the Phaeton to cast off her tow. In the time it had taken the two ships to work up, the Tahitians had had ample warning to prepare for the attack. Taua, the native chief of the district, had nearly three hundred men in the field, two hundred and thirty-odd equipped with muskets; the rest with spears and clubs. The supply of ammunition was not large but it was adequate.

Behind the plain to the south was a heavily wooded valley, stretching to the mountains; if the Tahitians were forced into a retreat the French would never dare to follow them there. To the west were hills, smothered in bush. That was the greatest weakness of their position, Jonas thought; if the French could escalade those hills they could command the whole length of the trenches with their fire. He had begged Taua to prepare against this, but Taua had insisted that no one but a Tahitian, well acquainted with the land, could possibly find the path up through the hills, and had concentrated his forces at the fort.

Jonas loathed the role Taua had commanded him to play. The French must not know he was helping them, Taua had said; as an American and a neutral, he could be of great value to the Tahitians if the French didn't suspect him. He must stay far enough back to be safe, Taua insisted, and he must not be recognized.

Jonas took up the spyglass that hung around his neck and fixed it on the ships. Tenders were being lowered and troops were scrambling over the sides to embark in them. As he watched, one of the pinnaces capsized in the surf and he could see the men struggling in the water. He saw Taua in the center of the trench in front of him, dropped the glass, and ran toward him.

"Tell your men to attack now!" he shouted. "Get down there and catch them in the surf! The French won't fire so close to their own men."

Taua didn't turn his gaze from the beach. "We can't take them when they are helpless," he said. "Wait until they are equal with ourselves."

"This is war, man!" Jonas cried. "Take them while you can!"

"It would be unfair," Taua said imperturbably. He looked at Jonas. "You know your orders. Get back to your position."

His authority could not be challenged. Jonas shook his head helplessly and turned back. He had just reached the rear trench when the broadside began. Instinctively, he flattened out behind the parapet of sand. After a moment he cautiously raised his head. Thank God, the barrage did not quite reach to the first of the trenches. If Taua would wait now until the French advanced beyond the protection of their guns, there would be a good chance of throwing them back.

Behind the smoke and dust of the exploding shells he could dimly see the first party of French troops scrambling into position on the beach. Then, incredibly, he heard the sharp report of a nearby musket and saw Taua wave the Tahitians forward. They leaped over the breastworks and streamed down the plain, dodging the fire, toward the French troops. Jonas heard himself screaming senselessly in English, "No, no, you fools, not now."

The Tahitians had come up to the French by now, and the French were falling back toward the beach. For a few hope-filled minutes he watched the distant struggle; then more guns began to roar from the ships, and he saw the Tahitians retreat toward the safety of the trenches. He fell back in the trench out of their way as the first of the retreating men scrambled over the parapet. One of them was carrying a bloodied French bayonet, and another was puzzling over a French musket. The wounded were brought back and laid side by side in a widened hollow of the trench.

Jonas went to them and was binding up a gushing arm wound when he heard Taua's voice in his ear. "Only about eight lost so far, and I am sure we killed at least twenty of those pigs! We'll attack again as soon as the guns stop."

Jonas nodded without turning. "Leave me a man to help carry the wounded farther back."

AS THE ship's firing slacked off, the men left the trenches again and charged down the plain. There was no time to watch them now; with the help of the native whom Taua had detailed to stay behind, Jonas began carrying the wounded back to the rear trench.

He had no idea how long they worked there together, toiling back and forth between the trenches. After a while he became aware of a kind of rhythm in the battle that raged below them on the plain. Ordinarily, the frigate's guns spoke steadily in units of five; but whenever the Tahitians got too close to the French troops the battery would be doubled or trebled, and they would be forced to retreat again. Each time they came back they brought with them a few more wounded, and on the field of battle the number of bodies, both French and native, was gradually increasing.

From the position of the sun Jonas guessed that perhaps an hour had passed. He sat back on his heels in the rear trench to rest for a moment. Then startled by the sound of a woman's voice behind him, he jumped to his feet. It was Marianna!—in a faded blue dress, with her face and bare arms streaked with scratches. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Listen!" she said curtly. "Teaui's son and the other boys were scouting in the woods. They found that a native from Papeete came here with the French, and showed them the path up to the hills." She motioned toward the hills to the west. "They're already moving up there with

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guns! Four big fieldpieces, the boys said."

"How long ago did they start up?" Jonas' voice was tense.

"About twenty minutes. I came as quickly as I could, through the woods."

"All right, then get back just as quickly."

She didn't move. "I can help you with these wounded."

He turned on her with sudden fury. "Get *out* of here, I say! When they start firing there won't be a chance for anyone in these trenches."

She reached out and caught his wrist in her fingers. "Jonas! What will you do?" she asked.

"We'll go back into the bush. They won't follow us there."

Her fingers tightened around his wrist. "Please take care. Please!"

For a moment they looked directly at each other. "I will," he said.

"Jonas," she said, "bring the wounded to the schoolhouse when you can. We're ready for them."

"We will. Now, *go*, Marianna!"

She dropped his wrist. "Take care," she said again. She turned, starting back along the trench. Jonas jumped over the parapet and raced down through the bursting shells to find Taua and warn the men.

NOT more than two hours later the Phaeton and the frigate were outside the pass, making to the west for Papeete. The French had prudently declined the natives' invitation to follow them into the woods and continue the battle there. Although the victory had been clearly the invaders', it seemed a rather useless one, since they could not follow it up. And Taua had reckoned the French losses at almost double the Tahitians'.

Jonas, his pace increasing almost to a run, hurried through the woods toward the schoolhouse. He had to know if Marianna had got safely back. She should never have taken a chance like that. She might have been killed! And yet, if she had not come when she did, the consequences would have been even more disastrous.

When the fieldpieces on the hill had opened up, enfilading the trenches, only those who were evacuating the wounded were caught in the fire. The losses had been severe, but if Taua's forces had been trapped between the trenches and the shore not a man would have been left alive.

From the doorway of the schoolhouse he saw her, bending over one of the wounded. There were a score of them, lying on pallets in ordered rows. The face she raised to him, as he spoke her name, was deathly white. But when she saw him, color rushed to her cheeks, and her eyes grew dark. She's almost beautiful, Jonas thought.

"Jonas!" she said. "Jonas."

"Yes," he said. "Are you all right?"

She didn't answer. Her eyes searched over him, over his bloodstained clothes. "Jonas, you're hurt!"

"No," he said, "that's the blood of braver men. I am not even scratched."

"Thank God!" she said, and her voice was very low. In the moment before she turned back to the wounded, he stared at her incredulously, startled at the profound relief that showed in her eyes. . . .

Marianna waited on the path while her father closed the door of the church. Then he took her arm with a little sigh.

"Only eight souls for the service this morning," he said.

"I hardly expected more," Marianna said. "They wouldn't dare come down from the hills, Papa, with the French troops marching out this way."

In the weeks since the battle at Mahina the district had become virtually deserted except for a few old people and children; all the men of fighting age had moved, with their families, up to the encampment in the valley of Papenoo, a few miles to the east. With no one to work the cane fields, Lily and Anthony Nicholls had moved to the inn in Papeete a week ago; the Moores and Jonas Burkham were the only white people left in Matavai.

Nathaniel Moore was looking contemplatively at the thickets of guava trees beneath the tall coconut palms on either side of the road. "I can remember when there were just the palms and breadfruits in this grove, and soft, shadowy grass underneath. It was beautiful. Now you have to cut your way through from here to the river." He sighed deeply. "Whenever I see the guava trees I am reminded of our errors. Mistakes, once sown, that spread and scattered like these little trees. We planted them with the best of intentions, but sometimes ignorance is as great a sin as any."

"When I see them," Marianna said, "I think of the French taking over the land."

"Ah," he said, a remote look in his kindly eyes, "you are young. You can still put blame more easily on another than on yourself."

"But how can you compare the missionaries' selflessness in coming here with what the French are doing?"

"I've learned not to make comparisons," he said. "And I'm trying to learn the uselessness of brooding over past mistakes. But there is no one of us from the outside, Marianna, who hasn't brought some bad thing to this island." He turned toward her, smiling a little. "Don't worry about an old man's mood, my dear. After all, you're no outsider. This is your native land."

They had come to the clearing in front of the mission and stepped inside the fence. Marianna glanced out toward the bay.

"Look, there's the Phaeton! Out there, at anchor."

He shaded his eyes against the sun and looked across the water. One of the Phaeton's boats, filled with men, was being rowed across the water to the black beach at the foot of the bay.

"They've come to join forces with the troops that are marching here," Marianna said. "But why? Why? There's nothing to bring them here now!"

"They're chasing the tail of some rumor, I imagine," Nathaniel said. "We needn't worry, my dear. This is the Sabbath. No one will break the peace."

They watched for a few moments, then moved up onto the veranda. Marianna stood at the railing, staring out across the bay; her father had taken a chair behind her, his Bible open on his knees. Tense with uneasy speculations, she found herself envying his settled Sabbatical calm. After a while he said, "Do sit down, child. You generate restlessness like a thunderstorm."

She turned toward him. "I'm sorry, Papa. I keep wondering what they're up to."

"Is it only the invasion that troubles you, that has made you so restless lately?"

"Why, Papa! Am I so bad as all that?"

"No, of course not, my dear. But you haven't seemed quite as—serene as usual, lately, and it worries me." He was silent a moment, staring down at the book in his lap. "Are you quite sure, Marianna? About marrying Richard Johnson, I mean?"

When he looked up, she turned her head a little so that her face was averted. "Of course I am, Papa."

"Then why do you refuse to settle on a date? Why do you keep postponing it?"

She leaned down and kissed him lightly on his silvery hair. "I'm in no hurry to leave you, you know."

As he started to reply, the sharp, distant sound of musket fire cut across his words.

"Listen!" Marianna said. "It's the French!"

Nathaniel Moore got up, and stood beside her. While they waited together at the railing of the veranda, the sound of the shots came nearer. After a few minutes a column of French troops appeared, firing methodically every few moments into the guava thickets on either side of the road. Behind them were men on horseback and then more troops.

Just inside the mission clearing they halted, and one of the officers rode forward to the foot of the veranda steps. When he raised his hat, they saw that it was M. Bruat, the new French governor.

"Good day, Monsieur Moore," he said. "Mademoiselle. I regret to disturb you."

"What is it you wish, Governor Bruat?" Nathaniel Moore asked.

"We have come because it was said that the men of Matavai were plotting to attack us. What do you know of this?"

"Nothing, sir," Nathaniel said. "There have been no fighting men in Matavai since the battle, a month and a half ago. I think you have been misled."

"Perhaps. I hope it is so."

"Did your men have to fire into the trees along the road?" Marianna asked sharply.

Governor Bruat looked at her gravely. "It was their orders, Mademoiselle. It would be most easy for the natives to make an ambuscade in there." He turned again to her father. "Since we are here, I must ask your favor, M'sieur. Unhappily, one of my men has become drunk. He cannot walk or ride a horse; he is quite helpless. I wish your permission to leave him here while we march on. I'm afraid that otherwise he might be attacked by the natives."

"He will be safe here," Nathaniel said.

"Thank you," the governor said. "It is regrettable. We will return for him later."

He raised his hat and turned his horse about. Marianna and her father stepped back out of the sun into the shade of the veranda, and then, as he heard the governor call out his name, Nathaniel moved forward to the railing again.

"He is just here, inside your fence," the governor called, riding off. "He will not waken soon."

Nathaniel waved his hand in acknowledgment and turned back to Marianna. The sharp report of a musket rang out, and Nathaniel, an expression of shocked surprise on his face, fell forward to the floor.

For an instant Marianna was too stunned to move; then she dropped to her knees beside her father. There was a jagged hole in the back of his head, and as the blood began to seep from it, she tore the kerchief from her neck and pressed it uselessly against the wound. After a moment she turned his face up and saw by his glazed eyes that he was no longer conscious.

"Father!" she said. "Dear God, my father!"

For a few endless seconds she knelt over him, his head supported in her hands, deaf to everything but the stertorous gasp of his breathing. On a sudden instant it died away; his struggling mouth slackened and was still. With desperate gentleness, she rested his head against the floor, and felt for his heart, but she did not need further proof to tell her he was dead. "Father," she whispered. "Oh, Papa, no!"

A lock of his soft, silver hair had fallen forward across his brow. She touched it gently for a moment, smoothing it back into place.

Around the corner of the veranda Teaui, their servant, came running, her bare feet pounding the boards with the weight of her huge body. *"Aue!"* she cried. "Marianna, what is it?"

She bent down beside them and, like Marianna, put her hand against Nathaniel's chest. "He is gone!" she said. "He is gone!" She began to sob, rocking back and forth.

After a few seconds Marianna reached out and took her by the arm. "Be quiet, Teaui, and let him rest."

Teaui's sobs grew softer and Marianna became aware that the sounds of firing still persisted, quick and erratic, as in battle. "What are they doing?" she asked tonelessly. "Now that they have killed him, can't they leave us in peace?"

TEAUI drew in a sobbing breath. "It wasn't the French who shot him. It was one of our people." Her voice rose to a kind of wail. "The boys and old men were waiting there for the French. That shot was meant for Bruat." She raised her head to Marianna. "Two of my grandsons are out there fighting now, and there must be seventy or eighty others."

"It doesn't matter who fired the shot," Marianna said. "It was the French who killed him." She bent over her father, her face a mask of grief. "I think we'd better carry him inside. He looks—uncomfortable." Her voice broke a little on the word.

As she straightened up she saw Teaui's youngest grandson peering around the corner of the veranda, his black eyes wide with fear. "Tioni," she said, "when the fighting is finished go and find Mr. Burkham. Tell him that my father is dead. But take care. Don't go until it is safe."

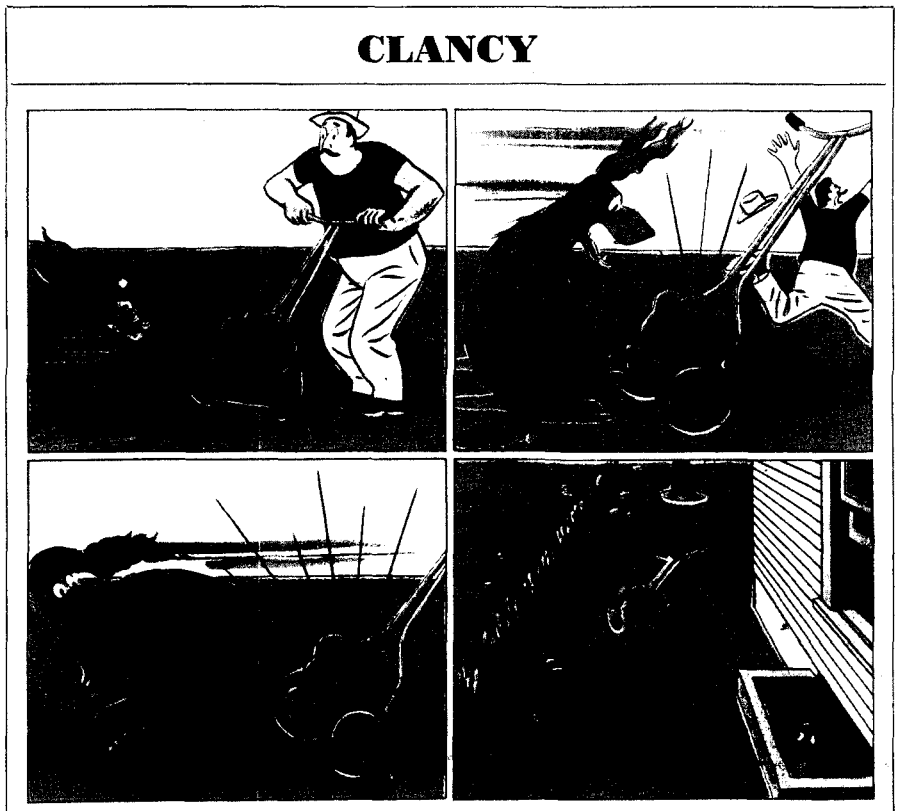
He nodded and disappeared. Together she and Teaui lifted Nathaniel's body and carried it inside to his bed. Marianna stood beside him. He is gone, she told herself; he is gone.

The words seemed meaningless. She had no idea of the passage of time, but after a while she realized dully that the sharp rattle of musket fire had ceased. When Teaui came back into the room some time later, she was sitting stiffly on a chair at the side of her father's bed.

"Marianna," she said, "Bruat is outside. He wants to see you."

"I won't see him. Tell him so."

"I did," Teaui said fiercely, "but he in-



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sists. He says he will come and find you if you will not go out."

Marianna set her lips and got up.

"I'll stay here with your father," Teaui said.

Governor Bruat had dismounted and was standing at the foot of the veranda steps, his hat in his hand. As she came out Marianna saw that Teaui had been scrubbing the veranda and had pulled a table over the dark stain on the boards where her father had fallen.

She went to the top of the steps and stopped there, her body straight and stiff. "Well?" she said.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I cannot tell you how deeply I regret this unhappy—"

She cut him short with a curt gesture. "Did you have some business with me?"

He bit his lip, and looked at her appraisingly. "Yes. I hope you understand it was not my men who fired the shot that hit your father. On the contrary, we were taken by surprise, unhappily, and four of my men are dead. Several others are wounded."

"And the Tahitians?"

BRUAT shrugged. "I cannot say, Mademoiselle. They have all fled. It is said that they stopped fighting when they knew that your father—was gone."

"What is it you want with me?"

"There is something that I must ask of you. My troops must stay here a day or two to make sure there is not a native left in the district to make further trouble. They must have shelter. In short, Mademoiselle, I need the mission and its buildings as barracks for my men."

"And where are we to go?" she asked stonily. "I—and my father?"

He drew his hand across his forehead. "There is no place for you to go?"

"No." She hesitated, and then went on, painfully: "He would wish to—to lie beside the other missionaries in the cemetery in Papaoa. There is a friend who will take us there in his boat, but as you see, there is no wind this afternoon."

"I see." He looked up at her compassionately. "Stay then, Mademoiselle, if you will keep inside the house. I will instruct my officers to keep the men to the veranda and outbuildings. But who will stay with you?"

"Our old servant, Teaui."

He shook his head. "This is hard, Mademoiselle, but it is a necessity. I cannot allow any native to remain in this district after sundown tonight."

She caught her breath. "Just Teaui—"

"No, Mademoiselle," he said gently. "It is very hard, but this is a war, and war is never easy. Surely you have some white neighbor nearby?"

"There is only one white person left in the district," she said. "I have already sent for him."

"And will he stay, you think?"

She bowed her head.

"*Bon,*" he said. "It is arranged." He took a step forward, and unwillingly she recognized the sympathy in his face. "If I can be of service, Mademoiselle, or help with the arrangements in any way, believe me, I will be most happy."

"You cannot help," she said. "I do not want your help." . . .

Jonas took his watch from his pocket and tilted it toward the light that burned dimly from the two coconut oil lamps on either side of Nathaniel Moore's bed. Nearly midnight. He glanced over at Marianna and saw that she still sat staring fixedly in front of her.

If only she would weep, he thought, it might relieve some of the strain. But in all the hours that he had been there she had been cool and matter-of-fact, cutting off all his attempts at sympathy.

He got up and went over to the window. The night was still redly illuminated by the big bonfire on the lawn. Two French sentries paced sleepily up and down in its light. Earlier in the evening there had been many sounds: the tramp of footsteps, men calling out commands. But now all except the sentries were asleep, lined along the veranda or huddled in blankets on the ground near the fire.

The deathly stillness pressed against him like a weight. He turned back to his chair again and sat down, determined to force Marianna out of her silence.

"The breeze will be best around eight in the morning," he said. "Will you be ready to go by then?"

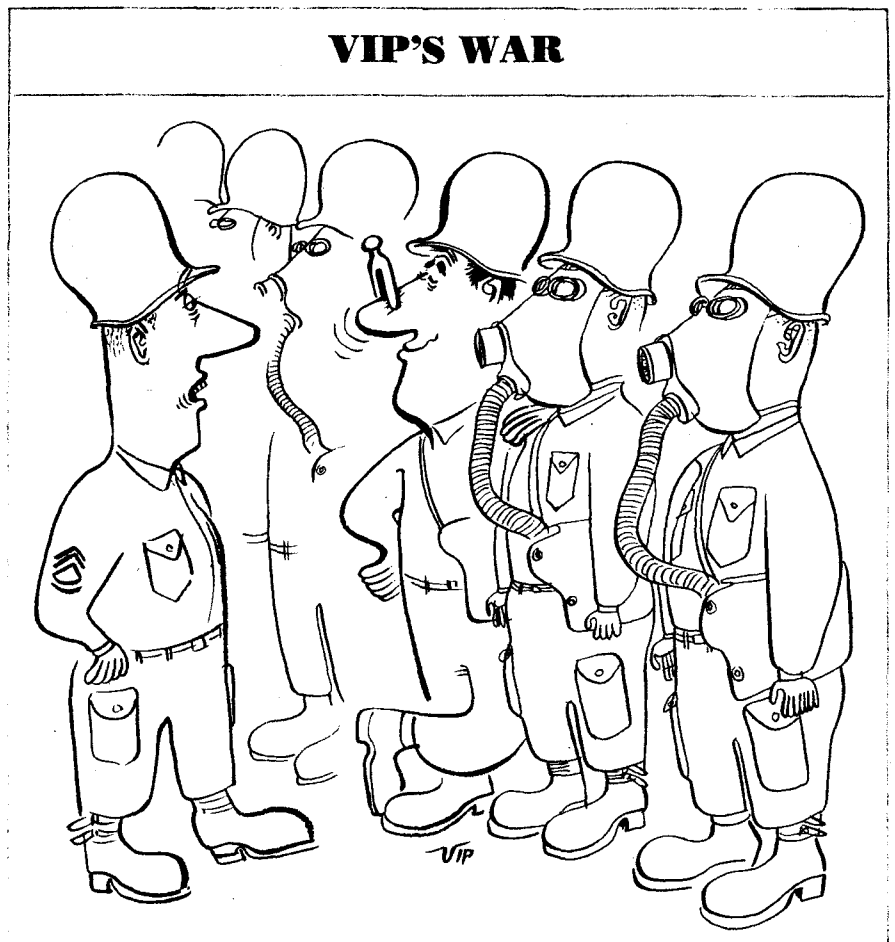
Her wide, dark eyes turned toward him and focused on his face. "Quite ready."

"We'll sail directly to town," he said. "You can stay with Mrs. Pritchard, and make your arrangements there."

"Yes," she said.

"What about your—what about Johnson?" Jonas asked.

Her gaze dropped away from his. "Teaui



VIP'S WAR

"Johnston, it isn't that I don't appreciate a good chuckle as much as the next fellow, but . . ."

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

said she would get a message through to him somehow. I imagine he'll be here in the morning before we leave."

"It's a pity he couldn't be with you sooner," Jonas said tentatively.

Her answer was oblique. "It's hard on you," she said; "you've had to do everything." She paused, then went on painfully. "I—haven't been able to tell you how grateful I am for all your kindness."

He looked at her, his heart suddenly wrenched by the quiver of her lips. "Marianna," he said gently, "wouldn't it help if you could talk some of your father? Or tell me how it happened exactly?"

She shook her head. "I can't," she said. "I can't. Not yet." Her fingers twisted apart, and Jonas saw that she was shivering uncontrollably. He went over to her and put his hand lightly on her shoulder.

"Marianna," he said, "you mustn't stay here any longer. Go into your own room, and go to bed."

"I mustn't leave him," she said.

"That's a barbaric idea," he said angrily. "It's not worthy of you. Think what your father would want you to do! He would only be grieved if he knew you were destroying yourself for a mistaken sense of duty."

Moved by sudden impatience he stooped down and picked her up in his arms. Too surprised to resist, she let him carry her into the prim, seldom-used front parlor. There was a lamp burning on the round table in the center of the room, and the blinds were pulled closed against the windows. He settled her snugly into a corner of the old mohair sofa against the wall and stood looking at her.

"You're cold," he said. "Is there a blanket on your bed?"

She nodded. He brought the blanket and wrapped it about her knees. "Did your father keep any spirits in the house?"

"There's a bottle of brandy in the cabinet over there. He had it for emergencies."

"I consider this an emergency," he said, a touch of irony in his voice. He poured two glasses of brandy and handed one of them to her. "Drink this," he said.

Steadying the glass with both hands, she drank it off, meekly as an obedient child. He filled it again and put it on the table. "More of this a little later," he said. "Are you comfortable?"

She nodded dumbly. He sat down beside her, taking her cold hands into his own. "Marianna," he said quietly, "have you thought about what you will do, after—it's all over?"

"Not much. I couldn't—there hasn't been time."

"I suppose, under the circumstances, that you won't postpone your marriage much longer, will you?"

Her hands tightened in his, and she pulled them away. "I suppose not," she said in a stifled tone. She leaned forward picked up the glass of brandy and swallowed part of it.

"Not too fast," he said. "You're not used to it."

To his astonishment, she drained off the rest of the brandy, and reached for the bottle to pour out more. Gently, he took the glass from her hand.

"You told me it would help," she cried. "You told me!" For a moment she saw a look of amused understanding in his eyes, the shape of tenderness on his lips, and then she bent her head against her hands. Jonas put his arm around her and drew her close, holding her head against his shoulder.

"Can't you cry, Marianna?" he asked softly.

"I want to," she said in a muffled voice. She turned her head and looked up at him. "I want to—so much!"

Her eyes were blank with the uncomprehending despair of a hurt child, and the mobile lips, so close to his own, were trembling. Moved by compassion, he bent his head and kissed that piteous mouth. For a moment her body tautened in his arms; then, as he drew her closer to him, he felt the tension leave her, as on a long sigh; her body relaxed and yielded to his encircling arms as if their warmth and strength were a haven from her unendurable loneliness.

Poor child, poor child! With a feeling of confused surprise he recognized in himself a welling of protective tenderness that he had never known before with any woman, and something more, something that drew him back again and again to her lips, to her soft cheeks, to the closed, white eyelids. Unwanted, the familiar hunger swelled along his veins, and through his caresses he breathed her name, softly and wonderingly. The light pressure of her arm behind his shoulders tightened convulsively in response, her lips parted beneath his, pressing against him in a breathless and ardent demand, and then, abruptly, she pulled away from him, hiding her face between her hands.

He sensed the agony of her spirit, the desperate bewilderment and the self-contempt. Why must she fight so bitterly against her own humanity? He pulled her stiff and resisting body into his arms again, pushing her head against the hollow of his shoulder, and began gently stroking her soft, disheveled hair. After a while the resistance slackened out of her muscles, and she began to cry.

For a long time she wept, soundlessly, wiping away her tears with the handkerchief he had given her. Gradually the tremors lessened, then gave way finally to a gentle, steady breathing, and he knew that she was asleep.

Carefully, so as not to disturb her, he drew her closer against his chest, lifted her feet and his own along the length of the sofa, and drew the blanket over them both. He stared thoughtfully at the shadows that flickered along the ceiling from the guttering lamp. After a time the light went out completely, and for a long while Jonas waited in the darkness, with Marianna cradled in his arms; then his cheek settled gradually against the scratchy coolness of the mohair, and he too slept.

AFTER pulling the dinghy up onto the black sand beach, Jonas put out his hand to help Marianna, but Richard Johnson was already giving her awkward assistance as she stepped from the boat.

"Teaui must be at the mission," Marianna was saying. "I saw smoke coming from the cookhouse as we crossed the bay."

"It was good of you to bring us out here, Burkham," Johnson said. "And now we musn't take any more of your time. You will understand that Miss Moore and I have many things to discuss."

"Perhaps Mr. Burkham would like to have something to eat with us before he goes home, Richard."

"Thanks, no," Jonas said. "I'm anxious to see if there's anything left of my shack." He turned away abruptly and strode off.

Johnson picked up Marianna's *pareu* cloth bundle, and they started through the trees toward the mission. Around a curve in the path Marianna stopped short and gave a little cry.

Her hand was resting on the silvery trunk of a great breadfruit tree. Above it was a deep, encircling gash in the bark.

"It's been girdled!" Johnson said, astonished. "Why, that means the tree will die! And look at that coconut over there, it's had the same treatment! Why, they've girdled every coconut and breadfruit tree in the grove," he said, looking around bleakly. "The French must have done it, Marianna, before they left. But why?"

"To cut off the food supply. To starve the people," she said stonily.

They had come to the edge of the mis-

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sion clearing and saw that Teaui was standing in front of the cookhouse door. Marianna ran to her, throwing her arms about her. "You're all right, Teaui. You're back. I knew you would come back."

"Of course I'm back," Teaui said soothingly. "As soon as the French left we came down from the hills, I and a few others."

"Is everyone all right, Teaui?" Marianna asked.

"Only two were hurt in Sunday's fighting," Teaui said, "and they will get well. But the land, Marianna! You've seen what they did to the trees?"

"Yes. Oh, yes!"

"And your own things, too. They have stolen or dirtied everything!" Her broad, humorous old face twisted in disgust. "There's not a chicken left, nor a cow nor a calf. They even took your father's good shirts and most of the blankets, and nearly everything from the trading store—cloth and nails and thread and tools!"

"No matter, Teaui," Marianna said sighing. "We've had nothing to eat since dawn. Is there enough food to prepare us a little lunch?"

"There is, my child. I brought down oranges from the hills, and one of the boys caught some fish along the reef."

"We'll go to the house then, until it is ready."

The veranda was not much changed, she saw, although some of the cushions were missing from the chairs.

"Won't you sit down, Richard, while I take these things into the house?" she said. "I'll not be gone long."

SHE went into her own room first, and left her bundle. Then, after a moment, she went to the door of her father's room across the hall. Teaui had made it neat and clean, but the blankets and linen were gone from the bed, and the bare, exposed mattress made the room seem deserted.

He is gone, she thought dully, he will never return; and the aching loneliness for him that had been mounting within her for the past three days knotted like a fist in her throat.

She turned into the hall that led to the veranda, but at the door to the parlor she paused, then slowly as if drawn against her will, she opened it and went in.

Only a gray and shadowy dimness filtered through the closed shades. She could not keep her glance from the mohair sofa where she had slept in Jonas' arms throughout the night after her father's death.

She pressed the back of her hand against her mouth, remembering the flood of despairing realization that had poured over her when she waked up to the first light that next morning. Carefully, she had got up, rearranged the blanket over him, and crept out of the room, but not before she had seen by his momentarily opened eyes that he too was awake. Tactfully, he had feigned sleep for another hour, and when at last he joined her in her father's room she had gained sufficient mastery over herself to greet him with careful composure. Richard had come to the mission within an hour or so, and since then she had not had to be alone with Jonas.

The impact of the emotions that had worked in her for the past three days shook her now. Even her grief for her father could not run clear and single-minded and uncomplicated; mixed into it, like a scarlet thread in a black skein, was her remembrance of Jonas, and her shocked horror at her shameless response to him. That very night—the night her father died! Yet even her recoil from the thought acknowledged that Jonas, in his own way, had known best how to comfort her. The intimacy of his kisses, fleeting as it had been, had established a curious feeling of kinship with him, and demonstrated an understanding sympathy that went far deeper than any words. But now it was over and must be forgotten. She straightened her shoulders.

Richard jumped to his feet as she came onto the veranda, and settled her into a chair beside him, taking her hand tenderly. "Poor Marianna," he said. "I know how lonely you must feel. But it won't be for long, will it, Marianna? We can be married now, can't we?"

If she could not find happiness soon again, at least she could try to give it to Richard. "Yes," she said. "I wanted to talk to you about that. About the future."

"And I to you. I've got good news for you, my dear."

At her questioning look he went on eagerly: "You know that the missionaries had a meeting last night, but I haven't had a chance until now to tell you of the decision we came to. It was agreed that under the present circumstances it would be unwise to maintain the mission in Tahiti as before, and that as soon as a British ship comes into port again we would sail for England or other stations."

She looked at him in astonishment. "Richard! You can't mean it! *All* the missionaries are going to leave Tahiti?"

"Well, not all," he said a little uncomfortably. "Some of the older men who have made their homes here for so many years decided to stay. Mr. Thomson will stay on in Papeete, and Mr. Barff in Huahine. And Mr. Simpson who is over on Moorea is staying. But the rest of us are leaving. It's the only thing to do, Marianna. You must see that."

For a moment she was silent, and then she said as calmly as she could, "Richard, I can't believe that you have made the best decision. It seems to me that Tahiti never needed our help more than now. The people up in the mountain camps are hungry and sick and besieged. They need their religion and our guidance as never before."

"But it would be impossible," he said. "The French are making it hard for us to travel from district to district, and you have seen what they have done out here to cut off the food supply. There's bound to be more fighting. It would be like living on a battle ground."

She shook her head. "That's not important," she said.

"Not important! The danger? You can say that after what happened to your father?"

Steadily, she said, "My father's death was an unhappy accident. In his early years here he lived constantly in far greater danger than any we know now. If the mission is abandoned it will mean the desertion of everything he worked and suffered for all these years."

"It would be foolhardy to stay," Johnson said stubbornly. "I can be of more use as a live missionary in some other part of the world than I could be dead in Tahiti. What's more, I was thinking of you, Marianna. As my wife, you must be protected. There's nothing left here for you." He leaned forward. "You need England, Marianna. Home and security, people—your own kind."

"Tahiti is my home and these are my people."

He looked at her incredulously. "You mean that you will not leave?"

FOR a moment Marianna hesitated. "Will nothing change your decision to go?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said sharply. "Anything else is out of the question."

"Then I must release you from our engagement, Richard. I cannot go with you."

"Think what you are saying, Marianna!"

"I have," she said sadly. "And I can't change it. Can't you understand, Richard? England isn't home to me—it's an alien land. I can't desert my own people here in Tahiti in a time of trouble."

"You're very tender of the natives," he said stiffly, "but you seem to have little regard for *my* feelings. I do not lightly ask someone to be my wife. Everyone knew that we were engaged. This is a great hurt to me, Marianna."

She looked over at him, suddenly noting the stubborn set of his mouth above the weak chin, and the frightened expression of his eyes behind his glasses. There was something petulant in his tone that angered her unreasonably.

"I cannot suppose your hurt to be so great," she said carefully, "since you prefer seeking your own comfort and safety in England to staying here with me."

Slowly he pushed back his chair and stood up. "Do you need me here for anything?"

She shook her head.

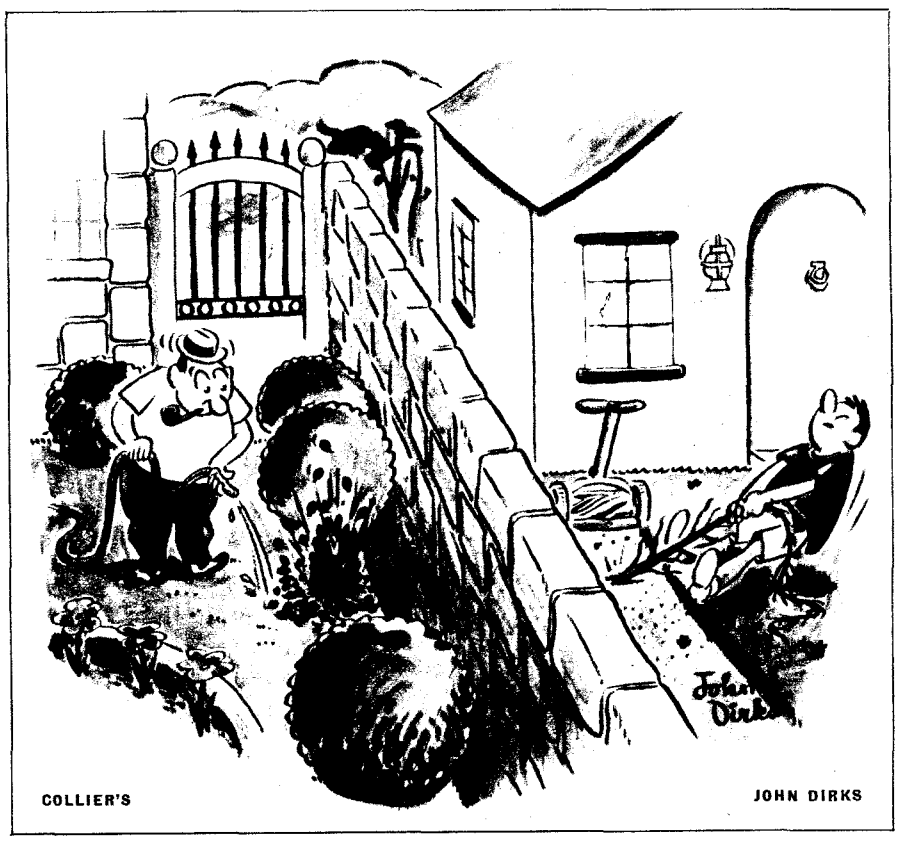
"Very well, then. I must get back to Tiarei." He hesitated. "You will not reconsider, Marianna?"

"No."

"So be it," he said heavily. "If you need my assistance I will be glad to help you—as a friend." He went down the steps without looking back.

A few minutes later she heard the sound of his horse's hoofs along the road, and as the sound gradually faded away she felt a strange and surprising sense of freedom, as if she were released from a narrow prison into the open air. She put her hand against the railing of the veranda and stared out over the bright sheen of the bay. She was free, yes—but for what? She turned away from the bay, and faced the empty house.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S JOHN DIRKS

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The Courtship of Jeff Coongate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Miss Letty would be impressed. After the service there would be an introduction—the laying of the cornerstone of married bliss.

He saw her up front. Her neck arched proudly as she sang the opening hymn in a soprano of splendid firepower.

The minister called for a second hymn. "Now, then—especially you men. I want to hear a *man's* voice."

So did Miss Turnbuckle, but neither she nor the minister was prepared for the voice they heard.

Halfway through the first verse they were met with a solo avalanche of song. The deep bass poured from the rear pew like surf on a lonely shore. It seemed to express the travail of the human race—the longing of man for woman, the terrible effort to gain salvation, pelf, rum and respite from pursuit by game wardens.

The men glanced around fearfully. They saw the towering figure of Jeff Coongate, a hymnal in his hand. Serene splendor emanated from him. His patched shirt was washed, his rope suspenders freshly cut from someone's clothesline. His mustaches gave him the look of an accomplished highwayman; but, as he pealed forth the closing words of the hymn, his one eye, rolling heavenward, shone with a saintly light.

The womenfolk were as delighted as if Satan had slithered down the bell rope. Letty knew Jeff by reputation, and had yearned to meet him. Her brown eyes met his blue one. He smiled, and her heart beat zigzag.

"Effie," she whispered to her sister, "introduce me—after?"

OF ALL the church gathering that fateful Sunday, the most perplexed was young Tom Corn, the game warden. He admired Jeff as the most artful adversary and finest woodsman he had ever known. But this church business was a sticker. Tom sensed a suppressed excitement among the womenfolk. He was baffled.

As the melodeon sounded the Offertory, he rose to pass the collection plate, walking first to the rear pew, where the one-eyed poacher sat alone. Jeff was fumbling in his pockets.

"Had a dime," he whispered. "Lost it."

Tom slipped a quarter to Jeff. "Take this, old-timer."

"From a game warden?"

For once, Jeff's need was greater than his pride. Accepting Tom's quarter, he flung it into the plate, like a gaunt king tossing gold to the poor.

This revealed the truth to Tom Corn. It explained the womenfolk's excitement. But it wasn't excitement, thought Tom. It was triumph! One of them—Letty Turnbuckle—was eager to girdle the giant oak. Everyone in the church could see Letty and Jeff eying each other.

Outside after the service, Tom witnessed the introduction. He saw Letty's eyes sparkle, saw Jeff Coongate's sweeping bow. Women chattered but men stood thoughtfully apart, the crash of imagined wedding bells a dirge in their ears.

"Tom, dear, isn't it thrilling?" asked his Edna, as they walked toward home. "I never did like that barber down in Privilege that Letty's been going with. But Jeff's just perfect for her. She—"

"Honey," Tom Corn said, a gentle sorrow in his voice, "they've only just met. You talk like they were getting married this afternoon."

"I don't believe in long engagements," Edna said.

"They're not engaged."

"Oh, Tom! Don't be so gloomy. Jeff didn't come to church to shoot a moose. I think it's nice that Letty likes the outdoors—fishing and everything. And think of the wedding we'll have!"

"I am."

"Tom Corn! Don't you want Jeff to be happy?" . . .

As a matter of fact, Jeff Coongate was very happy indeed.

"Mr. Coongate—Jeff," Effie Tethergood had said, "I want you to meet my sister, Miss Turnbuckle—Letty."

"Hiya, Jeff," said Letty, warmly gripping his huge hand. "Boy, what I've heard them tell about *you!*"

A tremor ran through Jeff. He had supposed his reputation was a thing few maidens would care to mention openly. But by Monday, when he first called, he had reseated Letty on her pedestal.

He had procured for himself a package of cigarettes, lest her sensibilities be offended by his chewing Old Jaw Breaker plug. And he came bearing a bouquet of wild roses wrapped in tar paper. "Picked 'em a-purpose, jest for you," he said.

"Oh, Jeff! Wild roses! So romantic!"

"Would you care to pin one in your tresses—Letty?"

"That depends," she murmured, pinning on a rose as requested. Jeff bent and sniffed the blossom. Letty's eyes warmed. Jeff sighed, and lighted a cigarette. It was a moment of rapture.

"Jeff, do those cigarettes come like dead men—just one to a package?"

He gave her a cigarette. As he held the match, a petal fell from the rose in her tresses. The omen was like a stone in Jeff's breast. His princess was inhaling deeply; she was smoking, and he felt the dark discrepancy between dream and reality. He did not blame Letty, for he was too chivalrous, yet he was loath to believe that there had been no princesses since the time of the lily maid of Astolat.

FINALLY Jeff rose with the idea of courteous leavetaking. He was thwarted by the arrival of two matrons of Mopang.

"Why, Jeff!" said Mrs. Tom Corn. "How nice to find you here! Letty, you look just blooming. And a rose in your hair!"

"Callin' on Letty, Jeff?" asked Mrs. Stumpy Coldwillow. "My, my! Come, Edna. We'll go find Effie, an' leave these two lovebirds together—ha-ha!"

Jeff longed for a numbing draft of Hernando's, and Zack Bourne bellowing in his ear: "You danged fool. They've *got* you!"

But it was Letty Turnbuckle, her hand eagerly pressing his, who was actually speaking, melting him with her pleading voice: "Take me fishing someday, will you, Jeff? Please, Jeff? When?" . . .

The fishing trip was but one of a series of revelations as Jeff rolled inevitably toward destruction in the black snowball of love. Letty did not sit in the bow of his canoe, a wan hand trailing pond lilies overside. She fished! And without a license! And she caught the most and the largest, and spoke disparagingly of game laws. It wasn't ladylike.

THE progress of Jeff's courtship was tensely watched by the citizens of Mopang, the men commenting in part, as follows, "He was to the Grange supper with her last night," brooded Jim Scantling. "I seen him drinkin'—*tea!*"

"He's went an' bought a glass eye," noted Stumpy Coldwillow, despairingly. "He was to church agin, too."

The womenfolk, on the other hand, were ecstatic. They gave picnics for the sweethearts, and exchanged news and views:

"She was over to his shack till most nine o'clock last night!"

COLLIER'S **"I know *plenty* about current events! I studied them all through high school"** DON TOBIN

"He's asked her! She told me. She's accepted!"

A series of episodes had led to the presentation of the bracelet. One was the hideous nightmare which Jeff had suffered. In the nightmare, he and Letty were married and living as one in Jeff's shack. Writhing in his tortured sleep, he saw Letty coming home with a rifle in her hand and a dressed deer slung across her shoulders. "Quick, Jeff! Hide it! The game wardens are after me," she said.

"Why, Letty dear, you shouldn't of done that—that poor li'l forrist creature," Jeff had said to her. "Now, there—you've lost a button off your pants. Come here, I'll sew it on for you."

"Gimme a snort of Hernando's," Letty had said. "My nerves is shot to hell. Tom Corn almost got me."

"Here, dear," Jeff had said, filling a jelly glass with the rum. "Now, if you're going to the store, will you get me a package of needles, some thread, an' a jar of face cream? An' some nylons?"

"Sure, Jeff. But I want my supper first. What you got on the stove?"

He had awakened from the nightmare in a cold sweat, crying aloud for Zack Bourne and freedom. He then planned the picnic to Nine Echo Pond, a fearsome and darkling place where moose roamed and loons called eerily.

The trip was a triumph for Jeff. The dark cliffs around the pond flung echoes in tangled confusion.

"Gee, Jeff. This is a scary place."

"Not with me by your side. Say! Sh-sh-sh. Look thar—a moose—a yearlin' bull!"

The creature stepped into the water not forty yards from them. Letty clutched Jeff's arm and held it tight.

"I'll bet you've shot a lot like that one?"

"Hundrids," Jeff modestly admitted.

As they walked back toward the canoe, Jeff saw the admiration in her eyes; and, as he drew the bracelet from his pocket, his princess was almost real.

"Letty—may I call you 'dear'?—will, doggonit, will you receive this bracelit as—as a tokin of our betrothil?"

"Oh, Jeff! It's a dilly! Did you make it?"

"Yuh," he said, his throat constricting with emotion, "them horseshoe nails is pure silver. My father give 'em to my poor ol' mother a long, long time ago. I've saved 'em—for this momint!"

He kissed Letty on the cheek and fled for the canoe. He was beset with dark terror. He was engaged to be married!

A DATE was set for September. Jeff never remembered it. Jeff had suggested a small wedding and Letty had agreed. But by late August it appeared that the entire populations of Mopang, Privilege and Boomchain Junction would attend.

Jeff did not know that groups of men were meeting in his behalf, muttering: "We got to do somethin' about ol' Jeff. We got to help him." Zack Bourne had been enlisted, and his respected enemy, game warden Tom Corn, had rallied to the cause.

The old outlaw might never have realized the seriousness of his plight if it hadn't been for the afternoon a few days before the wedding when Letty came to his shack alone, and asked to see his rifles.

Her interest in these weapons was strangely disturbing. She immediately wanted to shoot one. His nightmare leaped into his mind like a snake craning its neck.

"No, Letty—don't tech that one," he said, gently removing his celebrated .45-70 from her grasp.

In dread that she might actually prove to be a skilled marksman, he offered her a shot-out .30-30 with a slight sweep in the barrel caused by clubbing a bear.

"You'll like this one," he said. "It's light, an' shoots perfick."

He loaded it for her, and she fired at a tin can. The bullet sheared off a limb three feet to the left.

"Oh, dear!"

"Try that old crate."

The bullet churned gravel to the right. Letty was on the verge of tears. "What'll you think of me now?" she sniffled.

He didn't know what to think; he just patted her shoulder. She turned toward him, brightening.

"Jeff! I know what's wrong. It's shooting at *targets*. I'd be all right on real game!"

Forebodings were thick in Jeff's mind, heavy in his heart. She wanted to shoot a deer, and it was closed time. Had his nightmare been *real?*

"No, Letty," he said. "The law's on deer."

"Who said anything about a deer? *I'm talking about that moose*, Jeff! Take me back to Nine Echo Pond."

Jeff had gone gray to the teeth. Didn't she know there hadn't been an open season on moose in thirty years? Then the truth came, and he reeled. His fiancée was—a poacher!

"Letty, it's 'agin the law. It—it's poachin'," said Jeff, in shocked tones.

She lovingly caressed the .30-30, while Jeff, who had many times felt the long arm of the moose law, tried to redeem her.

"Ladies don't shoot moose. They don't do bad things."

"You mean I'm not a lady? You mean I'm bad?"

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"Letty, no, but it—it *hurts* me."

"You don't love me! Oh, oh, oh!"

Inevitably, two days before the wedding date, the moose of Nine Echo Pond fell dead. Letty jacked the smoking shell from her rifle and called Jeff.

"Oh, Jeff! I—I—I got him! Oh, what have I done?"

"You've shot a moose," he said, reaching her side. And he looked upon her, his heart sorrowing, for he knew it was the end between them, and loneliness descended on him—as the scheme for escape took shadowy form in his mind.

LETTY was crying. It was Jeff's influence on her. Why hadn't he stopped her? "What do I do now, Jeff?" she asked.

"It's your first moose," he said, sadly, "so we dig out the bullit for a souvenir. Where'd you hit him?"

"There—right back of the ear. Did it hurt him, Jeff?"

"He never knowed a thing."

"I told you I'd be good at live game, didn't I, Jeff? But—but what if I got caught?" she asked, fearfully.

"I been wonderin' about that, Letty."

Later Jeff packed his knapsack: salt pork, flour, dry matches. Then, with pencil and a piece of wrapping paper, he sat down to compose his masterpiece.

Dere Letty, in solutary grief I write to tell you that Tom Corn has discovered the moose on Nine Echo Pond, an' knows you done it, someone must of seen you an informed, an I cannot have them think sech a thing of my belovid an so I turn the blame upon myself by flight from this country of my childhood forever to roam afar the wilds.

My heart is broke to fragmints an I do not want you to suffer, so I go, so you will not marry a man with the shadows of jail an crime on him. I will write the game warden confessin the fell deed. My shoulders will bear the burdin of guilt an blame an your fair name will never receive no smirch nor blot becaus of the moose of Nine Echo Pond.

To remember me some times is all I ask in return, an as a tokin I want you should have the rifle you done it with, its hangin on the pegs above the door to this home wich was to be ours but wich I must fersake forever. Farewell.

Yrs Trly,

Thos. J. Coongate, Esq.

It did not matter to Jeff that Tom Corn actually knew nothing about the moose, and—with luck—might never know. He was so swayed by his creation that it was as good as valid, and as he reread what he had written, a tear fell from his eye.

Jeff left the letter on the table, blew out the lamp, and stalked into the night. He had gone but a short distance when he realized he had forgotten his jug of Hernando's Fiery Dagger.

But as he approached his shack, he saw a light flickering in the window. He crept forward soundlessly and peered through a window. Tom Corn, with a flashlight, was inside. In another moment, the game warden would read the farewell note. Letty would be convicted of poaching!

Jeff started a dash for the cabin door. He must conceal the note before Tom Corn read it. But he checked himself and crouched, grinning in the darkness. Jeff had just thought of a scheme!

While Tom read the note, and stowed it in the breast pocket of his uniform, the old outlaw lurked in the darkness, basking in the steam of his own genius. He would match wits with the law and matrimony at the same time!

He stepped into his shack. "Howdy, Tom," he said, and leaned in the doorway.

Tom whirled, startled. "Why, Jeff! Thought you—thought you'd gone away."

"Did? What made you think that, son?"

Tom, conscious of the note in his pocket, said nothing. Did Jeff think Letty had already taken the note, and that he, Tom Corn, didn't know about it?

"Got a warrant to search my shack, Tom?" asked Jeff.

"No, I—I wasn't searching, Jeff. I came to see you. Some others comin' too. It just happened I got here first."

Presently Stumpy Coldwillow and Zack Bourne appeared. Zack smelled magnificently of rum, and there was an uproar of reunion.

"Jeff, ol' pard! We're goin' on a little trip—to Chancery Lake. Me an' you, together. 'Twas Tom Corn's idea."

Jeff realized what was afoot; and it fitted in nicely with his plans.

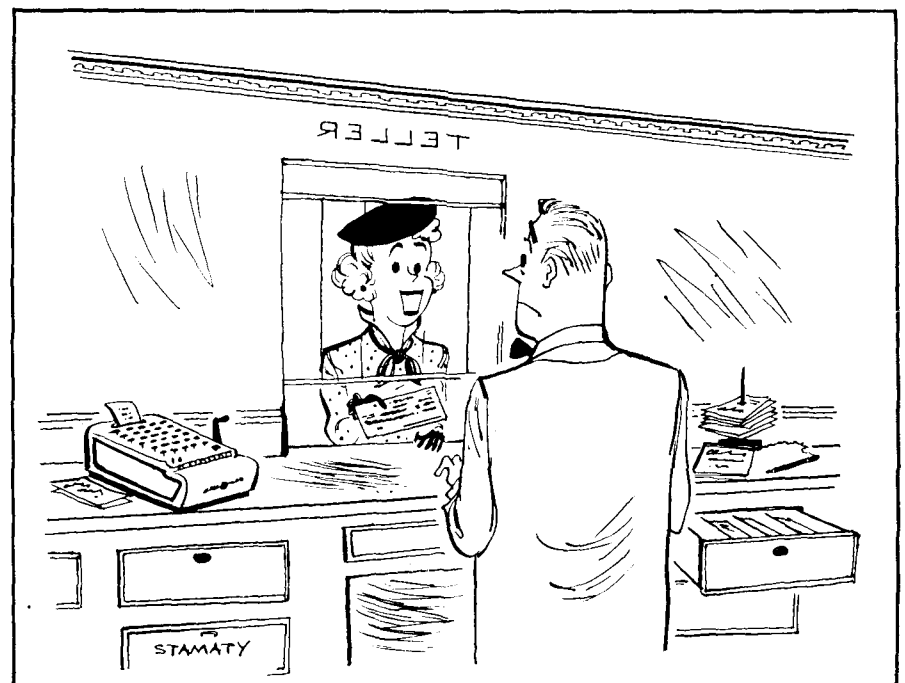
"Chancery Lake? That'd take three weeks."

"Danged right, Jeff! An' we won't come back till she—Letty's gone away. We're *savin'* you, Jeff."

He gazed loftily upon them, withering them with the light from his eye. "I shall be married day after tomorrow. I'll thank you men to leave my home, an' never darkin my door agin."

They were crushed. They had been certain that, with Zack loose from Sarah, Jeff would have leaped at the chance to escape.

"Here, Jeff," beseeched Zack, almost tearfully. "Have a li'l snifter of rum. I brought it, jest for you."



COLLIER'S **"Cash this, please, after you sign it, dear"** STANLEY STAMATY

"Go!" intoned the one-eyed poacher.

Silently they shuffled past him, and the last to go was young Tom Corn who paused to exchange a stare of classic wariness and suspicion. Then Tom said, "So long, Jeff. I'll be seein' you—in church."

Jeff savored to the full the tortures to which he was putting Tom Corn. Tom's sense of duty would drive him. He must arrest the bride, on her wedding day, in the face of every woman in Mopang. He couldn't make the arrest the day before the wedding. He would have to make the trip to Nine Echo Pond first, in order to examine the evidence. Never had the one-eyed poacher dreamed of a sweeter revenge.

BUT there was a ghastly moment in church, with the assemblage waiting for the fatal words of wedlock, when the old outlaw's legs buckled like garden hose. Had Tom outfoxed him?

Those strange, insincere wedding tears were already appearing in the womenfolks' eyes. The church was decorated with fir boughs and gilded cattails in mason jars. The strains of the melodeon had died away, and the minister had gone into his pitch. And Letty, by Jeff's side, was shooting out answers in powerful affirmatives.

Jeff's lips were paper-dry. But there was an icy dampness on his brow. Would Tom Corn never come? Was this delay a trap? A final act of treachery from the game wardens of life?

Looking desperately into the sea of faces, Jeff caught Zack's eye in a single heart-rending glance. He was all but married, when the game wardens arrived—three of them, besides Tom Corn.

Tom himself was a little white about the lips. Besides the trip to Nine Echo Pond, there had been other details. He had been in long and earnest counsel with Judge Beeswater about the legality of the thing, and the judge at length had conceded a point or two, on the grounds that the emergency was greater than the law. Then Tom had enlisted the three other game wardens for moral support, and they had been delayed, but had arrived in the nick of time—for the ceremony had reached that knee-buckling point where the minister asked:

"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak—"

And Tom Corn, in his hour of trial, spoke.

"I am here to arrest Miss Letitia Turnbuckle. I accuse her of killing a moose. I have evidence to prove it."

The bride paled. Jeff Coongate placed his corded arm around Letty's shoulder, and eyed the game wardens as from a high mountain. Then he left Letty and strode toward them ominously.

"Warden Corn," he said, "you are accusin' my bride-to-be. You are insultin' my wife."

"I am accusing Letty," said Tom, "as stated."

"You have accused her falsely, son," Jeff Coongate said. "*I* killed that moose on Nine Echo Lake. I hereby take full blame an' guilt."

"Then you better come with me, Jeff."

"You're breakin' up my marriage—on account of a moose?"

"I mean you're under arrest."

"But every smirch an blemish will be removed from my bride's fair name? Very well, warden. I'll come quiet."

Jeff turned to whisper in Letty's ear, and to pat her hand. Then he swept the gathering with a glance of cosmic martyrdom, and led the little file of wardens toward the jail.

The effect on the hamlet of Mopang was harrowing. Women gathered around Letty to comfort her, and there was stern weeping far into the night, and even into the next day. The men invaded Sim Pease's store, and Sim gave credit for rum to one and all; a great roaring was heard in the street, and the crash of jugs, and proclamations of undying friendship and love, and rifles were fired in honor of Tom Corn.

During this celebration, Sarah Bourne approached Zack, who was carrying two strange men on his shoulders, and she begged him to desist; and, to his revered wife, Zack said, "I ain't goin' upriver till I'm ready, an' if supper ain't on the table when I git home, there'll be a row, an' if it is, I won't eat a bite."

Tom Corn's Edna took her two children and a suitcase and went to her mother's in Boomchain Junction, but Tom enjoyed a popularity among males that few game wardens have ever experienced. Edna came home after a week, to say forgivingly:

"Jeff Coongate is no husband for Letty, Tom. He—he *perjured* himself. Male vanity. You know Letty really shot the moose."

Tom still had Jeff's farewell note to Letty. "I know, honey," he said.

"So it *was* courageous of you to prevent the marriage, Tom."

"Maybe, honey—but it wasn't right. I mean, the law—I'm kind of sick about that."

"But, Tom, poaching isn't really like breaking a real law, is it?"

Tom bent and kissed his beloved. Affection and loyalty were, he half admitted, as good as understanding. He humbly said, "Edna—I'm a game warden."

But Edna momentarily had no concern with these narrow distinctions. She had picked up some heart-warming news from Mrs. Stumpy Coldwillow.

"Tom, did you hear? Letty's gone down to New Wampum. An old friend of hers wrote her, after he heard the news about the—the wedding. He's a grain salesman, and he's got an automobile."

"Yuh?" said Tom, distractedly.

IT WAS a bit more than a month later when The Northwoods Axemen, the weekly paper, announced the nuptials of Miss Letty Turnbuckle and Amos Osgood, and the piece said that the happy couple were going to live in Canada. After a conference with Judge Beeswater, Tom Corn walked down to the Mopang jail one September afternoon, and said to Jeff Coongate:

"Old-timer, you're free."

"Free, Tom? Me? How? I got about five months to go. That'd take me through the cold of winter."

"Jeff, dang your soul, Letty's married, an' goin' to live in Canada. We can't touch her there. I can't hold you any longer—for a moose you didn't kill."

Jeff rose from the wooden stool and glowered at the game warden. "Mean to say I committed perjury, son? Mean to say the woman I was to marry killed that moose? You've insulted her again, Tom!"

"Okay, Jeff—you call it," and the young warden turned and left the jail door open, and a moment later, from behind a building, he saw the one-eyed poacher striding forth into sunshine and freedom. . . .

And in blessed bachelorhood, three days later, the one-eyed poacher and Zack Bourne sat with a jug of rum, a pan of trout, underneath a dripping cedar, singing in the rain, and wilderness was paradise now, especially since the season on trout had closed.

"Lord, Jeff, but you come turrible close to matrimony. Jest supposin' you'd really got hitched to Letty—an' her a poacher!"

"Doggonit, Zack! You accusin' that lovely girl of poachin'?"

"Hah-hah! She shot a moose, di'n't she? An' you went to jail for her!"

The old outlaw withdrew from his pocket the souvenir bullet—the one that had struck the moose of Nine Echo Pond behind the ear. He tossed it to Zack, who examined it with increasing awe.

"Jeff! That bullit's big as my thumb. It's from your .45-70."

"I stood jest to her left," the one-eyed poacher said meekly, "about fifty yards away. I shot about the time she did. I seen her bullit from that sway-barriled .30-30 knock a knot off a hemlock nine foot over the moose."

"You mean she didn't *know?*"

"No. Them echoes amongst the cliffs sounded like four earthquakes."

"An' Tom Corn let you free with five months to serve! He don't *know!*"

But Jeff wasn't listening. He was brooding. "Letty was a fine girl, Zack. I couldn't let her shoot a moose. It would've been poachin'—an'—dang it, Zack! She was a princess!" THE END

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The Richest Vein

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

the money, and no bank would lend money on a burned-up, dried-out and all-but-blown-away spread like this one.

"So help me. I'm crazy not to sell," Arthur said abruptly.

For a moment, Jimmie wondered, and then he knew. Charley Tollman. He'd do it, if he thought it would do him any good with Amy. He had the kind of money to buy this spread and throw it aside like a smoked cigar butt and count it cheap, if it made time with Amy for him. Jimmie didn't enjoy his meal.

Burro Hanks? No, not for months. That didn't help. Burro had left Tenmile on the second of the month. But this city fellow, Parker, claimed Burro'd made a date to meet him in Tenmile on the tenth. Parker was closemouthed too. Just business, he said. But Burro hadn't showed, and the tenth was a week ago, and Parker was still around. And where the devil was Burro?

AT DUSK Jimmie stabled his horse in Tenmile and tramped down the warped walk boards to the hotel and asked for Parker.

"He's out," the clerk said. "Got him a horse at the livery about ten this morning, and rode out. Dunno where."

Something made Jimmie check again at ten that night. Parker was not at the hotel, and the horse was not back at the livery. That nagging hunch again; but it had been a long day. Jimmie went to bed. He didn't sleep well.

Parker still hadn't shown in the morning. Neither had Burro. Jimmie got his horse and rode out.

If Jimmie Dale had any one real talent, it was an Indian's nose for a trail. He found Parker's livery horse an hour out of Tenmile. It was in a little swale, snatching grass and wadding it clumsily past the bit in its mouth. One rein was gone, broken off close to the bit ring. The saddle was still tightly cinched and in order.

He back-trailed then, towing the horse behind on his catch rope. He found where the horse had been tethered; the broken rein was still tied to a greasewood stem, but there was no sign of Parker. And for a city man, he did very well. There was no discernible trail of a man afoot.

Jimmie swept four big circles, shouting and firing his pistol at intervals, but found no trail until he crossed another horse track that faded off into the rock of Hogback. In this rough country, a one-man search was useless. Jimmie took the new horse track, found one good clear print, and memorized it. The general trend of the trail was toward Tenmile, so he saved time by hitting his own best route, still leading Parker's horse.

He told the livery hostler, "Better get some extra horses in out of the corrals. I'll probably have to take a search party out."

"All right," the hostler said, "and say, Jim, Clare Hance is looking for you."

Jimmie nodded, and tramped toward his office, scanning the dust of the street as he went. He found the horse in front of his own office. He was sure of it, but he ducked under the tie rail and put a shoulder into the barrel of the animal and made it side-step away. Same track.

Then Hance's voice said dryly, "What's so interestin' about my nag, deppity?"

Jimmie retorted shortly, "What were you doing up on Hogback, Clare?" He didn't like Clare, but that was neither here nor there. He'd long ago learned the helpfulness of surprise questions.

Clare's thick lips went slack and then firm again. His eyes narrowed and a flush came under his weathered skin. "Dunno that it's any of your business," he said in his coarse, sulky voice. "But it's what I wanted to see you about. I found a dead one up there this mornin'."

"What do you mean—dead one?"

Clare shrugged his thick shoulders. "A dead man," he said impatiently. "Some city dude, by the looks of him. From the sign, he fell over a little cut-bank and bashed his head on a rock. Dead as a doornail."

"Why didn't you bring him in?" Jimmie knew Clare wasn't liking this, and Clare would take just so much crowding, but an angry man sometimes says things he wouldn't otherwise.

It was working. Clare said through his teeth, " 'Cause my horse won't carry double. And 'cause it's none of my business. You're the one gets paid for packin' that tin badge. Why'n hell don't you try earnin' some of the dough you get?"

Jimmie said quietly, "All right. You're going with me."

Clare wheeled away, and then back. "By George," he said roughly, "that's what a man gets for tryin' to get along with you birds. You go to hell. I've done my part."

"You want to go on your own," Jimmie asked, "or do I take you under arrest?"

Clare's thick fingers brushed the curve of the gun butt on his thigh. "You want to try it?" he inquired just as softly.

"I'd rather not," Jimmie said, "but you're going, one way or the other. Just make up your mind." He stood erect, feet well apart, the fingers of his right hand just brushing the slick oiled leather of his own holster. He was ready, and he meant what he said, and Clare knew it.

Clare broke first. "You don't need to be so damned touchy," he grumbled, and turned away. "When you want to leave?"

"Soon as I get a pack horse," Jimmie said, and he let his breath out silently. He could feel the sweat under his hat, and a little nervous tic came at the corner of his right eye. That's how close it had been.

He tramped down the street again, thinking: This one will make some report to the sheriff; and he wished that Tenmile wasn't so far from the county seat. This was a job for Sheriff Hesse. Then he saw Amy pulling up in front of Dutrey's General Store, and he crossed the street to speak to her. He got a smile as he helped her down over the wheel of the buckboard, and he squeezed her hand. "How's everything?"

"About the same. Charley Tollman came again this morning. He—he made Art an offer for the place."

He asked quietly, trying to keep his voice noncommittal, "Is Art going to take it?"

"He didn't say."

Jimmie said musingly, "Wonder what Charley wants with it. He's got Oxbow and CT, and there's not ten acres of the basin that's worth ten cents, except your place."

Amy looked down and carefully made a pleat in her long full skirt with her fingers. "That wasn't all he wanted," she said.

HE FELT the smile on his lips get a little stiff at the edges. "He still figures you go with the place, then?" He made his voice stay low and quiet. "Is that it?"

She looked up at him quickly, and he was shocked by the bitterness in her eyes. "Oh, Jimmie," she cried, and some of it was in her voice, too, "you can't imagine how it is! Three years of it, heat and dust and dying cattle. Four bare walls that the wind blows through, and Art killing himself, wearing himself down so that he can't say a kind word or a gentle one. How long do you think that can go on?"

He knew how it was. He knew the sun-warped boards of the shack they had for a ranch house, the battered old burned-out sheet-iron stove with the corner propped up with a block for the missing leg. He knew that Amy had this dress and one other, both homemade. He looked down at his own scuffed boots. He'd needed boots for months now, but it took a month of deputy's pay for a good pair of boots.

Then Amy was saying hurriedly, "I've got to go, Jimmie." She gave him a little half-smile and walked into the store.

A voice sounded behind him, and he un-

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derstood her sudden hurry. Charley Tollman rode up behind him on a big shiny black, with that easy confident manner that was almost arrogance.

He said now, "Jim, why don't you be sensible and get out of the way? You're doing her no favor."

Jimmie stepped back and made his face carefully blank. "She's twenty-one," he said, not pretending to misunderstand Charley Tollman. "She's the one to make up her mind."

Tollman gave him a slow up-and-down look that was like a slap in the face. "You're doing her no favor," he repeated. "She can be the queen of this whole damned county, and I can hire your kind by the dozen at twenty a month."

Jimmie said roughly, "My kind, maybe, but not me. I wouldn't work for you for half your holdings."

"I'm not sure," Tollman said very quietly, "that you'll be working at all, before long." He touched the black with his inlaid-silver spurs and rode on. Jimmie watched him go, and felt angry and helpless. Charley Tollman owned half the county, and his word carried weight. He'd broken bigger men than Jimmie.

PARKER was undeniably dead. He lay with his head jammed between two rocks. The fresh-torn side of the little wash showed how the bank had caved in under him, where he'd caught his feet on something and made a clumsy dive. Sometimes it doesn't take too much of a crack on the head to kill a man, and this had been one of the times. With considerable trouble, Jimmie and Clare Hance loaded Parker's body on the pack horse and took him back into Tenmile. Jimmie took charge of all his possessions, which didn't amount to much. But there was a little.

Parker's battered valise, from his hotel room, held odds and ends of correspondence. Parker was a geologist. More specifically, he was a mining geologist. Jimmie found the note that Burro Hanks had sent to bring Parker to Tenmile, a terse thing in thick black pencil, in a crabbed, old man's writing.

Here is a hund. dollars for your time. I found something some fool missed but cant get to it. Im pretty shure, but want a expert to look at it. Take Paradise stage at county seat and ask for Burro Hanks. Wil be in town 10th of the month. You be here and we wil take a look at the old hole.

Jimmie studied it. Old hole. What old hole? There were old diggings all over the hills. They'd sunk a half a dozen shafts at the old Empire diggings. Hit water a time or two, he'd heard. Then the vein had petered out, and the gold boom had busted, and Empire had moved out. Years back. Then there was Wildcat, and Oro Gulch, and Mule—all deserted.

The tenth of the month. And Burro had left Tenmile on the second. Couldn't have planned much of a trip. He'd been on the slope of Hogback and—wait a minute! Maybe he hadn't followed Hogback. If he followed the draw west, and swung in on Clear Creek, he'd come to Empire first. Could be, Jimmie. Let's go have a look. . . .

Not much to see, the old Empire diggings on the north slope of Hogback. Piles of tailings, and old rotted timbers and rusty iron fittings, with weeds and grass creeping back to take over again. Great stalks of mullein, four feet tall, thrust up between rotted twelve-by-twelves, with a stay bolt bleeding rust on them. The old shafts themselves were gaping mouths of blackness, heaped about with rubble, weeds and grass. And silence. A hot, brooding sort of silence, broken only when a striped chipmunk ran the length of a timber and leaped off into the hot rocks of the tailings.

He scoured the ground carefully and found nothing, nor did he really expect to. A month is a long time for a track to last. He walked over to the open mouth of the shaft and peered down the steep, almost vertical slope. Be a hell of a place for a man's foot to slip, he thought; and with the thought, an awareness came on him, a little warning ripple of something that started him turning; and then Clare Hance's voice said roughly, "Hold it right there!"

Jimmie knew it was hopeless, and made himself relax.

"Too bad, Jim," came Clare's sulky grumble. "You've got a good nose for a trail, but this time you followed it too far." Jimmie felt the weight of his gun leave his holster, and knew Clare had it.

"Too bad," Clare said again, and then the barrel of the gun hit Jimmie just above the right ear, and he felt the yawning depth of the shaft under him and tried to twist or jump or do anything, but then there was not even thought any more; just blackness.

THE first thought was pain. He moved his head, and something tore at his cheek and stopped him. He came full awake then, and the pain was a fire running through him, outlining all the bones in his body with flame. He moved, gingerly, and the stuff he lay on squeaked and groaned

"This isn't exactly what I had in mind when I suggested we should eat out"

COLLIER'S — EDWIN LEPPER

under him, and he finally realized that he was lying on a snarl of kinked steel cable, probably old shaft line that had been dumped into the shaft when it was abandoned. Wicked stuff for a man to light on, but it had saved his life, for it had spring left, and it had stopped him from smashing on the rocks.

The second thought was sickness. The air that he drew in was revolting, and nausea twisted his stomach. He felt around with his free right arm, and found rock, and pulled himself out of the snarl of cable, feeling the broken strands of it gouging and tearing at him. He crouched on damp rock, with his shoulder braced against the shaft wall, and the sickness came again. He tried to clench his left hand, and could not. He could feel the break, between his wrist and elbow, but his exploring fingers found no puncture in the skin, and he ground his teeth and endured the pain.

It seemed to take hours, but he finally found matches in his pocket. The sudden spurt of fire blinded him for a moment, and then he could see the flame reflected in water. The bottom of the rock slope he squatted on was in water, a sheet of it that faded away into the blackness, for the feeble glow of the match did not show the other face of the shaft. Something bulked up between him and the water, and he peered at it, gagging at the foul air. Something began to form in his mind, and he crawled forward.

The match went out, and he laboriously scratched another. The light spurted up, and showed him what was between him and the water, and he gagged again. The match went out, but he had part of the answer now. He'd found Burro Hanks. . . .

He could tell by the growing light that it must be morning. He lay on his belly, his toes dug into the last little crevice he'd made, resting a second before he made the final effort to pull himself out. It must have taken him all night, then, after he'd forced himself to scrabble through the rotting remnants of the pack on Burro's dead pack animal for the pick. It seemed longer than that.

A foot at a time, chipping out toe holds and finger grips, up the almost vertical side of the shaft. A stick and his kerchief for a splint, and his arm, splint and all, held to his body with his belt. Peck and peck and peck, then lie with your belly against the faint slope, braced with trembling legs and a death grip on the short pick handle. He caught his breath now, shifted his stiff fingers on the pick handle, and gave a floundering heave that brought him up on his belly across the lip, his legs still hanging down inside. The first pearly flush of dawn was in the sky, and he drew the clean air deep into his aching lungs.

Then the grumbling voice said, "Thought so," and a numb, hopeless sickness went through Jimmie's body. He twisted his body, pulled himself up the last foot, until he was on solid rock, then turned his head and raised it.

HANCE sat comfortably on a timber, arms resting on his knees, watching him. Jimmie watched him dully, numbly, taking his breath in shallow gasps, feeling the pain in his broken bones and torn flesh only as something dull and usual now. He ran his tongue over his lips, tasting the cable rust and rock dust on them, hating the strength and power of Clare, but so beat down he couldn't even express the hate.

Then Clare was saying, "Thought I could hear you peckin' down there. Good thing I stuck around." He was surveying Jimmie as if he were an animal in a trap, whose disposal he was pondering.

"Don't want to shoot you. Bullets leave marks. And Charley said make it look good. But if that other flipper was busted, you wouldn't crawl out of that hole again. Reckon that's it."

Jimmie knew suddenly he wasn't going back in that hole. Not alive. Clare was leaning forward, starting to get up. Clare would smash his right arm, dump him down the shaft again— No, not alive, he wouldn't! He made himself roll over on the broken left arm, made himself ignore the pain, got his right arm free of the ground, and threw the short-handled pick in a flat pin wheel.

Clare lurched clumsily. He was in an awkward position, not sitting or standing, his hands well to the front, away from his gun. He dodged the pick head, but the spinning handle smashed him across the nose, and he went backward over the timber, sprawling with his feet in the air. Jimmie scrambled across the ten feet between them, never quite getting to his feet and not caring. This was pure primitive battle, and his right hand automatically found a broken shard of rock. He went over the top of the timber, not crouching or diving or running, but a little of all three put together. Clare's face was before him, twisted in fear, and Clare's hand was dragging at the gun. Jimmie smashed at his head with the rock. Again and again. Then he was lying on top of Clare, gasping for air, and Clare wasn't moving.

HE RODE into Tenmile on Clare's horse, and he looked like the walking dead. His left arm was bound across his body with his belt, and one eye was closed. His face was welted and cut, and there wasn't a button left on his shirt.

Charley Tollman came out of the hotel, looked up, and blurted, "Holy Moses!" Then he stiffened and moved back against the wall as Jimmie brought the horse straight toward him.

Jimmie slid down, half falling, and ducked under the tie rail. When he straightened up, his right hand brought the cedar-butted Colt out of the waistband of his torn pants.

"Reach," he said.

Charley did not reach. "You fool," he said bitterly, "I'll have your hide for this."

"Reach or draw," Jimmie said, and there was a terrible note in his voice, "I'd just as soon see you kicking as jail you. But I'm going to do one or the other. Now jump, damn you!"

Tollman's shoulders stiffened, and a red tide went over his face. "You fool," he said, not much above a whisper. "You can't get away with this."

"I can and I will," Jimmie said. The Colt's muzzle crept ahead a fraction of an inch. "Burro Hanks didn't die quick, Tollman, for all both his legs were broke when he was dumped in that hole. He was an old man, but he lived long enough to write it all down. I got it here in my pocket. All about how he found that water seam underground when he tried to find the lost vein in the old Empire. How he wanted you to stake him so he could trace the fault. And how you sent Clare Hance out behind him to bushwhack him."

Charley Tollman grinned with relief and half turned to the men who were standing around them. "Why," he said humorously, "you're raving, man. That's the silliest story I—" Then he was wheeling back, his face raw and violent, and his gun came out from under his broadcloth coat and bellowed. The quickness of it threw Jimmie off. Instead of the heart shot he tried for, he only smashed Tollman's right shoulder. . . .

"So that was the deal," he told Art Ransdale. He looked better, with his face washed and his eye patched up. His left arm was in a splint, but one arm was long enough to go around Amy.

"Burro traced the fault," Jimmie said, "and the underground stream. The water didn't mean much to him, 'cause it was just his way to finding the vein he thought they'd missed in Empire. I don't think they did miss anything, but you knew Burro. He couldn't see the fortune in water, but Tollman could, when Burro hit him up to stake him in draining the shafts. You see, Burro told Tollman where that water'd go, if he figured right, and he wanted Parker, the geologist, to check his figuring.

"So Tollman sent Clare Hance to dry-gulch Burro and heave him down the shaft. That left Parker, and Clare had to arrange an accident for him too. So that's about it. There's a river of water there, running clear under Hogback, and all you've got to do to get it is dynamite that rock seep down there where she bluffs off. You're a rich man, Art."

"We're all rich," said Amy. She rubbed her cheek on Jimmie's sleeve. He looked down at her and smiled.

"We are, at that," he said. THE END

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Country Wedding

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

it was a hurdle behind them. They had made their peace with the state of Connecticut and now it was all downhill. Harvey touched her arm and asked softly, "Happy, darling?"

"Happy," she whispered. "You?"

"Happy," he said.

In the back of the car he kissed her, and Edith felt the little startled tug of his arm when Greg called back over his shoulder, "Seven o'clock okay with you two? Rita thought seven o'clock would be good."

"What's that?" Harvey said.

"For the ceremony," Greg explained. "Rita thought we might hold it at seven o'clock, and then we'll open the champagne and have a buffet supper."

"Fine," Harvey said vaguely. "Seven o'clock. Sure."

He looked at Edith and she saw his faint, secret smile. She knew that he was thinking, as she thought: Let them handle it. Let the world move around us as vague as swirling mist. There's really only us.

THE Clarks lived in an old colonial house with faded blue-green shutters, and its white clapboards showed bright through white oak trees that were scattering wind-blown leaves from autumn limbs. Rita Clark was waiting at the door, a delicate blonde woman with a smile engagingly bright and blue eyes like morning sky. She came first to Edith and kissed her, and then she had a kiss for Florence and Harvey and for Joe Brill, who said, "Say, we ought to have more weddings around here." Edith saw Gregory Clark standing by, his eyelids drooping enigmatically. He caught her watching him and his eyes opened suddenly wide. "Shall we go in?" he said.

Edith's first impression was of flowers, and then she looked about her at the old, adz-marked beams and the fine, irregular floor and thought it was fitting; she thought that surely she was not the first bride who had crossed this threshold. She turned to Rita with a welling up of warmth and gratitude and said, "Oh, it's beautiful, Rita."

"My wife isn't happy unless she's planning something," Gregory Clark said. "She's like a child in a meadow full of daisies. She lets no detail go unplucked. She spares no blossom."

"Harvey and I will be eternally grateful," Edith said. "If it weren't for you two we'd be in that little chapel in the Municipal Building, where they marry you on the assembly line. We'd thought of getting married as something of an ordeal. We hadn't hoped for anything like this."

It was well said and well received. It put everything on the basis of a generous gesture gracefully made and warmly appreciated, and certainly it was a case, Edith thought, where generosity was easier to give than to receive. She had, after all, put her marriage into the hands of comparative strangers.

And they were truly strangers, she thought. She had had lunch twice with Rita in New York, and had had cocktails with her several times, but although Rita offered a gaily affectionate relationship, Edith really did not know her well. And Gregory was little more than a name to her; in the flesh perhaps even a little less than a name, because she had not yet harmonized his personality with what she had heard of him and what she knew of his work.

He stood quietly watching her, with his hands deep in the pockets of his tweed sport jacket, and his smile suggested some secret amusement. Edith met his eyes, and he moved toward her, saying, "I want you and Harvey to go over the service with me. You know, a justice of the peace can write any kind of service he pleases. The substance of the act is my pronouncing you husband and wife, but aside from that I can do it any way I please." He raised his eyebrows in a way that seemed almost mocking. "Should I start it off with a lecture on the responsibilities of the married state? A little warning and advice?"

"Greg," Rita said, "stop it." The furrow of a frown showed between her eyebrows as she patted Edith's arm. "Don't let him upset you," she said. "It will be the conventional service, and he'll do it beautifully. Even sentimentally. You'll see."

"Sure," Joe Brill said. "If it's legal. I can't bring myself to believe that old Greg can perform a legal marriage."

"Set your mind at rest. It's legal," Gregory Clark said. "And don't worry about the service, either. I had a wedding day myself once. I know how it is." His smile was for Edith alone, and was an apology. "I decided I couldn't improve on 'forsaking all others' and all that. Come with me to the library and I'll read it to you."

Edith sat with Harvey in the library and listened to Gregory Clark's low voice. The only changes he had made in the service were to cut out religious phrases, since, as he pointed out, he was a civil officer and not a minister. As he finished reading it there was a rapping at the door and Rita's cheery voice called, "Harvey, can you come out? I want to talk to you."

After Harvey had left them, Edith sat looking along a path of flagstones toward a white building a hundred yards from the house, seeing the reflection of sunlight on the glass of a studio roof. She murmured, "It's really wonderful of you and Rita to go to all this trouble."

"It's entirely selfish," Greg said. "I swore when I was elected that I'd perform one official act, and this is it. You kids are doing *me* a favor."

From his tone Edith felt that he was being patient with her. He looked abstracted, even a little bored, as he leaned back in his chair, watching her. But he said gently, "I like Harvey. I've been telling Joe Brill he was damned lucky to get Harvey as his assistant. He knows his stuff. On another score," he added, "Harvey is pretty lucky himself. How did you two meet?"

"Why, your wife introduced us."

"Oh," he said, and wet his lips. "Did she?"

Edith nodded toward the building among the trees. "Is that where you work?"

"Yes, that's my studio." His eyes had an odd brilliance as he looked at her. "Would you like to see it?"

"I'd love to."

FLORENCE and Joe Brill were playing gin rummy in a sunroom, and Greg waved casually to them as he took Edith through a French window to a flagged terrace. As he closed the door behind them he said softly, "Come to think of it, Rita never mentioned she introduced you two."

"Oh, yes. She was having lunch one day with Harvey and I wandered in. She introduced us, and that's when it began."

"So she brought you together," he said. "That's pretty important. She might have mentioned it. Yes," he said, "*she* brought you together and *I'm* going to marry you. The Clarks have quite a role in your lives, don't they?"

"Don't they?" Edith said. "We owe everything to the Clarks." Somehow it was hard to be gay with him. Her voice had not sounded as light as she had intended, and turning again to look at him, with her mouth open to say more, she saw his face and did not speak. There was no pleasantness in his expression. His eyes were half closed again, and his face looked gray and sagging.

But he smiled, and she thought how constantly he had been smiling ever since he had met the train. Now the smile seemed forced, and Edith saw that his forehead was slick and shining. He kicked out at a stone on the path and then, as if he were conscious of the violence of the action, he checked every muscle and stopped short. He looked at her and was apparently about

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to speak, but at that moment Rita's agitated voice called, "Where are you two going?"

Greg looked toward the garden, and Edith saw that his face was composed again. He called, "I'm showing Edith the studio."

"Greg, please!" Rita came into view, carrying a flower basket. "Not without Harvey," she said, and her face looked anxious and pleading. "You know it's a surprise, Greg."

"Well," he said, and his grin was hard and unfriendly, "where is Harvey?"

"I sent him off to town." Rita gave Edith a belated smile. "I thought it was proper to separate him from the bride-to-be for a while, and besides, I couldn't find any pickles. We must have pickles."

"Pickles," Greg said, "are terribly important. Certainly we can't have a wedding without pickles."

"We can't have ham without them," Rita said. "Edith, maybe you'd like to get away and rest before the sight-seers show up."

"Yes," Edith said, sighing. "I would."

"Greg will show you to a guest room," Rita said. "Please excuse me, Edith. I'm terribly busy."

Greg showed her to the room in silence, his step heavy behind her on the stairs. When he left her at the door he seemed to avoid her eyes, and mumbled, "We'll call you in plenty of time."

IT WAS close in the room and Edith opened a window, then took off her dress and draped it over the foot of the spool bed. She lighted a cigarette, and seeing the flare of the match in a mirror set between the two windows, she moved toward it and saw her face, pale and shadowy. She stood before the mirror, thinking that this was her last day alone, thinking that it would only be a little while now, and she closed her eyes for the full savor of this moment. She opened them when she heard Gregory Clark's sharp voice calling, "Oh, Rita."

The sound came clearly to her through the open window from the terrace below. She heard Rita's low, "Yes, Greg," and glancing out the window, saw her on the path, with a vase of flowers in her hands.

"Taking that out to the studio, are you?" Greg asked.

"Yes."

"This is an interesting setup," Greg's voice said. "I know they're both a long way from home and all that, and it's nice to give them a bang-up wedding in the country, but the whole deal is pretty elaborate, it seems to me, and the question in my mind is how Harvey happened to apply to you in the first place."

Edith could not see Gregory Clark without moving close to the window, but she saw the pale oval of Rita's face in the fading light of day. Rita looked stricken and her voice was nervously high-pitched. "Apply?" she said. "He didn't *apply* to me, Greg. I told you how it happened. I saw Joe Brill one day and he mentioned that Harvey was planning to get married, and it struck me it would be a wonderful idea if you married them. You kept saying you wanted to marry somebody."

"I've just had a little talk with the bride," Greg said. "You know, she thought it was kind of odd you hadn't mentioned that you introduced her to Harvey."

"Did she?" Rita's voice sounded flat and dead.

"I think it's kind of odd myself."

"It slipped my mind, darling, that's all."

"As she told it," he said, "she went into a restaurant one day and found you having lunch with Harvey Newton."

"Yes, that's right. That's how it was."

"Another thing you never mentioned," he said, "was having lunch with Harvey Newton in the first place."

Edith heard Rita's laugh, and thought it must have strained her vocal chords; she sensed the strain in it, the ugly undercurrent. "Now, Greg, are you trying to make something of that? Are you, seriously? Look here, darling, it was one day when I delivered a picture of yours to Joe Brill. For Pete's sake, ask Joe about it. He invited me to lunch and something came up to detain him so he sent Harvey along to do the honors. Look, Greg." Her voice dropped lower. "Please don't spoil it. Don't do anything to spoil it. They're just nice kids and they're very much in love. Can't we start them off right?"

"I'm not spoiling anything," Greg said gratingly. "Why should I? And what would I be spoiling?"

Edith turned back from the window, breathing shallowly. She walked to the bed and sat down with her hands resting limply, palms up, beside her. For a moment she felt nausea, and fought it down, fought it with her lips tightly compressed and her hands clenched, swallowing convulsively. Then slowly she let herself down on the bed and gazed at the ceiling with her eyes wide open. She heard sounds from below, where the kitchen must be; heard a car drive up and heard a jovial, unfamiliar voice. Guests were assembling below, and the sun had set.

She watched the room grow dark and she felt alone in a house of strangers. She jumped up from the bed and began putting on her dress, thinking with a kind of panic that they could find another justice. They could get out of this house, get out of this town. She felt an urge for flight, but she knew there was no escape. Another justice would have the tortured face of Gregory Clark for her; another justice would have his smile.

She returned to the mirror and saw bright spots of color on her cheeks. She turned on the lights, and was putting on lipstick when she heard a voice calling below, "Where's Edie?" and a moment later quick footsteps on the stairs. She waited for the knock on her door, and when it came she called, without turning her head, "Come in," and in the mirror she saw the opening of the door, saw Harvey's face.

He grinned and said, "Say, you look like a blushing bride already."

She turned slowly as he approached her, studying his face. She thought he looked disturbed, that he avoided her eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

She drew in a quivering breath, faced him resolutely, and said, "Nothing's the matter. Why?"

"Well, I wondered if Rita told you."

"Told me what?"

"Then she didn't," he said. "Edie, it's like this." He was embarrassed. "Rita promised to make a hotel reservation for us up this way tonight, but . . ."

"You mean she forgot it!"

"She didn't forget," he said. "But she didn't do it. She has another plan, Edie. She's turned Greg out of his studio and she's fixed it all up and—well, she wants us to look at it now."

Edith stiffened and let the lipstick fall into her handbag. "So," she said flatly, "what are we going to do about that?"

"I guess we'll have to look it over," he said. "I'll find a way to ease out of it later. I wish Rita wouldn't do things like this. It comes from a big, open heart, but it's embarrassing."

Just outside the door Rita called, "Ready, kids?"

Edith looked at Harvey and snapped her handbag shut. "All right," she said. "Let's look it over."

AS SHE went down the stairs with Rita, Edith saw a group of guests gathered in the living room, where a maid was serving cocktails from a tray. Greg was at the foot of the stairs, and he went along as they followed the flagged path to the studio.

"If you don't like the idea, just say so," Rita said. "But please look at it first. You'll love it, Edie. I know you will." Her face was flushed and she hugged Edith affectionately. "You'll be absolutely isolated out here. See how the trees cut you off. And no one will bother you at all. It's so much nicer than going to a hotel."

"But we'd be crowding Greg out of his studio, Rita," Harvey protested. "We don't want to do that."

"The whole United Nations moves into this studio summer week ends," Greg said. "I take refuge upstairs, where I used to work before we built the studio."

"Greg doesn't mind at all," Rita said. "In the summer I have kids up here from the UN all the time, kids whose parents work on the secretarial staff there, and Greg lets them have the studio."

"I'm always moving out for Danes or Costa Ricans or Yugoslavs," Greg said. "I'm happy to do the same for newlyweds."

His eyes met Edith's as he held the door of the studio open. The conversation on the terrace was still in her ears, and some false note in his voice, some shifting of his gaze, made her wonder if he had chosen the terrace deliberately. He had shown her to the room overlooking the terrace and surely he knew the acoustics of his house; he must know that she had heard. But he could not have known that she had opened the window, she told herself; he could not have deliberately planned the scene. She hoped her face showed nothing as she stepped across the threshold.

A spool bed, like the one in the guest room, had been set up and was covered with a thick white counterpane. There was a forest-green rug on the floor, and starched curtains hung at the windows; the studio looked invitingly new and unused.

"Now, won't it be a lovely honeymoon cottage?" Rita asked eagerly. "There's nothing much in the way of hotels in the off season up here. I looked at a couple of them and I knew they wouldn't do."

"It's beautiful, Rita," Edith said. "You must have worked awfully hard."

"She certainly has," Greg said, moistening his lips. "You'd think it was her own little nest."

"Rita, this is very nice of you," Harvey said. "It's overwhelming." He glanced anxiously at Edith, and she turned back to the door, unable to face him. She heard him add, "Suppose we talk about it later."

Greg put in quickly, "What do you say we all go in and have a drink?"

He fell into step beside Edith. His forehead was moist again and he kept wetting his lips. "Rita likes to manage things," he said. "I hope you don't mind the way she's taken over your marriage." After a moment he added, "And your honeymoon."

"She's very generous," Edith said.

"You bet she is," he said. "I just wondered how you felt about it—I mean another woman arranging things and—"

"I don't mind," Edith said. "I don't mind at all." And she went quickly into the house ahead of him.

She was grateful to Joe Brill, who promptly put a Manhattan in her hand. She was introduced to Bill Marshall, a ruddy, rather taciturn man of whom Harvey had spoken, and his wife, an energetic blonde who wore long earrings and was pinkly excited by the wedding. And there were two other couples; Edith did not even catch their names, but they mentioned they had met Harvey during the summer. She turned a blank face to each of them, and she was sure it did not show; this inner turmoil was hidden by the shyness of a bride-to-be.

GREG moved up beside her. "I see you've met Bill Marshall," he said. "Bill has a beautiful place over on the shore. Maybe Harvey has mentioned it. We go over there and swim a lot."

"Yes," Edith said. "He has."

Harvey was far across the room, talking to Rita and Florence Brill, bending his head and smiling; Edith thought it was like watching a stranger, a man she hardly knew. And soon, at any minute now, they were to stand together, to clasp hands and pledge the future to one another. Beside her Greg said heartily, "Bill was telling me just the other day how Harvey got becalmed last summer. I guess it was quite an experience for a landlubber like Harvey, drifting off Duck Island in a Zip."

"I suppose it was," she said, and sipped her cocktail.

"Of course, there was no need to worry," Greg said. "Rita was with him, Bill tells me, and Rita is quite a sailor."

Edith faced him, and at once his eyes shifted away from her. But she understood what was behind this casual reference to a sailing misadventure. The sailboat, she thought, was the key that had unlocked the door of Greg's jealousy. She saw how the boat had been the beginning of it—then the wedding arrangements, the studio, the little details that had become so significant to a jealous mind. She understood how it had all festered in him; she saw how in the

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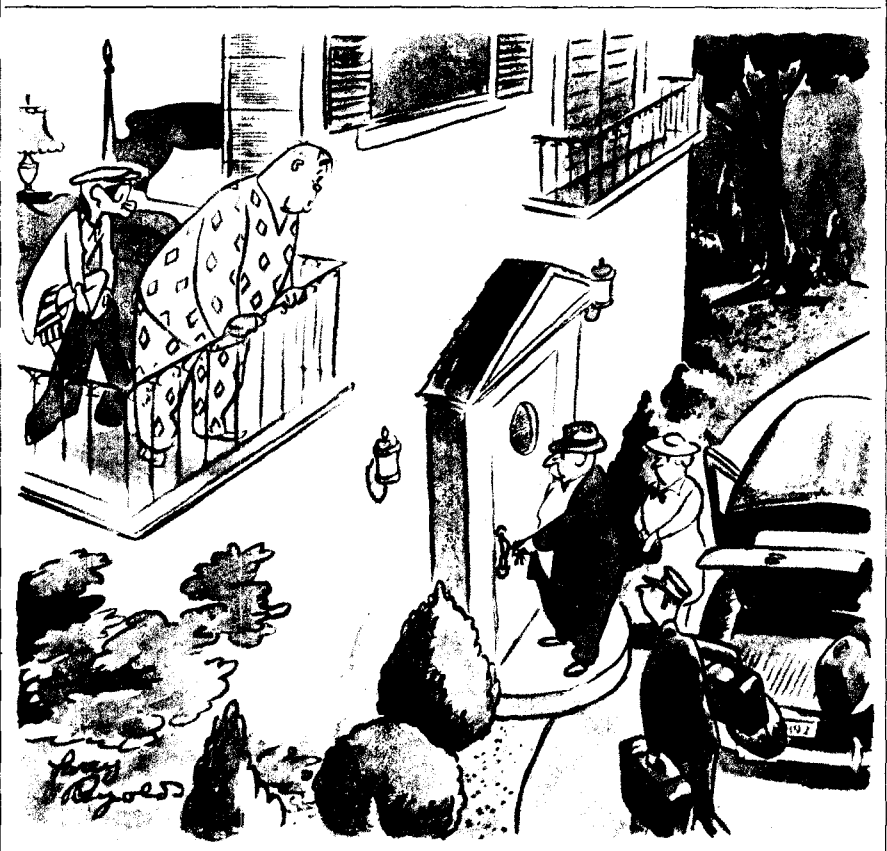

"Those darn' society editors! Th' paper said they'd be on vacation 'til September"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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torment of his emotions he had tried to draw her into this, consciously or not.

Harvey had started toward her, breaking away from Rita. His eyes sought hers, and she saw his little smile, tender and secret, saw a gentle light in his blue eyes that strengthened her. She said quickly, her voice rising more than she had intended, so that it was loud in a suddenly still room, where all were looking at the bride, "What time is it, darling?"

He took the cue. "I think it's time we got married."

Greg put down his glass. "His Honor is ready. Any time you say."

"I say now," Harvey said. "Edie?"

"I say now, too." Suddenly her breath was coming fast; her knees felt weak. She reached for Harvey's hand and leaned against him.

"Over here," Greg said. "In front of the fireplace. Gather around, everyone."

Greg waited with his back to the fireplace, and in silence the wedding guests set aside their glasses and grouped themselves behind Edith and Harvey. Edith could hear her own breathing and the breathing of others, and all at once it was a solemn moment. Gregory Clark felt it, and his voice was not entirely steady.

EDITH stood gazing straight ahead of her at the bricks of the fireplace, feeling the weakness in her knees as Greg's words ran on as if they were recorded on endless tape. Now he was saying, "Harvey, will you have this woman to be your wife, will you love her, comfort her . . ." And then Harvey's deep response, "I will."

Now she heard her own name spoken and the words: *"Love him, comfort him, honor and keep him in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others . . ."* She said, "I will," and thought that there was something missing from the service, a phrase that had escaped the wisdom of mankind. *Trust him,* it should be. Marriage was trust. What was marriage without trust?

Now their hands were joined and she heard the fine old pledges and repeated them after Greg. *"For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health . . ."* And she thought: *and without suspicion,* and felt the ring on her finger, and looked up at Harvey's face as Gregory said, "I now pronounce you husband and wife." Then she was in Harvey's arms, returning his kiss.

The guests crowded in, and Edith felt Joe Brill's hearty buss, stinging with alcohol and heard the pop of champagne corks. Greg put a marriage certificate in her hand, a handsome document on parchment illuminated with orange blossoms and fat cupids that showed the slick, unmistakable style of Gregory Clark. Harvey held her hand as if he would never let it go, and they sat together on a cushioned bench by the fire, with plates on their knees and champagne glasses beside them. She ate with her left hand, he with his right.

They were married now: they were husband and wife. It was their marriage and their honeymoon, Edith thought, and they had had enough of strangers. She looked across at Gregory Clark and said in a clear voice, "When is the next train back to New York?"

Greg's eyelids drooped, but he did not speak. It was Rita who hurried over, asking, "What's all this?"

Harvey backed her up instantly, strongly. "We're catching the next train back to New York," he said. "Rita, you've been marvelous and we appreciate everything with all our hearts, but now Mr. and Mrs. Newton want to go off alone together."

"Oh," Rita said, and for an instant she looked disappointed, looked very hurt; then her eyes cleared and she dropped to her knees beside Edith. "My dear, I'm not very bright," she said. "I'm sorry. It's a fault of mine, interfering in other people's lives, and I apologize. The next train is the eight thirty-nine. Hurry through dinner and we'll make it."

"Rita," Harvey said. "I love you."

The words sang in Edith's mind; it was amazing how happy it could make her to hear her husband say, "I love you," to another woman, and within an hour of their marriage, at that. But if there had ever been any real doubt, those three words disposed of it. When he said, "I love you," he meant: Rita, I think you're wonderful. He meant: Rita, I don't love you and I never loved you and you were never anything to me and never will be. Otherwise he could never in the world have said it so: "Rita, I love you."

She looked at Harvey, smiling tenderly, and thought that the marriage service surely should be rewritten to include that one word, trust. Without trust this would have been no marriage at all. It was so clear now that she had been sustained through the ordeal of this day by the deep, sure knowledge that Harvey would never have brought her into such a situation as Gregory Clark suspected. She had known this because she trusted him, because she loved him.

Greg and Rita drove them to the train, and Edith and Harvey sat in the back seat, not saying anything, squeezing each other's hand in a silence that no words could improve. They were only just in time; as they turned toward the station they saw the giant headlight of the locomotive; the train was drawing to a stop when they left the car.

They hurried to the shining aluminum coach and at the step Edith turned to speak her thanks once again, but Rita murmured, "Excuse me, I have to speak to the conductor. He's a pal of mine." She ran on to the next car, leaving Edith astonished and confused.

Greg said, "Well, I feel responsible for you kids." His tone was hearty and utterly false. "Remember now," he said. "Bring me all your problems."

"Isn't it the other way around, Mr. Clark?" Edith said evenly. "Isn't that what *you've* been doing?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Haven't you been bringing me *your* problems?" she said.

RITA came running back along the track as Harvey helped Edith up the steps. The train was beginning to move and Rita shouted, "Be happy, kids." And Edith called down sharply, flatly, "You have a wonderful wife, Mr. Clark. You should appreciate her."

She saw Gregory Clark's face, gray and rigid, and she looked into his eyes with compassion, thinking that on her wedding day she could forgive him. Then the train moved on and Harvey drew her away.

"I don't know what's been going on around here," he said. "But I don't like it."

Edith laughed. It seemed incredible that through it all Harvey had been as unobservant as any bridegroom on his wedding day, blissfully fetching pickles from the store. She squeezed his hand and said, lightly, "A wedding has been going on, darling, and you've got to like it."

He took her in his arms in the vestibule, and she murmured, "Now let's go home. I mean to our apartment, where we can shut the strangers out. Do you want to?"

"That's exactly what I want to do."

He followed her into the nearly empty coach, and they chose an isolated seat. As he was hoisting the luggage to the rack Edith heard a little clicking sound, and then a burst of noise from the loud-speaker, a booming voice that said: "Attention, please. The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad wishes to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Newton on their marriage, performed this evening near our last station stop."

It was Rita's friend, the conductor. It was generous, warmhearted, busybody Rita, Edith thought, bestowing her final blessing on their marriage. Poor Rita, she thought, poor, watched, childless Rita, desperately wishing them everything she didn't have.

Harvey grinned down at her, but Edith felt like crying, and she said, "I don't feel newly wed. I feel as if I'd lived through the whole first year of our marriage, all on our wedding day." THE END

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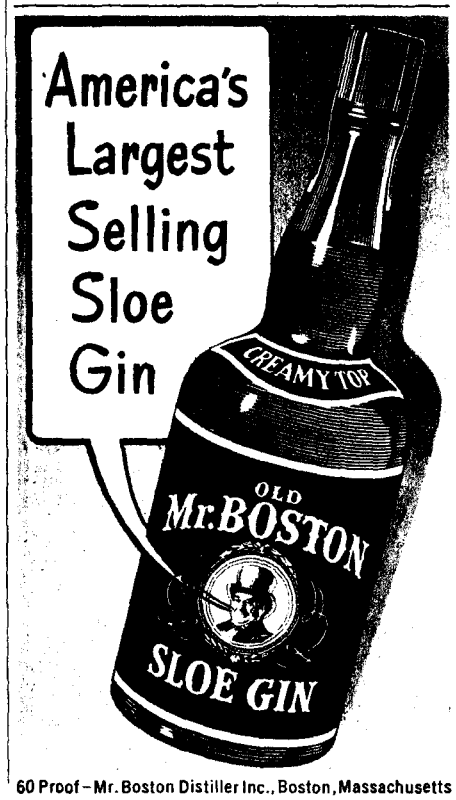

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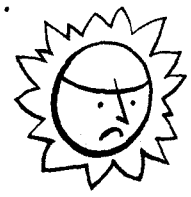

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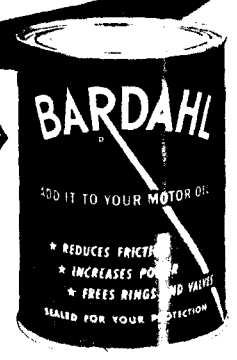

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JOHN FISCHETTI

Which Is More Important?

THERE ARE 100,000 elementary-school teachers out of the country's 603,000 who, according to the National Education Association, are unqualified for their jobs and should be replaced. Fully half of the 603,000 do not have college degrees, the NEA reports, and 95,000 did not even finish two years of college. So the 100,000 seems a conservative figure. And in addition to the needed replacements, the association says that 80,000 new elementary teachers will be required when the schools reopen.

That isn't cheerful news, but it isn't surprising, either. Ten years ago jobs for women started opening up in a big way. A lot of qualified teachers left their classrooms for better-paying jobs. Their replacements, in many instances, did not have the standard preparation for a teaching certificate. So they received temporary or emergency certificates. Those unqualified teachers, or others like them, are still teaching, because thousands of the college-trained instructors who left schools during wartime never came back.

This continuing emergency gives no promise of curing itself. In fact, it looks as if it might get worse. The Women's Bureau of the Labor Department predicts that the present defense program is going to put the number of women in the country's labor force above the World War II peak of 20,500,000. There is now competition for this "woman-power" pool in business and industry. And teaching, at least from the material standpoint, can't offer many counterattractions.

The average pay for elementary teachers during the past school year was less than $40 a week in 10 states, according to NEA figures. Twenty-one states paid less than $50 a week, and 37 states less than $60 a week.

In addition to the low pay of grade-school teachers, the hours are likely to be long. And the restrictions surrounding the teacher's private life—especially for young women in smaller communities—tend to be rather onerous. This last situation is probably a holdover from the days when teaching was about the only genteel employment for women. The community, in return for the boon of hard work and meager recompense, would set up a hedge of taboos, and censor and criticize the teacher's social activities in a frequently ridiculous and exasperating manner.

Yet, in spite of this, teaching has always had a tremendous attraction for many people. It is as truly a "calling" as the ministry or medicine or law. And the teacher's reward, like the reward which comes to the artist, the philosopher or the humanitarian, cannot be measured in dollars. That may be why, for all the disadvantages, there are enough dedicated and responsible people to fill even half the elementary teaching jobs in a competent, professional way. The country is grateful to them. But 50 per cent of competent teachers isn't good enough.

The first and obvious step in solving the problem is to give these teachers a decent living wage. But that isn't the whole solution. And it may be that teachers' unions and perhaps even the National Education Association have done the teachers an unintended disservice by putting too much emphasis on pay and too little on the intangible rewards that are valued by all of us.

Home, church and school are the three major influences in a child's life. But it sometimes seems that the community gives its parents and clergy most of the attention, credit and honor. The elementary teachers deserve recognition as well as adequate pay; they should have both.

The country isn't going to find 180,000 trained teachers overnight. But that is no reason why we shouldn't start trying to create local environments which will encourage young people to enlist in this nationally essential force.

Real "Public Ownership"

A FEW DAYS AGO the postman delivered an envelope containing a check for $18 to the home of Brady Denton, in Saginaw, Michigan. The amount represented the Dentons' first quarterly dividend from eight shares of American Telephone & Telegraph Company stock. In itself there was nothing unusual about this; during the same week A.T.&T. dividend checks were received by at least one out of every 45 American families. But, as you may recall, Mr. and Mrs. Denton, jointly, happen to be the one millionth A.T.&T. stockholder. As such, they also happen to be a significant symbol of the American way of doing things.

We read a lot these days about "public ownership"—in Russia, in Great Britain and elsewhere—and we are told that the present trend is toward more of the same. But the Dentons' check is an example of public ownership, American style, in which the owning public gets a cash-money pay-off for its investment, and is given a direct and personal chance to speak its mind about how the company in which its money is invested should run the business. Socialist governments can't make any such statements about their "public ownership."

Statistics can be pretty deadly. But we think that some figures released in connection with the Dentons' stock purchase are worth reading as a commentary on the American economic system. For instance, half of the one million —or, by now, one million-plus—holders of A.T.&T. stock own 10 shares or less. Ninety-six per cent of that stock is owned by individuals, and no one holder, including big institutions, has as much as one half of one per cent of the total stock. And, since Mrs. Denton bought one of the family's eight shares, it might be mentioned that women, as individual stockholders, outnumber men nearly two to one.

Those figures seem to us a pretty good answer to the rather phony claims of Socialism and Communism, and to most of the generalized, domestic howls against "predatory capitalism" and "exorbitant profits." When about one out of every 150 citizens of a country—man, woman and child—are part owners of just one company, and when that company splits its profits more than a million ways, we think it's a sign of a healthy, democratic system in which a lot of people benefit and nobody gets hurt.

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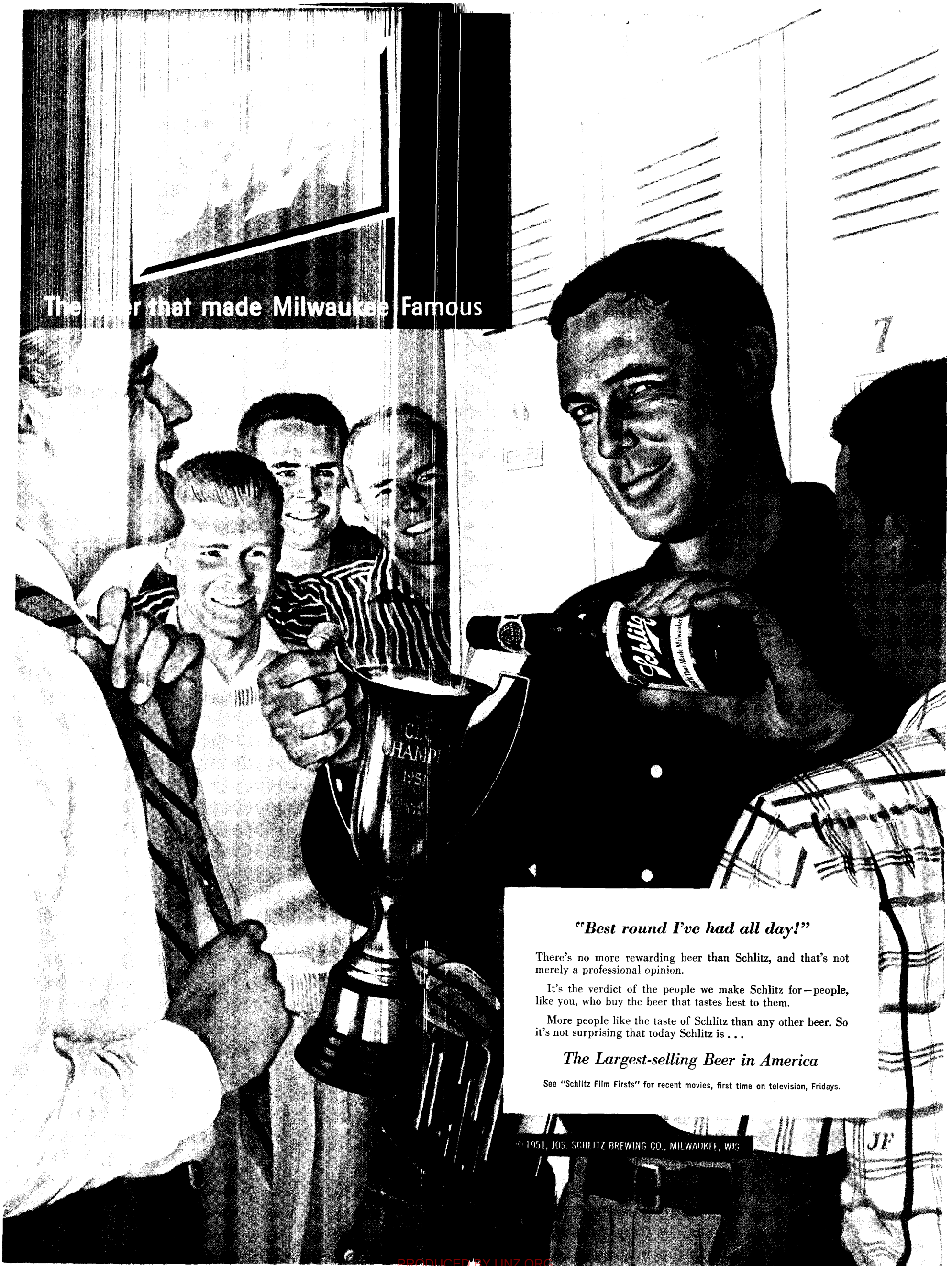

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